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WAGNER AND THE VOICE.

PART FIRST.

I.

The conventional union of song and speech in opera, whether of the past or of the future, has been in all times a serious topic of discussion. None, however, of the writers, who were led to refer to the apparent absurdity of vocalized monologues and dialogues, ever thought of questioning the right of the opera to existence, and to an interesting place in music, for art is not nature, and it is obvious that this is natural enough in art which has the power to move, enthuse and entrance. But if the subject was often treated in a truly philosophical spirit, it was more generally resorted to as a pretext for defending or combatting certain musical theories; and all the noise made of late years about the qualified or plain acceptance of the compromise on which all operas are based, was really called forth in retort to the use made of it as argument for or against the Wagner lyric drama and old Italian opera, by the indiscreet and over-zealous champions of both schools.

If I were not of those who sincerely and thoroughly enjoy all that is beautiful in music, wherever I find it; if being wedded, at least in my profession, to Italian music, whether written by Beethoven or Palestrina, Gluck or Cherubini, Mozart or Rossini, Weber or Verdi, nay, by Wagner himself or Mascagni, I had the misfortune to be in

consequence what is called an anti-Wagnerite, I would take particular pleasure in calling attention to a fact which turns at the outset against the lyric drama the reproach of inappropriateness, which the Wagnerites were first to hurl at the heads of their adversaries.

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The sewing girl at her window, the journeyman in his workshop, with good health and conscience, are very apt, the former to vie in warbling with her caged bird, the latter to vent in song his animal spirits. Singing, in actual life, is the spontaneous expression of vague contentment, of buoyant cheerfulness, the unconscious outburst of happy vitality. From this to the vocalizing of a given situation, expressive of some phase of joy or fun, there is but one step, and we have the comic opera. It should be remarked here that this relief of exuberance in song is much more frequent and natural than the habit of some persons of talking aloud to themselves, a habit rather indicative of an overtaxed, ill-balanced, disordered mind.

But where is the man who would declare his love, curse his enemy, weep over the grave of his child, plan a murder, or meet death, in singing? As our feelings become more earnest, as our passions rise to a higher pitch or sink in somberer depths, not only is singing entirely out of the question, but even the speaking voice loses either its quality, as in anger, or its power, as in terror—ugly screams or hoarse, almost inaudible utterances being then the only sounds emitted.

If, therefore, truth alone were consulted, and the fitness between singing and speech established on a philosophical consideration of human passions, while, as we have seen, and without much stretch of the real, comic opera might not be an altogether illogical extension of the speaking voice, it is evident that serious opera, and particularly the lyric drama, would simply be impossible.

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That it *is* possible is just as well proved by "Aida" as by "Fidelio," by "Faust" as by "Lohengrin." Therefore,

its reason of being must be independent of what the composers of different nationalities consider as the nearest approach to actual truth, as the fittest musical expression of feeling.

Opera is possible because of the charm and significance of the human voice, which beside being endowed with the most grateful tone to the ear, is capable of conveying sense to the mind. The voice, indeed, not only adds by its supreme charm to the intrinsic beauty of music itself, but corrects it of its bewildering vagueness. We are surrounded with enough mysteries; enough puzzles meet us at every step in this world. We are all devoured with a desire to know, and cannot bear to be gratuitously mystified. That impatience in us which scratches the dirt in spring to see the germing vegetable, will not brook the indefiniteness of sounds which tax in vain the imagination. If by introducing voices at the end of his last symphony, Beethoven did not intend simply to gratify the natural longing of man for clearness, but yielded, on an exceptional occasion, to an imperative want of expression which the orchestra could no longer afford him, not only does the role of enlightener and unraveler claimed here for the voice receive the indorsement of the highest authority, but the supremacy of the voice as a medium of musical expression has been accidentally established beyond cavil or disputation.

Fidelity of musical notation to the movements of the human heart is, of course, one of the aims of composition; but it must not be forgotten that to the witchery of the voice the opera owes to be accepted in spite of its artificiality. In that enchanted world really created by its magic, it should be the endeavor of every musician in his generation, and the duty of successive generations, so to mold the opera as to conform it to the infinite resources and technical requirements of the voice. *A prima facie*, an opera which misuses or abuses the voice, or slights it to any extent, is untrue to its origin, and by so far remote from artistic beauty and vraisemblance.

II.

If you pass a few hours with a lover, with an inventor, with any one under the influence of a strong thought or feel-

ing, you will notice, as in the case of a drunken man, that with slight variations and incidental digressions, they return always to the one subject. As experiences come to us in life, we imagine that they are unique, but we discover later that they are common to all men; and, in fact, there are high roads, by-ways and ruts in the map of humanity, that have been traced by the feet of past generations, and will be traveled by all generations to come. Art cannot ignore this sort of geography.

Intensity is very close to insanity. Lovers and inventors are, like lunatics, one-sided machines, functioning in a regular way of their own, with a method in their madness, and certain forms of brooding well known to the poet, scientist and philosopher.

The child, whether crying, exulting or wondering (and of such are made the first years of our lives,) chops his words and talks flippantly, spasmodically, syllabically. Earnestness comes with the age of reason and emotion. Earnestness speaks *legato;* why should it not sing as it speaks? Earnestness lays a heavy stress on its statements; why should it be made to skip fitfully from key to key in the noted recital of its most tender or violent feelings?

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We all bless Wagner for having swept the cobwebs of the old opera, the set forms as hackneyed as *dear sir* and *yours truly* at the beginning and at the end of a letter, and for having infused a new blood into dramatic orchestration. These reforms have been adopted by the bitterest opponents of his theories and of his music. But could he really mean to destroy all forms? Or did his Augean broom happen to sweep them with the rest, as a housekeeper accidentally breaks the precious chinaware which she was fondly cleaning?

I am aware that Wagner did not write operas, but lyric dramas. This distinction, by the way, should silence his fierce detractors and fiercer admirers, for the avowed methods and aims of the lyric drama do not pretend to be those of the opera. At any rate, it would hardly be fair to judge the "Portuguese Sonnets" by the "Paradise Lost," and to

make of the epic poem the standard of all poetry, and of tragedy the standard of the drama.

But after all, the materials are the same: voice, orchestra, action, costumes, scenery. If it were not impertinent, I should ask why the same master who required such a virtuosity from his orchestra, and made of it so powerful a means of expression, refused to the voice the legitimate use of its technical and artistic capabilities. But the ways of genius are inscrutable, and the work of genius should be reverently accepted as it is given us.

Still the dispassionate and eclectic mind which has followed these last forty years the evolutions and revolutions of dramatic music, cannot help believing that the music of the future will be neither the pure lyric drama as it is to-day, nor the pure opera as it used to be, but a sifting and consolidation of both, of which we have more hints in some of the modern operas than in any of the lyric dramas to which they may be partly indebted for their existence.

There is not, to my knowledge, in all the range of lyrical literature, so grandly classical and intensely dramatic a recitative as the introduction to Beethoven's aria "Ah! Perfido." Recitative has its place in the delineation of perplexed, hesitating, tormented sentiments; but when the long tossed mind settles at last on the one idea, a continuous form of some kind seems to be demanded. Wagner himself yields sometimes to this natural law, and what a relief it is to his hearers!

* * *

Are we hypocrites when we pretend to admire the songs of Schumann, Franz, Rubinstein, Jansen, etc., which are all framed in perfect forms? And do we not show a singular inconsistency when we condemn in opera what we acknowledge to be anywhere else the truthful expression of live men and women? Can it be that only in opera, melody, the highest of divine gifts, is irreconcilable with intellectuality and technical knowledge? Can it be that only in opera, the voice, the handmaid and interpreter of melody, is called to no nobler function than to label a character or explain the intentions of a bassoon or an ophicleide? This, of course,

would be the opportunity of the auctioneer and train crier, and the end of singing; and, indeed, singing is already thrown aside by some as a relic of the past, and lamented by others as a lost art. But my hope of a perfect opera is built on the perfection of the voice, and all perfect things have in them the conditions of eternity. The orchestra, ever so masterly handled as it may be by a Berlioz or a Wagner, cannot be, will never be, as direct a vehicle, as natural a medium, as adequate an expression of human feelings as the human voice.

Man, after all, is the center of all arts, the converging point of all that is beautiful and true, mysterious and divine, on earth and in heaven, the moral and intelligent force whose expansive will and thought extend to the whole universe. Whether your *personæ* are gods with human feelings, or mortals with divine attributes, men they are for all that, speaking and singing to men, with the voices of men. If they stop at appearing and acting, they are not much more than automatons and marionettes. By the voice alone they assert their individuality, their humanity, their very existence.

The singing voice is the essence of the opera, as the speaking voice is the essence of the drama.

III.

By virtue of the solidarity which exists in us between all our senses, and the consequent harmony which exists between all arts, we shall always be most naturally willing to welcome the improvements in theatrical painting, and innovations in stage devices, that will make our illusion more complete, our enjoyment greater, by bringing into closer and closer company, into more and more congruous relations, that very sisterhood of arts. But are they to lose their individuality in menial subservience to music—nay, to the least essential, if most complete, to the least permanent, if most spiritual part of music—the orchestra? Must they be ingloriously absorbed in the hybrid product of a promiscuous collectiveness?

Long before the lyric drama, the opera had understood

the necessity, and used the privilege of drawing on the other arts. Pretty good scenic effects had been presented, before the temple of Bayreuth called the faithful to the contemplation of its miracles; but in no one's brains had germed before the stupendous pretension of obliterating the drama and the opera proper, and making of Shakespeare and Beethoven, and of Raphael as well, the humble servants to a new art, born of the effacement of all others, and grown on a sacrilegious unbelief in the self-sufficiency and independent oneness of poetry, sculpture, painting and music itself.

If the completeness conceded by Wagner to each art by itself is not an admission of its power "to express thought and feeling," we must wonder what he meant; and still more perplexed are we to understand of what benefit could be to the new art a successful endeavor "to leave nothing to the imagination."

The truth is, that as expression of thought and feeling, a drama of Shakespeare is more complete than any opera or lyric drama; so complete that the interpolation of occasional music, in several of his works, has always proved rather a damaging intrusion than an improvement, and in most cases a downright desecration. In spite, however, of a heavenly diction, replete with so much wisdom and common sense that a fit appendix to the Bible could be gleaned for the conduct of life in the whole field of his work, Shakespeare leaves more to the imagination than any musical composition ever did. Some of his creations, Hamlet for instance, have been, and will always be, inexhaustible themes to speculative interpretation. But in that very fact lies the superiority of the English poet, the superiority of poetry itself over all other arts.

The spontaneous bursts of passion, in actual life, and puzzling manifestations of the reality, have so much greater sway over our emotions than the most elaborate artistic inventions, precisely because of the greater scope which they give to our imagination. Even as witnesses of street tragedies or scenes of suffering, with which we have no further concern than a general human sympathy, we tremble with fear of what the next moment will bring, of what the end

may be. Two infuriated men quarrel. Will they come to blows? We already see blood on the ground; whose will it be? What if one should kill the other? and in a few seconds we go through all the excitement of a fight and of a murder.

Who can compare with these realities, for "fulness and intensity of expression," and for emotional effect, the musical modulations performed for the hundredth time in works which we have been listening to, years after years, with something necessarily of critical dilletantism? Art cannot shed real tears, inflict real wounds, die real deaths. It can reach our flesh, touch our emotions only through the imagination, not with what it actually presents, which is unreal, but with what it suggests, which transcends reality.

* * *

All arts are perfect and complete in themselves. The popular saying, that "where language ends, music begins," is an empty, meaningless conceit. If form, sound and color have indubitably among themselves the mysterious connection which reveals in the whole universe the consistent work of one mind; if in our phraseology, and, possibly, with less of a metaphor than we imagine, we speak of *loud* colors, of the *light and shade* of a musical composition, of the *coloring* of the orchestra, of the *harmonies of tones* in a picture, etc.; nevertheless, each art reigns supreme in its own domain, and its highest aim, as well as its highest praise, is to remain and excel within the bounds assigned to it.

Painting is reproached with leaving out motion and solidity. Are we to prefer the optical illusions of a panorama or diorama to a plain canvass of Titian or Leonardo da Vinci? Sculpture, it is said, has solidity, but no motion; architecture is in the same plight. What a pity! It would be so interesting to hear of the St. Peter and St. Paul cathedrals exchanging calls, and to see the Apollo of Belvedere holding for the Venus of Milo the dropping drapery which her broken arm can no longer reach!

As pertinently could we complain of nature, on which art is grafted, and of our senses through which it addresses us, because the oak has no flowers, the rose bush no fruit,

the fruit tree no scents; because the eye does not taste, the ear does not smell, the nose does not hear, the palate does not see. A new art constructed on so incongruous and fallacious notions would, evidently, be as monstrous, if it were possible, as the creation of God and the offices of our senses, if revised by the arrogant fancy of man.

This discussion of the limitations of art is as puerile as their generalization in one collective art is impracticable. Very meritorious assuredly are the landscapes and edifices used as sceneries on the stage; but from the very nature of the purpose which they are intended to serve, they never can be raised to the dignity of high art. Indeed, painting and architecture have in opera, as well as in the lyric drama, no more than their appropriate share, which is from necessity a considerably reduced one, altogether inadequate to their intrinsic power as mediums of expression.

The drama shrinks from the blurring contact of music; and music, in opera, loses of its purity what it gains in clearness. The pantomime may, like the ballet, accommodate itself to musical adjunction, but the frequent attempts made of late by eminent composers to illustrate musically a spoken action, have only detracted from its effectiveness.

Widor's music is not out of place in the "Jeanne d'Arc" of the Hippodrome; Gounod's music adds nothing to the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Sara Bernhardt. The abolition of the orchestra at the Theatre Francais, of Paris, whether due to M. Claretie or to his predecessor, was a wise reform, a timely protest against this confusion of arts. The interest from act to act is now heightened by the complete silence during intermissions, and the impressiveness of the performance deepened for being exclusively dramatic.

So jealous musicians are of music in its purest form, that they give it the names of keys (symphony in A minor, symphony in F major), and regard as a profanity any descriptive title or written explanations, by which the symphony is then likened to what they contemptuously call programme music. The symphony is the last expression of sound. The introduction of words never was an extension of the symphony, but a restriction of it, a leaden weight on th

wings of sound, which, in interfering with the imagination, impedes the sublimest flights of music itself. Incarnated in the last movement of the ninth symphony, music doffed her divinity—and Beethoven for once resigned his high priesthood.

* * *

In any group of arts—as drama, music, painting, architecture in opera—to one of them all the others are more or less sacrificed, and only used conventionally in the way of assistance. Surely the opera is not a form of the drama, any more than of painting or architecture. It is a form of music.

The grouping of speech and music yields a produce, call it as you please opera or lyric drama, lower than either, below the highest standard of music, which is the symphony.

Man is neither bird nor fish, although both are traced in him by evolutionists. Still he has the capacity to sing and to swim. That capacity to sing, however, unlike the freak of the parrot that is made to articulate a few words, can be carried, as all his other endowments, to wonderful excellence. The opera partakes of this secondary role of the human voice, and is inferior to the primary act of speaking.

If opera takes precedence in public estimation over higher forms of music, it is owing to the living reality infused into it by the actor, and to the supernal beauty of the human voice.

* * *

Notwithstanding the two-fold function implied in the name of "lyric drama," it is no more than the opera a form of the drama, and much more than the opera a form of music, with this difference, that the predominance is transferred from the voice to the orchestra.

But wherever man shows himself he is sovereign. No artistic scheme implying the presence of man and ignoring to any degree his supremacy can stand the test of criticism. If he has a part in the apotheosis of art, that part should be first. Whether he is made to exercise in tragedy his gift of speech, or in opera his double gift of speech and song, his pre-eminence must be recognized.

The pyramids of Egypt, the desert, the army of Bonaparte at a halt, the whole lighted by an eastern sun, make, doubtless, a grand and imposing scenery, not a mean orchestra, the tremolo of the wind, the pawing and neighing of horses, the clapping of sabers on the saddles, the sharp flapping of flags in the air, and, in the distance, the occasional roar of a lion. Bonaparte speaks: "*Soldats, du haut de ces pyramides quarante siecles vous contemplent.*" Has he not returned a hundred-fold to the scene the inspiration taken from it, and imparted sublimity to all around him?

How small the beggar at the feet of the king! But wait. He speaks. The king listens to him. For the time being, he reigns no more; the ship of state is a derelict. Declaration of war, promulgation of laws, and other urgent affairs are dropped from his mind—all this because a beggar is having his say.

As in the world the man is master of the moment, who can take or is given the right to speak; so on the stage, the actor, whenever he opens his lips, has the majesty on his side. To the voice of man everything is tributary. Scenery, costumes, stage settings, orchestra are nothing but instruments for him to play upon. Should we not rather have heard Liszt on a poor piano than a poor performer on the best instrument ever manufactured?

IV.

Much abuse has been slung at "Stars"—a silly word due, it is said, to the lyrism of a calf-witted dancing master. The frequent application of it to singers unworthy of genuine praise, does not alter the original intention of denoting by it artists eminent in their respective callings, singers of superior ability and familiar with all the resources of their instruments. Nevertheless it is used nowadays as a weapon to hit, over the head of the singer, the art itself of singing. The occasional prominence which a beautiful voice and talented artist will take, in spite of all, in the lyric drama, is regarded as wanton obtrusiveness. The master himself disowned as indiscretions of youth the melodies of his first operas, and made of the gradual dispossession of the

voice and unimportance of the singer the aim of his unrelenting efforts, until he succeeded at last in using the voice but as a necessary evil, and placing singing on a par with stage painting and carpentering. There seems to be now among his followers that jealousy of the singer which the pulpit has sometimes of the choir. They feel for their orchestra as blue Presbyterians for their "big fiddle," and like them, will listen but to plain psalm singing, if singing there must be.

Virtuosity, for the sake of virtuosity, is offensive to taste and common sense; and again Wagner did good service in clearing the opera of the shameful practices that had infested it through the vanity of misnamed stars and the complaisance of Italian composers.

But hello! my masters, you must not go to the other extreme, and commit with your orchestra the sin which you damned in vocalists, by replacing a bloodless inanity with a plethoric abundance. Again I plead for the voice. It will not do to rob it of its legitimate possessions in order to enrich your orchestra, and to transfer to the flutes or violins, under the pretext of interpreting the inmost thoughts and feelings of the singer, the vocalises and traits by which, in many cases, he could have personally and so much better expressed them himself. After all, what is a hard-won mechanical acquirement with instrumentalists, is but the development of a natural gift to the voice. Why then should a degree of execution unknown to our forefathers be demanded of musicians, and all chances of using it denied to the voice? Why should it be praised in a violinist and detested in a singer, applauded in a bass-player and proscribed from the human throat?

The absolute condemnation of vocalists is plain nonsense, the worship of the long note mere bigotry. Were we given feet and limbs capable of dancing and fast racing, for the only purpose of walking with the solemn gravity of a priest carrying the Holy Sacrament? The ability of the throat to execute scales, arpeggios and trills broadly hints to livelier work than the thankless drudgery of dragging through tormented recitatives and intricate melodies.

Had there been in vocalises an inherent antagonism to musical truth and beauty, the great masters would either have left them alone, or confined them to the orchestra. The discriminating use which they made of them clearly shows that they regarded them as valuable means of expression. No vocalises in "Behold the Lamb of God," nor in "He was despised." Are they out of place in "Unto us a child is born," or in "Rejoice greatly?"

But vocalises have more power than might be supposed by a superficial observer who, because of their rapidity and brilliancy, would associate them exclusively with mirth and jubilation. No long notes could have expressed as adequately as Handel's well known vocalises, the rude impetuosity of Polypheme and the wild energy of Lucifer. Even in "Semiramide," which I mention as containing probably the most exasperating instances of breath and tone wasted in stereotyped, meaningless runs, some passages can be found, such as a good part of the duet of Assur and Semiramide, where the vocalises add strength to a most tragical situation.

There are in the heavens planets of different magnitudes. You cannot, with this allegation that not one particular blade of grass makes the sward, not one particular leaf the forest, reduce all men to the same pattern, and generalize humanity as you do the sward and the forest. Unlike leaves and blades of grass, men there are who will emphasize their personality. Whether you draw your characters from history, mythology or from your own imagination, you have either to take them already made among famous types of good or evil, or to call them and clothe them with distinctive names and costumes of their own. If your drama is true, there will be in the world of your making star men, as they exist in reality. Star players, star singers will necessarily be the artists who represent them, and the closer their art is to their role, the better.

Virtuosity, soberly considered, is the thorough ability to do well. From the composer himself it should extend to all connected with the stage, be deprecated in none, least of all in the singer.

The sympathy between string instruments, which awakes, for instance, on a violin near at hand a sonorous unison with the note played on another violin, does not exist between instruments in general and human sensitiveness. Beyond the notion of pitch, we are not affected one way or the other, whether a high C or a low C be struck on a pianoforte, or such instruments as produce tone mechanically.

If, however, the same tones are successfully played on instruments which we know will yield them only to extraordinary skill, untouched as we may be otherwise, we applaud with enthusiasm.

Do we hear them sung? We applaud with greater enthusiasm than could be aroused by the sense alone of the difficulty overcome, for there is between the human voice and the human ear a deep, living sympathy which does not stop at setting our auditive nerves in vibrating unison with the sounds produced, but attunes our heart-strings to the emotional pitch of the singer.

This difference of enthusiasm in kind and degree is daily illustrated by the comparative composure with which we listen to purely orchestral music, while we lose control of our feelings in opera.

In enthusiasm enters one of the most beautiful elements of our nature—admiration holds within bounds that selfishness in us which the care for our preservation and welfare makes a condition of our existence, and impels us to a generous appreciation of what is wonderful in creation, in art, in the race.

But we are not satisfied with appreciating. We are anxious to do homage. It is in fact the amount of honor bestowed on an artist, which decides how far he is admirable, and how he stands in public opinion.

Therefore objecting to virtuosity because of the personal honors which it is but proper and desirable that it should receive, is against nature and common sense. The personal honors of virtuosity are nothing more than what is due and universally accorded to all honest endeavors and successful achievements; and they add to the splendor of the work

and to the glory of the composer. Abolishing it in the singer is shutting out the greatest source of admiration next to the composition. It is condemning the composition to a premature end, for it cannot depend on the periodical renewals of life which new singers can alone impart to old works. Nature is the only thing of which we never tire, because it incessantly varies. We tire, alas! even of the physical and moral beauty of the women or men we love best and admire most. Did not the Athenians tire of hearing coupled in the same breath the name of Aristides and the surname of "Just"? It is the novelty of Wagner's operas that makes us, when first acquainted with them, indifferent to the old repertory every word and note of which have been for years familiar to us.

The revival of interest manifested by the public in an old opera, on the announcement that one or two great new singers will appear in it, is not a mere exhibition of fashionable hero-worshiping and idle curiosity. Every voice has an individual quality, every singer a distinct personality, from which can reasonably be expected new colors in the execution, new characteristics in the interpretation.

The slow rate at which Wagner's operas penetrated the world is giving them a long youth, possibly ominous of early decay; but sooner or later age must tell on them, and they will not have, to hide the touch of time, the eternal charm of the voice, the eternal youth of the singer.

Evidently the reintegration of singing to its legitimate estate, implies the gradual unpopularity of all works in which it was ruthlessly sacrificed, and their final relegation by the musicians of the future to a place among the antiquated curiosities and more or less venerable relics of the past.

V.

A great deal of grandeur can be found in the humblest man, and a great deal that is small in the greatest man. Shakespeare illustrated this two-sided feature, not only by the introduction of light or comic characters in his darkest dramas, some of which, as his fools, are invested with much

of the wit and wisdom of the play, but by the union of dignity and familiarity in the same character. The adoption and practice of this truth contributes mainly to the superiority of the French romantic school, headed by Victor Hugo, who carried so far his love of contrasts as to seek perhaps too uniformly his pearls in dunghills.

What is true of the individual is still truer of humanity at large, and of life in general. It has been said that it takes a great many people to make a world. It takes a great many incidents to make a life. The mission of the drama is to deal with all sorts of people, with all sorts of incidents, and to be the faithful mirror of human nature in all its moods, and of life in all its happenings. The "Merry wives of Windsor" have as legitimate a place in drama as "Macbeth."

Can it be denied that the "Barber of Seville" is entitled to as good a place in music as "William Tell?" And shall it be said that, for writing his "Falstaff" after having given us his "Othello," Verdi is going to forfeit his high reputation of lyric dramatist?

In his horror of all that is associated with the old opera, Wagner abolishes the very name of it. Let it be so. But in calling his own work "Lyric Drama," he is evidently too general in the denomination of his share in the drama, which represents but one side of it, the serious side, and untrue to the nature of his genius, which had no sympathy whatever with the other side, the comic side, "Lyric Tragedy" should have been the proper name, with all that it brings back to the mind, of classical stiltiness and scholar-exclusiveness. And the musical world, satisfied to carry through the whole musical drama the new nomenclature of the master, instead of "Comic Opera" would readily have substituted "Lyric Comedy."

And why not a "Lyric Comedy," nay a "Lyric Farce," which "Pinafore" truly is, and which the "Opera Bouffe" might have been if conceived in cleanliness? The hyperbolic supernaturalism of the lyric tragedy is, after all, as much a form of exaggeration as the extravagances of comedy; and on this score of artistic unnaturalness, comedy holds beneath the sober truth a place hardly second to that held

by Tragedy beyond it. Why not in Music an Aristophanes and Menander as well as a Sophocles and Euripides?

With no desire to revive an incident in the life of Wagner which his enemies have generously forgiven, as his friends had nobly condemned it, I must allude here to the rash incursion which he made into the territory of the lyric farce, by attempting to metamorphose the Greek "Frogs" of Aristophanes into French "Rats." Whoever has at heart the memory of the glorious dead, can but rejoice over the providential failure which annihilated at the same blow a bad score and a bad action.

What then, because a great composer, happening to find in the orchestra his most natural mode of expressing himself, neglected the voice; because the genius of the same composer, trending to the most serious and lofty side of life, wrote but over-serious and over-lofty dramas, are we to infer, as his fanatic followers, or persons of like temperamemt, would have it, that the voice is really a neglectable quality, and that nothing is worth being written or sung, outside of what themaster wrote and sang?

* * *

Instead of endeavoring to make art and nature one by observation and human tenderness, Wagner strove by hypothesis and philosophy to create an art of his own. It were interesting to discuss the preference given in his theories to legendary and mythological fables over history and actuality, and to examine how favorable or antagonistic such fables are to the spirit of a genuine humanity, how likely or unlikely to awaken the warmest sympathies and stir the liveliest emotions in our breasts.

Man's nature, disconnected from time, civilization or education, is in itself as unfathomable as his origin and destiny, as wonderful as the material world whose most beautiful or terrible phenomena cannot surpass in awful mysteriousness the diary of mankind, the drama of life. It has truly been said that reality is stranger than fiction. Facts have surprises undreamed of by the most fertile imagination.

From the mutual action of men and events, forming actuality, plots and denouements are daily produced that reach the utmost limits of the possible in comedy or tragedy.

Beyond those limits, the drama loses in human interest what the stage may gain in spectacular display. The *superhuman* hero who knows that a special cap, horn or sword makes him invulnerable, whose victory in all encounters is a foregone conclusion, cannot interest us as the common soldier who relies but on his valor, and whose fate in presence of his enemy is for us, as for himself, shrouded in doubt. All such fancies are tame travesties of the "necessity" of the ancients, that sombre fatality which never meant the favor of the gods, but a pathetic struggle under their wrath.

It cannot be seen why the natural curiosity of a woman to know all that concerns her husband, and which, under natural circumstances, a husband would be happy to gratify, should be punished as the traditional curiosity of evil, which, at least, did not separate man and wife—punished as a crime, and two loving beings made forever miserable, because of a supernatural arrangement, which, to aggravate her pain, is finally revealed to the unfortunate victim of a whimsical secrecy. And this is the most human of Wagner's dramas! Such cruelty on earth to questioning faith, would be an excellent plea for the orthodox fire of hell!

And why discard history? Because of its positiveness? But history is less rigid than mythology. Gods have their fixed attributes. Good or bad, they are screwed to immutability as their brazen images on their pedestals. Every one of them is known for what he is, and can be nothing else. Historical characters, on the contrary, will be discussed to the end of time. Old documents present them now and then in a new light. Doubts rest on the actions of many, on the existence of not a few.

Granting that it is not in the limited province of the opera to deal with the great events that have changed the fate of nations, it cannot be denied that a dramatic action placed in the midst of such events must be pregnant with extraordinary possibilities. The reformation in Meyerbeer's operas, "The Prophet" and "The Huguenots," is used

but as a frame for two grand pictures of human trials and agony, that could not have had their originals at any other epoch, and are two precious accessions to the artistic wealth of the world. What if the pity for the victims and the horror of their persecutors with Catholics as well as with Protestants leads to the detestation of religious fanaticism? What if art, whose mission is not assuredly to rival the pulpit, incidentally preaches, like stones, sermons of its own?

The deliberate selection of fabulous subjects, and systematic degradation of the voice, are really the strongest characteristics of the lyric drama, which, when perchance it condescends to sing, does not materially differ from the opera at its best; and it is then that Wagner holds us enthralled at his feet. He is never so great as when he forgets his own principles, and was greatest of all before he fully carried them out.

In the works of his maturity, the aggressiveness of the theorizer marks more and more intrusively the expression of the composer. With the orchestra removed out of sight, and the singer on the stage as effectually disposed of, Wagner, the *Deus ex machina*, is alone kept present to our minds. Whether intended or not, this personalism converts the performance of a work of art, which should unite all men by addressing itself to their emotions, into an occasion of approval or protestation, which divides them by provoking the conflict of opinions.

If there can be no unanimity of public enthusiasm for an art more incentive of intellectual contention than of pity or terror, no complete surrender of the individual to the enjoyment of it, the multiplicity of characters in humankind, and variety of moods in one character—all and each of them more or less open to the most opposite impressions—give it all the same the right and reason to be, and the assurance of viability.

No matter how ambitious it may be, artistic genius can no more than mechanical ingenuity, create. The productions of both are but more or less useful or beautiful presentations of what is created, of what exists in nature and in man. The supernatural and the superhuman are beyond the reach

of our imagination and power of expressing. A fair youth with wings on his back, a gaunt wight with horns and hoofs, beings half woman and fish, half bull and man, half boy and goat, who make up the population of Christian and pagan mythologies, may have seemed very significant artistic inventions in the infancy of religions, but are nothing more than incongruous combinations of what is. Man cannot conceive an object foreign to nature, nor can he have a thought or a feeling foreign to humanity; and the greatest genius is he whose thoughts and feelings are most human. But still intelligible to his kind will be the artist who, to such eccentric wanderings as he may abandon himself, can never go beyond infrangible barriers that make him one of the fold.

* * *

Wagner was eminently an idealist, almost a mystic. This alone would account, in an age of artistic realism, for the immense sensation, ardent apostolicism and violent opposition created by his appearance. In his whole life he showed that unconscious egotism which should not be mistaken for vulgar selfishness. He stood aloof from his kind, and had no sympathy with his surroundings. Individuals were little to him, and his relations with them ill-cogged and erratic. He dwelt in an all-sufficient sphere of his own, having with men but unavoidable dealings, and in humanity but a speculative interest. Moreover, possessed, as he was, of probably the strongest intellect known in musical history, it is questionable whether he had the truly musical temperament of some of his predecessors. Had it not been for that imperious want of the ideal, which must be satisfied, he might have chosen another field of activity, even within the province of art, and accomplished greatness as a pope, as a statesman, or philosopher, as a painter, sculptor, or architect. But music with its "eternal why," was most congenial to the longing in him. It is doubtful that he could have answered it in the pure language of the symphony. He felt this and made of the opera his vantage ground, relying, however, in the marshalling of his forces, much more on the vague, indefinite stammering of the orchestra than on the plainer utterances of his personages.

Impatient of his inability to efface altogether the indelible stamp of reality necessarily brought to the stage by the actor, he drew his characters from mythic clouds, and wrapped them in mistiness. With Wagner a love-duet is not the effusion of two certain lovers, but the poetical generalization of the masculine and feminine in love. His men and women are not persons, but abstractions. The natural consequence of his remoteness from actual life is that, as a man, he gives us truer male types, and that his women, invested with the conventional sweetness and nobleness of the sex, are but dreamy, floating paragons of doubt or faith.

Better to attenuate the personality of the singer and the self-assertion of the actor himself, the *leit-motiv* which Wagner's predecessors had sparingly used to emphasize the importance of both in rare situations, was systematically converted by him into a new method of orchestral developments and elaborations, which, by riveting the attention of the audience, leave unnoticed and forgotten on the stage that singer whom it only labels for reference. In no spirit of levity, I shall ask Mr. Smith how he would feel—hilarious or incensed—if after being duly introduced by his host in a parlor full of guests ostensibly assembled to hear him speak on some interesting topic, that same host would stick on his back a board with his name, or cry aloud, "This is s-l-y Smith," whenever he would open his lips to talk, and insist at the same time on having Mr. Doremi, the great pianist, delight the company with one of his last pieces of virtuosity, so that no one in the audience is even aware of poor Mr. Smith's attempt to be heard; and if perchance a few words of his gain the mastery during the calmer passages of the performance, they are unanimously declared a nuisance, and he a bore.

Such as they are, wanting in ingenuousness and spontaneity, Wagner's productions are master-pieces, because the earnest and forcible expression of an extraordinary man and peculiar genius. They stand by themselves as huge---solitary rocks, which we meet in vast arable lands, and we stop awed rather than pleased. The lack in them, which we feel even under their immediate spell, is not exclusively due to his philosphical elucubrations, but perhaps more directly

traceable to his anti-realistic and one-sided ideality.

With the supernal geneology, motives, actions and ends of his personages, he could partly divest his actors of their objectionable humanity; but he could not divinize the voice, and it was his great fault not to feel that it is divine. The voice entered from necessity in the general plan of his drama. But how gladly he would have dispensed with it, had it been possible! And he came so near it that the presentation of his operas in symphonic garb is becoming more and more popular, and may even now give a hint of what is to be the fate of his music.

VI.

It was Wagner's ambition to resuscitate the Greek theater. What the Greek theater used to be is the more obscure for the misty researches of archeologists. "It is the apple of discord," said Marpurg. The erudite Fux thought that "We might as well try to unravel the old chaos." Three hymns with Greek notation, and the first Pythian ode of Pindar, alleged to have been discovered in the sixteenth century, are the only four pieces left us of antiquity; and if they were authentic, which is very much doubted, they would give us a most soporific impression of what that music of the Greeks was, which is known to have had such prodigious effects on the people.

The Greeks had a most euphonious language. It has retained its beauty almost intact to our days. Colombat de l'Isere places modern Greek before Italian itself, for its adaptability to singing. On the perfection of a language in which articulate and singing sounds were akin and inclined to make one, a system of musical declamation could be based, which could not be transferred into the harsh, guttural language in which Wagner wrote. And it is, in fact, from the invasion of the barbarians of the North, with their loud voices and rude dialects, that dates the decadence and final loss of Greek music, the substitution of learned devices instead of pure emotional delivery, of harmony instead of melody. The consequence has been an ever widening separation and ultimate divorce between vocal and instrument-

al music, a constant struggle of each for supremacy, and so far the failure of both to seal a perfect reconciliation.

* * *

Selections from the old operas, sung at the piano, lose little of their musical value and dramatic effect, and are still applauded in concerts and in the drawing room. This may prove the universality of an innate love for melody; but it is, to a certain extent, the condemnation of the composers who, professing to use the orchestra, used it to so little purpose that it can be omitted with no detriment to their works.

No one will reproach Wagner for having disappointed the venders of sheet music, street whistlers and organ grinders. Morever he cannot be accused of having made an inconsistent use of the voice, which always was to him but an uncongenial factor; and, at this point of view, it is rather to his credit that whole scenes of his lyric dramas played by the orchestra are not affected by the omission of the vocal parts. But, on general grounds, I ask, should the excess which is acknowledged to be a vice in melodists be declared a virtue in symphonists, and the writers of orchestral operas be glorified where the voice opera writers are vilified?

This is not so much said for Wagner, who is an exception in art, as for those who are distorting their own talents in the imitation of his idiosyncrasies. It might only be suggested that amateurs of the drama must miss in those orchestral representations the action, which cannot take place without the actor. When the singer is savagely reproved for "singing too well," the time has come to do without him. Why would not Wagner's entire operas be produced with gesticulators on the stage, and librettos in the hands of the audience? Such performances would do better justice to the coherent work of the master, and would have with those of Greece this resemblance, that they could take place in presence of thousands and thousands of people, and this advantage over them that, without resorting to the reinforcing mask of the ancients, they would carry to the farthest ends of the largest amphitheater the stirring discourse of the grandest orchestra of modern times.

But, magnificent as to-day's orchestra is to us, and wonderful as the use made of it by Wagner, who can tell what will become of it? The very progress of the orchestra, dependent itself on the advancement of musical science and on the improvement of old instruments and invention of new ones, at the same time as it proves its perfectibility, proves also the imperfection to which, owing to the gropings and limitations of human knowledge and ingenuity, it is doomed forever.

From what we know of the poetry, painting, sculpture and architecture of the Greeks, it is natural to infer that they were in music artistically equal to themselves. But while their melodies which were agreeable to their ears might not be disagreeable to ours, how would it be with their orchestra? How will it be with *our* orchestra, of which we are so proud? Supposing that no radical changes are made in music, new qualities, new sonorities will certainly be added to the orchestra, perhaps old ones left aside, which might make it in a few centuries unrecognizable to the musicians of our times, could they hear it. Mozart reorchestrated the "Messiah." Franz reorchestrated it again, Wagner himself retouched the ninth symphony. All this within a comparatively short space of time. Why should not the time come when Wagner's orchestra will have to be modernized?

The voice dates from the creation of man, and will be to the end of time what it was at the beginning. It has neither the compass of a violin, nor the power of a trumpet, but it will ever be the endeavor of all instruments to imitate its expressiveness, and the highest praise of a player is that he makes his instrument *sing*. We speak of the music of the future, of the orchestra, of the opera of the future; who would speak of the voice of the future? The voice of the future is to be the voice of the past, the voice of to-day, the same voice forevermore.

Only one perfect instrument—breath made sonorous, life itself audible—the voice. Why not make of that one permanent perfection the center of the musical economy, and, in all artistic combinations admitting of its partnership,

give it the place which the sun holds in the planetary system? Then, and only then, beside radiating the light of truth and the warmth of humanity, will the works thus fecunded contain in them the germs of immortality!

PART SECOND.

VII.

It is a peculiarity, noticeable through the whole history of art, that great men are imitated in the most questionable features of their work, as though imitators were called to accent by exaggeration, for the easier appreciation and verdict of posterity, the faults of the imitated.

The lyric comedy is below the consideration of our modern composers; they leave it to the tender mercies of waltz writers, who are having a good time of it. They swell their cheeks, and grope in the grandiose. Wagner slighted the singer, checked in himself as vulgar inspirations the divine melodies, fragmentary bits of which illuminate now and then his most dreary measures, and made of the voice but a fireman's trumpet to the orchestra. They, the pygmies, grotesquely groan under the tons of brass which the master handled with the ease of a giant. Where the skillful control of a powerful hand shaped noises into things of art, they, like children, set the big machine in motion, and have not the secret to stop it. And in that deafening charivari the voice is more than ever lost.

* * *

That which, as melody and the voice, is natural, is like nature inexhaustible, infinite. That which, as harmony and the orchestra, is artificial, is like the artificer in his cunning and resources, limited in the originality and variety of its effects. This is so true that, were it not for the melodies of their song writers, the different countries of Europe would be threatened with the total loss of their musical individualities, and that national characteristics, outside of rhythmic forms and dances, are fast disappearing in the uniformity of results produced by the similarity of orchestral methods.

* * *

When it chooses to renounce the unbounded freedom of its own realm, and to turn from the symphony to the opera, the orchestra should be prepared to meet the double control of the written word and of the human voice. It gave expression in the symphony to the subtlest fancies of its own imagination and feeling. It must now confine itself to color the drawing already traced, to emphasize the sentiments already expressed, to idealize or sensualize the various emotions awakened by the poem. A noble role still, if not the royal one.

What should be thought of the composer who, pretending that all artistic creations are of man for man, would take it into his head to keep his instruments within the compass of the voice, and to string chaplets of singable melodies from the first to the last movement of his symphony? Is it any better, under the cover of collaboration, to carry disloyally into the opera the processes of the symphony, and to make of the singer but a mannekin for orchestral tales to hang on?

For a rose to be a rose in our eyes and admiration, there is no need that we should be shown the ground where it grew, the bush on which it rocked, the garden whose pride it was, the butterfly that flirted with it, the sun that smiled at it, the boor that plucked it. It will neither look more beautiful nor smell sweeter for being presented to us with an accompanying card of six or more pictures to that effect.

I want to believe that symphonic accompaniments to the voice in opera are not gratuitous exhibitions of technical skill, and that the intertwining of so many orchestral designs under, over and all around the melody, are inspired by æsthetic considerations as plausible at least as those mentioned in the case of the rose. Are they better advised? How often, with score in hand, I have failed to hear in the orchestra the figures which I was reading on the paper! After choking the melody, they interchoked themselves. How often melodies which had struck me at the piano for their poetical beauty or dramatic meaning, left me cold at the performance, or passed altogether unnoticed, because of the accompaninents, intended to enhance and complete their effect!

* * *

And as though that jumble of noises was not enough confused and confusing, the modern conductors, instead of trying by slight variations of pace to disentangle the melody from its meshes, make it a practice to lower the metronome by several notches, and introduce in the opera the whirling *tempi* of the orchestra. Painful it is to see an ecstatic or prayerful *adagio* lose its solemnity at the bidding of a boorish stick; sadly ludicrous to see an *allegro* driven at the rate of a hurricane, voices and instruments scramble and tumble in cacophonous rout, like a flock of panic-stricken sheep; and flying over this scene of dismay, a whole fleece of scratched notes and mangled syllables. When the voice is no longer made to sing, but only to modulate, sympathy with the composer should apparently impel the conductor to give the modulations relief by proper preparation. But the antipathy to the singer is stronger, and it prevails. Fail the composition! The voice shall have no mercy.

Any one may watch, at the performance of a French or Italian opera, the apostles of the new dispensation, exchanging contemptuous smiles and squirming on their seats, when a whole audience seems to have but one enraptured heart to feel, and one pair of hands to applause, the inspired pages that have made the delight of generations. It looks great to them arrogantly to set their little selves against the august verdict of that stupid public, that can be moved to tears and stirred to enthusiasm by pathetic, noble melodies interpreted by tuneful voices and competent singers. But then they are the same ones who will be seen, on different occasions, rolling up their eyes in ecstasy to the ceiling at the beauty of choruses sung false from beginning to end, or of recitatives bellowed out in utter disregard of quality and pitch, of style and phrasing.

* * *

Whoever has read the writings of Wagner, particularly his work "On Conducting," must acknowledge that there never lived so profound, so refined, so fanatic a master of orchestral singing. He declares emphatically that the *melos*, so short as it may be, in ever so hidden a place, on ever so

obscure an instrument, must first be found out throughout a symphony, then the general tempo and proper alterations of it will follow; and that the orchestra will alone be perfect that *sings* the melody, that *sings* the symphony. Porpora himself, or Vaccaj, could not have been stricter in their demands of a pure, even, sustained tone.

But whether it must be attributed to the nature of his genius, which was not human enough to place its chief dependence on man, to the tendency of his productiveness, which inclined to gods and superhuman beings, or to his well known contempt, often and strongly expressed, of the singing of his countrymen, which might have determined him to exclude from his construction of a German art the jeopardizing element of music written for real singers, the fact remains true, that, excepting "Lohengrin" as a whole, and pages of transcendent beauty in his other works, it can be said that Wagner, the orchestra singer *par excellence*, demanded nothing more of the voice singer than is expected from the second desks of the orchestra. The consequence is that instrumentalists have attained to-day such a superiority that for examples of perfect phrasing, clean execution and pure style, the student of singing must listen to them, and no longer to vocalists.

On the contrary, the titular interpreters of the lyric drama, struggling with impossible intonations and intervals, with harsh harmonies and overwhelming sonorities, are doomed to lose all delicacy of ear, and to adopt the brassy, woody qualities of voice that will alone assimilate with the orchestra.

This last result is so direct an outcome of Wagnerian music, so ineluctable a condition of its execution, that the same artists whom we hear in the operas of Wagner display a brutal organ and offensive style, oftentimes reveal in the music of other composers purer tones and methods, showing conclusively that, through long familiarity with the lyric drama, they have come to make to themselves for the want of what I should call an orchestral voice and an orchestral style, two very barbarous things, subversive of the true art of singing, if not destructive of the voice; and it is a sig-

nificant fact not to be charged altogether to prejudice, that there exists among the singers most genuinely converted to the music of Wagner an instinctive reluctance to sing it.

Stranger still than the guttural, unmusical, supplementary voice, which a few artists with keen intuition and plastic muscles contrive to produce for special use in the lyric drama, is the fact which should be acknowledged, that a noble voice is truly out of place in Wagner's operas, and a good singer as unwelcome on the stage as the chance ray of sunshine which makes visible the darkness and bare desolation of a dungeon. No worse chastisement of the damned could be invented by a God of anger than an occasional sight of the beatitude of the elect.

Wagner's peculiar treatment of the voice could not escape the notice of his most uncompromising admirers, and they unwittily remarked that, amended in this one particular, the lyric drama would be the perfect model of the future. This is a double error, showing an utter misunderstanding both of the work itself in which are wanting the first conditions of genuine popularity, and of the fundamental principle which mainly constitutes its originality. Well might Wagner say "save me from my friends." It did not occur to their unphilosophical minds that what they meant as a trifling criticism was really a condemnation of the whole, and as grievous an injustice besides as was ever done the master, whose grandeur does not consist so much in the conception of a new art, as in the wonderful power and infallible directness with which he carried it to execution, and inverted the worst defect in it with the appearance of an essential virtue.

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Singing proper having been transplanted from the stage to the orchestra—the modern orchestra, the orchestra of Wagner!—and the singer proper, by a strange contrast and certainly not for the sake of synchronism, sent as far back as the Greeks, on a fool's errand, to revive the declamation of the ancients of which nothing is known, vocalism, which had reached a degree of perfection unequaled by the other arts, rapidly fell below them all.

It used to take years of hard and well directed studies to acquire that art of singing which has been derisively thrown aside as vile rubbish, on a common pile with the time-honored repertory which it illustrated. Lyric declamation was then the highest ambition of the student, the crowning attainment of the singer. Compared with artists like Tacchinardi, Tamburini, Duprez, etc., or the more recent and likewise educated singer who brings us yet from time to time like an echo of the past, the special declamators of the lyric drama are but poor caricatures, presenting at best the pitiable spectacle of natural gifts undeveloped or squandered, and oftenest a vulgar and bombastic exhibition of crude lung-power.

But the new art doing away with the "bel canto," and retaining of vocal execution but unexpected *grumpetti* better intended for string instruments, the long schooling of old become apparently useless. As is always the case when little is required, even less has been obtained. A mean demand created a meaner supply. Singing as a serious art has been dispensed with; charlatans spring up who make of it a farcical science. And the market is covered to-day with flourishing establishments where, under the fostering wings of anatomy, physiology and acoustics, and with suitable gymnastic exercises, the two great desiderata of the new style of opera—strength and compass—are acquired in less than no time, and muscles and cartilages quickly made to do the slow work of brains and gifts!

It seems but a just retribution that lyric declamation, to which Wagner limited the part of the voice, should necessarily suffer most from the burlesque shifts imagined to meet his want, and call on the execution of his work, in this one particular, the contempt which he extended to the whole art of singing. Truly "whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken even that he hath."

VIII.

To abler and bolder writers I leave the arduous undertaking of measuring the monumental work of Wagner in its entirety. The massiveness of Egyptian architecture may not be to one's taste. Who, however, would not derive

from the quaint harmony of its parts a sense of solid completeness? Who would presume to improve it with the admixture of other styles?

The remarks which in the preceding pages might be construed as strictures on Wagner's particular opera, were made with general reference to the opera of the future, in the composition of which I would deprecate as conflicting with the eternal laws of Truth and Beauty, the introduction of the peculiarities which are not dissonant in the lyric drama. I hope that the opera of the future will not resemble the lyric drama; but I would not have the lyric drama different from what it is.

If a coquettish woman could have her countenance modified according to her ideas of perfection, she would most likely discover that it had lost what charm it possessed. The mouth of the lyric drama may be too small, the eyes too wide-opened, the ears too large; but it is born so, and it makes an imposing appearance. He would have proved himself unworthy to appreciate it in its ensemble, who could object to one of its features. There are earnest, intelligent, expressive faces which their very imperfections seem to render more interesting, more like themselves. The lyric drama is one of these; extraordinarily interesting indeed, although not essentially beautiful; strikingly novel, not so much by its inventions as by its reforms; eminently original, less for its actual contributions to the opera than for the apportionment of the parts which constitute it.

* * *

Once admitted the self-sufficient grandeur and exceptional nature of the achievement, the examination of what immediate influence it has exercised on music generally and on the opera in particular, becomes a mere question of fact, not of opinion, a matter of record, not of criticism. What effect it had on music generally, musicians may decide who are not like myself particularly concerned, as indicated by the title of this article, in the fate of the voice, and in the role of singing in opera. How it affected the opera has been partly shown in the denunciation of Wagner's thoughtless imitators, and can be more directly

predicated from its baneful consequences to the art of singing, without which there can be but an orchestral opera, an abnormal, ungenial form of music, which shaped as it was by one man into a thing of harmonious proportions, will be neither fully acceptable to any one, nor universally accepted at any time.

* * *

Deplorable as certainly are results obvious to all, and truly pernicious as may be declared the influence of Wagner on the present, it were doing the mighty master an injustice to overlook or undervalue his power for good in the future. His operas may perish. His reforms will survive. It will be with his influence as it was with his work, in which man was held for little, to which men were mercilessly sacrificed; his faults will cause the fall of many musicians who should have stood, but music itself will be exalted by his excellencies.

Wagner was a man of destiny, appeared when he was wanted, and filled inflexibly his mission. In the heat of the fight hard blows were dealt to the good and respectable. Contumely was heaped on illustrious heads. Sectarian proscription raged madly. In and out of his real field of action the same disregard of individuals and masses marked the passage in life and in art of the man and master. But he won the day, and accomplished his end.

He may not make an attractive figure in history; but his fierce warfare and grim victory stamp him as a giant. Compatriot and cotemporary of "the man of blood and iron," we can imagine Wagner, centuries hence, side by side with him in the gallery of the great ancestors, a stern image, like him, of grandeur and power, but unlike him contemplating with the cold smile on his lips the lasting effects and steady workings of his impress on all passing generations.

I do not share the opinion which I hear often expressed that there will be a reaction, and for some time at least a return to the cast off moulds slightly remodelled. The work done was sorely needed, and has been thoroughly done. The singer as well as the opera of the future can but benefit by the abolition of so much that was conventional and absurd

in the old opera. As the specific lack in the Lyric Drama is better understood, better appreciated also are the improvements which it contains, and a greater faith than ever is felt in the ultimate perfection of the opera, for the voice is coeval with man, and vocalization runs no more immediate danger of being a lost art, than man of being a lost species.

The temporary eclipse of the voice has, it is true, favored the growth of rank weeds and noisome methods, calculated to poison the art of singing; but like the sun, it will emerge brighter from the clouds that hid it for a time. It can safely be predicted that the opera to be, will recognize the pre-eminence of the voice, and make of the vocal quartette the fundamental element of the lyric symphony; and that the orchestra, recalled from its forward ways to a sober sense of its function, will no more pretend to excel, but modestly try to approach, for it never can equal, the unlimited power of the voice to express all the moods and emotions of the human heart, in their infinite degrees and subtlest shades.

As I pause before taking leave of my subject, the thought strikes me, not as an odd sophism, but as an absolute truth, that Wagner after all has done more for the voice with his enmity to it than his predecessors with their love of it. The enjoyment of food does not make us realize the necessity of it as the pangs of hunger. We used to take singing in opera as we take our three meals a day, with the same unconsciousness of our blessing, and of the natural laws that minister to our well-being and happiness. By driving us to the verge of starvation, Wagner has taught us, at his own cost, the preciousness of the boon which he denied us, and its vital importance to the constitution of the opera.

The sign that warns us of danger is as useful as the post that shows us the way. His was the privilege, given to few, to serve art as effectually by his faults as by his accomplishments. The spots which might have passed unnoticed in a work of less brilliancy, were put in full light by the refulgence of its splendors, with all the cogency of a lesson which could not be overlooked, which will never be forgotten.

Twice honored be the master who illustrated with equal

power the good to follow, and the bad to avoid! Imperfection, the only human feature which he could not help, will not impair his glory with men, and possibly save him from the idolatrous worship which he may have had the weakness to seek, but whose ridiculous rites have been long enough a reproach to his name.

It begins to look as though the time is not far off when the *profanum vulgus* will not be challenged at the door of the temple; when we shall not have to vouch our orthodoxy for admission to the consecrated grounds; when at last, tired of his musty seclusion and of the disgraceful honors paid him by self-illumined enthusiasts, the idol will descend alone from the mountain into the wide world, and for better or worse meet men face to face.

How he will stand the glare of the open air, the trial of the great public, the test of time, our grand-children may see, our great-grand-children will probably know. In the mean while, as one who from the first bowed to his grandeur without kneeling at his altars, but who saw in his lack of humanity, originally manifested in his slight of the human voice, the great possible doubt of its durability, I take comfort in the conviction that the nature of that fault and the lesson which it conveys will be a warning to all composers to come, and make impossible in the opera of the future the transmission and perpetuation of the antagonism which existed between Wagner and the voice.

NEW YORK. CLEMENT TETEDOUX.

THE NATIONAL ELEMENT IN MUSICAL ART.

Among the distinctions of the Modern Romantic School of Music none, perhaps, is more pronounced than the tendency to bring in this province of art those characteristics of expression which distinguish one nation from the others. Indeed it is on the strength of this national element alone that it can make good its claim, if there be such, to the application of a distinctive school. That the expression of this phase of musical thought, so greatly predominating in modern music, can be acknowledged as a legitimate outgrowth of the organic developement to which music has been subjected, and as such is entitled to, or susceptible of, representation within its range, can scarcely be questioned. Yet the adoption of this element comparatively foreign to music cannot but invite the question, whether the internal capacity of musical expression proper is not exhausted, or at least has come to a temporary stand-still, so that refuge must be sought in extraneous characteristics and incentives. However this objection may be met, we are confronted by the fact that the modern composers, in order to quicken their flagging inventive powers, have searched the musical literature of every civilized nation for stimulating suggestions. Yes, even the musical utterances of the half-civilized peoples of Eastern Europe, primitive as in many instances they unquestionably are, have been made to pay tribute to the insatiable desire on the side of musical composers for something new, something original and startling. Whether the limits of musical expression are thereby widened, whether music by this acquisition is lastingly enriched, is a much disputed question. Certain it is that this national element, although not so strongly marked in times past as within recent periods, has yet been represented in the musical productions of every age; and it has formed one of the many channels which have continuously fed the stream of musical thought, and stimulated

musical imagination; and it has also been instrumental in creating and defining the art forms into which the musical activity of every art epoch has poured an over-flowing current.

The National element, as already intimated above, has exercised its formative influence in two ways: By determining, on one side, the character of the musical contents; on the other, by suggesting the types whence in the course of time have been developed the art forms. To pursue this influence in its bearing on the musical art of the present day, to point out in a general way its course and its operative mode, shall be the object of the present disquisition.

It lies in the nature of the subject that our inquiry should be restricted to that period when music steps into the arena of historical record. Yet it were a fallacy to infer from this that the national element was lacking in the music of the people of antiquity. On the contrary, from their highly developed art activity which, in the formative art at least, and more especially in architecture and sculpture, has attained to distinctive national types, we must necessarily draw the conclusion that in their musical efforts likewise the national peculiarities have come to expression. It must here be observed, however, that in the remotest antiquity another cause has in a still higher degree, than the peculiarities of the national life been predominant in impressing upon the art works of that time its stamp. I allude to the ancient religious cults. For religion and art in the infancy of a people are so closely intertwined and interfused that it is difficult, if not impossible, to separate the one from the other. When man in his primitive state erects stones, or carves grotesque figures in the massive rock, to symbolize some mysterious intangible being, to embody in visible form the feeling of awe, of terror before the mystical powers of nature's forces, it is, indeed, a difficult task to divine whether we have before us a rude attempt at a heathenish religious cult, or the foreboding and manifestation of an inherent desire for the imitation, and crude idealization, of visible objects; a nucleus, from which, at a subsequent stage, were to spring the plastic arts. In the droning chant of

the pagan priest accompanying his circumscribing motion around the altar, in the mystic conjurations of the exorcist, when beseeching the intercession of the mighty spirits for some dark purpose, it would be difficult to discover whether it is the terror of the unseen powers, the awe of the supernatural, which thus finds vent; or whether that which prompts these utterances is not a manifestation of the innate desire for producing sound combinations expressive of higher emotional feeling. It is all but impossible to draw the line, where religous ritual ends, and where musical effort begins. The time and place of the birth of religion and art are identical; and for long ages the clouded mind of man has been unable to segregate one from the other. But when, with growing civilization, this terror and awe is by degrees softened down to love and adoration of the unseen great cause, which a more advanced human intellect recognizes as God, the huge grandeur of Archaic art gradually merges into the well proportioned, clearly-defined beauty of the Classic, and is, at a still later time, again transformed to the expression of the individual beauty of spirit, characteristic of Romantic art. It is in these periods of internal and external transformation, that the subjective thought of the individual, or group of individuals, crystalizes, forming, as it were, in its entirety a huge resplendent prism, whose sides,—religion, art, and science, all the multiform expression of the activity of mind—break into its many-hued elementary rays the light that flows from the Divinity. It is in these periods, when seemingly heterogenous elements are amalgamated according to a higher law, welded into one organized mass, with one common binding principle, that these national characteristics are thown into life, permeating every pursuit, every act, yes, every thought and feeling of the people.

While thus the national element is steadily gaining in predominance, we see the religions by degrees receding. In ancient Greece, architecture, which originally was employed in designing majestic temples, the abodes of divinities, in a later time was put in the service of the construction of theaters, splendid palaces, and luxuriously adorned

private dwellings. Then, too, the sculptor's chisel, which in earlier times had taken for the subject of its art the forms of gods, in the flowering time of Greek art life chose with preference for its creations the form of contemporaneous heroes, great statesmen, and philosophers. The poet also turned from the divinities of mythology to his own time for the subject of his inspiration. The Christian are also has witnessed the same course in its art history. The forms of Christ and His Apostles, the Holy Virgin and the Saints, in the pictorial arts, at a more recent period are neglected for the representations of great historical events, and striking national peculiarities.

Musical art, likewise, has undergone the same process. In its first stages it has been inseparably indentified with religion, with the church; and it is only within recent times that the child has forsaken its mother, has emancipated itself from ecclesiastical influence, to find outside of its dominion a new field of activity, and, we may well say, a new inspiration. The Roman church, while in one sense fostering musical art, in another restricted it in its free development, and stunted its growth. For religion, in its very nature, is conservative, opposed to innovation, and tenaciously adhering to old established forms and usages. In the light of the rapid strides with which music progressed on its onward course after it had been liberated from the hampering bounds of ecclesiastical rule, it is surprising to witness the almost complete stagnation during the first thirteen centuries of the Christian era. It was not until an influence foreign to the church was brought to bear upon our art, until a shoot possessing stronger vitality was engrafted upon the inanimate tree of Roman plain chant, that the growth could proceed. This impulse, which largely partook of the character of a national element, emanated from the folk song, introducing two properties: the freely flowing spontaneous melody, and, supporting it, the element of harmony.

Already at this early period we can, aside from the ecclesiastical school of art, distinguish two distinct national modes of musical expression, which, each in its turn, and

almost contemporaneously, have lent an impulse for the further development of musical art.

The harmonic propensities were peculiar to the people of the North, where in England and on the Scandinavian peninsula, and probably anterior to all in Ireland, singing in parts from times immemorial had been known and practiced by the people of Celtic and Teutonic origin. The melodic propensities, however, were indigenous pre-eminently among the Gallic and Germanic people, and it is these two nations in particular which were destined to exercise a continuous influence upon art-music proper, which, unlike folk-song, was in a narrower sense cosmopolitan.

In this place we may well ask, What are those elements that distinguish the music of one nation from that of the others? and in what manner do these national peculiarities come to expression? First of all we must observe that folk-song was then, and is yet, the spontaneous expression of feeling, while contrapuntal art was a product of mere skill in artificially co-ordinating melodies, which might, or might not, individually possess emotional qualities. The one is a token of emotional activity, the other a product of structural ingenuity. National music, according to the manner and circumstances conditioning its production, may be divided into two categories. On one side we have national hymns, on the other folk-songs, the former, the outgrowth of politically or socially agitated epochs, the outcome and embodiment of an emotional and intellectual life, stimulated and intensified far beyond that of periods of undisturbed peace and national prosperity; the latter, less pretentious, resulting from a more contemplative mood, the musical expression of the every day happenings of the humblest of people, a simple, spontaneous translation into music of the feelings most prominent at the social gatherings and rustic festivities of the peasants.

As characteristic of the first class we may name, in England, "Rule Britannia," in France, the "Marsaillaise," in Italy, "Garibaldi's Hymn," in Germany, "Die Wacht am Rhein."

We must observe here the similarity of character exist-

ing between these national anthems, a similarity so much more suprising when we consider the diversity of the traits peculiar to these nations. A somber, dignified severity, an impassioned, vigorous determination, pervades the sepatriotic songs, which are wholly foreign to the frivolous superficiality of French music, and still more so to the sentimental, fitful pathos of the Italian school. Yet, if we bear in mind how during a time of social and political upheaval the feeling of patriotism wells up from the innermost depths of the national consciousness, overflowing the lines that separate one people from the others; when petty provincialism and time-honored usages disappear in the irresistible torrent of heroic enthusiasm that sweeps over a country in such agitated times, we shall not be utterly unable to reconcile these seemingly contradictory phenomena. Again, we well know the power exercised by these stirring patriotic songs, not only over the nation from whose midst they have wrung themselves, but even over those which by habits and views are widely separated from each other; like, for instance, the well known "God Save the King," which holds sway over the hearts of the English nation, as well as over those of the people of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Denmark and the United States.

Far different it is with the second class of folk songs proper. They faithfully reflect the peculiar traits and diversities of their respective nations. Whether it is in the villanella of Italy, the chanson of France, Volkslied of Germany, the Ballad of the British Islands, in all of these forms we recognize the true likeness of those peoples. Just where those characteristic traits lie, and what they are, is difficult of expression by the means of cold words. For there are some subtile qualities peculiar to music, for whose expression language, which is a servant to reason more than to emotion, is wholly inadequate. Yet we may, if not clearly define, at least hint some of these diversities; and since the folk song of France and Italy, and again that of Germany and England, have a common basis, and have sprung from a common root, I will, in order to aid intelligibility, view this subject under two heads: viz: The folk-song of the South, and that of the North.

The diversities of rhythm are perhaps those which are most marked, and most easily discerned, and therefore claim our attention first. Gay, animated rhyhthmical figures, expressive of an exuberance of feeling, are prevalent in the popular songs of southern nations; while northern folk songs are distinguished by slower, more stately and vigorous tempos, indicative of a more tranquil, reflective mood. Correspondding to the vivacity natural of the people of the South, we note in their folksong the flexible three-part rhythms, 3-4, and in a still greater measure the pliant, graceful 6-8 time. In the North the more dignified and concise two-part rhythms, 2-4 and 4-4, are predominant. An apparent exception may be noticed in English popular music, which, however, can easily be recognized as the outgrowth of the blending of the Gallic and Teutonic elements, subsequent to the Norman Conquest. The simplicity and artless naivete of the northern popular songs is further enhanced by the simple metrical proportions characterizing the several phrases, and by an equal flowing motion which prevails throughout the entire melody, constituting it a unified organic whole. The unstable, irresistible, and impassionate temperament of the south delights in a great diversity of accents, numerous syncopations, in accelerating and retarding tempos, in vivid and unexpected contrasts.

The Melodic characteristics, if more subtle, are not less pronounced. The contemplative trend of the Northern mind finds itself at home in sad plaintive minor strains whereas the son of the sunny South has an unmistakable predilection for the bright animating major mode, and his vivacous spirit finds vent in piquant staccato passages, and fanciul skips, being arrested of a sudden by one or two long sustained notes. Striking contrasts are his heart's delight. A superabundance of ornamental notes, void of all deeper meaning, yet pleasing to the ear, most adequately expresses the ebullience of his feelings. Northern folksong disdains all superfluous embellishment. It administers not so much to the senses as to the heart, by its artless inflections, its moderate even scanty use or ornamental notes. Southern folk song pays little or no regard to the peculiar import and

character of the text, while the song of the peoples of the North strives as near as the limited means of expression permit, after unity between word and music. The national music of the peoples of the North is a torch, whose steady, equal flame lights up the dark meanings hidden beneath the veil of words; while the torch of Southern music furiously brandished, confuses and obscures rather than illuminates.

The national spirit of a people, however, not only establishes a peculiar mode of expression, but, as a natural consequence, creates a fit receptacle for its utterances, an art form. Two fundamental types are known to music, whence have been derived all the elaborate art forms in which modern musical thought in its unprecedented multiformity presents itself. On one side it is the flexible, Rondo form, to graceful effect inclined, which, originating in France, has subsequently in the works of the great masters of the Classic attained to such signal importance. On the other, the more austere and more uniformly organized First Sonata Movement, the first impulse to which came from Italy, which, however, was so absorbed by the German spirit, and assimilated and transmuted, that it must be considered a typical German form, breathing the spirit of German profundity, of German breadth of thought and power of expression. Both these forms sprang from the soil of national music, and hence drew their nourishment. Yes, at a time when the means of expression as yet were so scant, the musical composers, instinctively seeking for contrast between the several parts of the then most popular form of instrumental music, the Suite,—which in one sense was the precursor of the Sonata—could obtain it no otherwise than by contrasting with one another the dance songs of various nations. Thus we find the Suite in its four essential movements to consist of the stately, quaint Allemande, of Swabian origin, the light, elegant Courante, adopted from among the dances of the French and Italian peasantry, the serious, peculiarly rhythmical Sarabande, a Spanish, or Moorish dance form, and, closing, the lively Gigue, originating in Italy.

None of these dances, so well adapted to the national characteristics of the respective peoples, have in their original

form been in use within recent times, although some other dance forms, especially the Minuet and the Gavotte, which then occasionally found a place in the Suite, are not seldom met with in modern compositions.

While these types, by a long series of progressive changes, have been all but effaced, or so idealized as to be scarcely recognizable, yet, in its general outline, the Sonata, with but slight alterations, still adheres to the form laid down as a canon in the Suite. The characteristics of those ancient dances as such have been lost, with the exception of that of the Minuet; and more abstract musical thought has taken their place. But the lyrical element, peculiar to them, and infused into art music by their adoption, is yet the characteristic element of modern music. And if we add to this the important part people's song has taken in bringing about the final transition from the ecclesiastical modes to our modern tone system, we cannot but realize the great import of this after belittled factor of musical development.

Moreover, the dance tunes and folk songs, while thus constituting the immediate cause in establishing the most essential art forms, have, aside from this, been instrumental in re-fashioning polyphonic music sacred as well as secular, lending to it a new interest, and infusing it with renewed vitality, thus raising it beyond the sphere of mere structural significance.

From the earliest time contrapunists had been wont to introduce popular melodies in their works, as pegs, as it were, whereon to display the artificially woven fabrics of their ingenuity. Especially in Germany, where the Reformation had done away with the scholarly, but to the people at large unintelligible, church music, popular song was destined to permeate, to some degree even to replace, the sacred music then in vogue. And when, in some instances, this custom could not but invite rather amusing association between the original text and the subjoined sacred words, yet we cannot, after all, fail to acknowledge the beneficial influence exercised by this novel constituent upon the formal, procrustean art-products of that time. The German chorale, to which musical history is so greatly indebted, is the direct

outflow of this popular movement, and in this form it was the forerunner of that period which found its climax in the magnificent choruses of Bach's "Passions" and Handel's oratorios. Simple and artless as the chorale appears, it has shown in one of the most sweeping, and in its consequences most far reaching, changes recorded in musical history the transformation of the lifeless, non-rhythmical plain chant into the vigorous, rhythmical chorale of the Protestant church which, fixed and unchangeable in itself, has served as the axis around which the subsequent musical development has revolved.

The assimilation of the national element in this, as I would call it, formative period of the musical art life, has resulted in a reform of the greatest consequence in the onward course of musical art, impelling musical progress in a wholly new direction. It has been instrumental in the final establishment of the modern tone system; it has lent to music the charm of more diversified and more strongly defined rythmical forms; it has given rise to new art forms, investing them with lyrical beauty, and thus imparting to the previously lifeless musical activity the element of effective contrast, so indispensable to the true art work; in short, people's song has brought about the transformation from the artificial stereotyped expression of structural ingenuity to the spontaneous representation of the emotional life of mankind. In its relation to modern musical art it may be compared to the flesh, which makes the form of the human body an object of beauty. Polyphonic music is the skeleton, which to music lent support, and which affords it a general outline for its structnre. Folk-song more closely defined the form, gave it grace and endued it with a more ideal beauty. The masters of the Classic and Romantic filled this form with a vigorously pulsating life, exalting it from inanimate existence to the realm of pure, unrestrained spiritual life

JEAN MOOS.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

CHORAL MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

The plans of the Bureau of Music, as outlined in the prospectus of June 30th, will fall far short of being realized unless a worthy presentation of the progress of choral music in this country is accomplished. Before the Bureau had authority to make any definite announcement, an informal gathering of representatives of organized Western choral societies was called in Chicago, to discuss the project of forming a Festival chorus which should stand for Western culture in the direction of the oratorio and the higher choral forms. The enthusiastic assurances of co-operation given on this occasion, permitted the Bureau to formulate plans for the organization of a Western chorus, which are now at the earliest moment possible set forth in detail:

A three days' Festival about the third week in June is decided upon, the choral force to be known as the Western Festival Choir, (of about 2,500,) to membership in which the following named societies are hereby invited:

Ann Arbor Musical Society.	Conductor	A. A. Stanley.
Cincinnati Festival Association,	"	Theodore Thomas.
Cleveland Vocal Society, -	"	Alfred Arthur.
Columbus Arion Club, - -	"	W. H. Lott.
Dayton Philharmonic Society, -	"	W. L. Blumenschien
Des Moines Vocal Society, - -	"	M. L. Bartlett.
Detroit Musical Society, - -	"	A. A. Stanley.
Indianapolis Festival Association,	"	F. X. Arens.
Louisville Musical Club, - -	"	C H Shackleton.
Milwaukee Arion Club, - -	"	Arthur Weld.
Minneapolis Choral Association,	"	S. A. Baldwin.
Omaha Apollo Club, -	"	L. A. Torrens.
Pittsburgh Mozart Club, - -	"	J. P. McCollum.
Richmond Philharmonic Society,	"	Max Leckner.
St. Paul Choral Association, -	"	S. A. Baldwin.
St. Louis Choral, and Symphony Society, -	"	Joseph Otten.

Daily afternoon concerts will be given in Festival Hall, each preceded by a morning rehearsal. The orchestra will number 200, and eminent soloists will be engaged.

In deciding upon the works to be performed by the Western Festival Choir, the purpose of the Bureau is to draw from two great masters, Bach and Handel, for the first part of each of the three Festival programs, and to fill out a second part of each with the composition of classic writers of a later day.

As this plan provides no representation of strictly modern composers, the duty of illustrating them will rest with individual societies comprising the Festival Choir. With that end in view the Music Hall of the Exposition, with stage seating a choir of 300, will be placed at their disposal, and also the Exposition orchestra. By this means opportunity is afforded individual societies to appear under their own conductors in a short program, comprising music written for voices and orchestra, or in unaccompanied music; but it must be distinctly understood that a society accepting such opportunity, must furnish a balanced choir numbering at least eighty voices, for unaccompanied music, or one hundred and sixty voices if the music chosen demands an orchestra for its proper interpretation.

With three concerts and attending rehearsals, but little time will remain of the Festival days for concerts by individual societies, hence the necessity for short selections, not exceeding thirty minutes in any one instance, in order that two or three societies may take part in one program. Those societies desiring to give works of larger scope than is possible under the above regulations, will be welcome to the use of Music Hall on the days of Festival week preceding or following those appointed for the appearance of the Festival Choir, provided they are prepared to remain an extra day or two in Chicago.

In event of favorable response by your society to this invitation to membership in the Western Festival Choir, you are asked to prepare the following named works :

FIRST DAY: Handel, "Utrecht Jubilate."
Mendelssohn. First part of "Saint Paul."

SECOND DAY: Bach, "A Stronghold Sure."
Wagner. Selections.

THIRD DAY: Handel. Selections from "Israel in Egypt" and "Judas Maccabæus."
Berlioz. Selections from "Requiem Mass."

Though incomplete, the fixed items of the above list will permit the work of preparation to begin. The completed program will be announced as soon as possible.

It is expected that your members will have thoroughly studied this music on presenting themselves at the Exposition, as but one mass rehearsal of any single program can be had. To bring about this result with the least possible outlay of time, you will doubtless decide to include in your own local season performances of some of the selections named. The artistic results of such a course do not need argument.

Regarding copies of the Festival music for chorus study: The Bureau will decide the edition of each selection, and will furnish uniform copies, free of charge, to those societies not already possessing them.

Details regarding choice of works, and appearance in the Music Hall of the Exposition of individual societies, must be decided by correspondence, and the Bureau urges a prompt presentation of propositions, as all requests will be considered in the order of their receipt.

Regarding the expenses involved by societies of amateurs accepting this invitation: It is assumed that thousands of singers and music lovers will visit the Exposition in any event, and that they will prefer to appear as contributors, thus conferring an importance upon their societies and their homes not possible under any other circumstances; that because of their love of the art, and the pride they have in the opportunity the Exposition will afford to show to the world the artistic level of the United States in music, the choral societies of the country will give their hearty co-operation without any expense to the Exposition. But the Exposition, through the Bureau of Music, will arrange for railroad rates, which will probably not exceed one fare for the round trip from your city; while through the Bureau of Public Com-

fort of the Exposition, the Bureau of Music can at any time after October 1st guarantee satisfactory and convenient lodging places for any number of singers, arranging varying rates from $1 upwards per day, according to accommodations; these rates are for lodging only. The importance of this guarantee is readily seen, and the Bureau deems it necessary to urge upon all societies, who accept this invitation, an early response, giving the probable number of singers who will attend the Exposition in the manner stated.

In conclusion: The Exposition through the Bureau of Music invites the organized singers of the West to be its guests, offering them its hospitality and promise to provide for their comfort and pleasure. Club rooms in both the Music Hall and Festival Hall will be at their disposal during Festival week.

It can be truthfully said that the plans of the Bureau regarding choral music have only the elevation of the art in view, are of unprecedented scope, and their appeal should be universal.

THEODORE THOMAS,
Musical director.

W. L. TOMLINS,
Choral Director.

GEO. H. WILSON,
Secretary.

WAGNER'S PARSIFAL.

A PICTURE OF THE BAYEUTH PERFORMANCE, AND A REFLECTION ON ETHICS.

"Parsifal," the last creation of Richard Wagner, is perhaps the most interesting work in the whole range of musical and dramatic writing; not alone because of its own intrinsic merits, which are many and great, but also because of the unique conditions surrounding its performances.

It is the only work of its kind which is forbidden public hearing throughout the world, by its creator and his heirs.

Usually composers are but too glad to have their works performed anywhere, at least for a fitting financial consideration; but here we find a great composition, which the entire musical world is anxious to hear and see performed, closely guarded beyond reach of the most tempting financial offers, except to such as will come to the quiet little German town Bayreuth, where most exclusive performances of the drama are given at intervals, usually of two years.

To one who has attended a performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth, there will appear sufficient cause for thist guarding of the work, for it can readily be assumed that if it were attempted by the average opera company, its dignity and importance would be sacrificed at the altar of profitable management. True, we are not permitted to hear the music entire; but all American concert-goers are familiar with the beautiful Prelude, Flower Maiden's Song, Good Friday Charm, etc.; yet with all the musical beauty well known and appreciated, no adequate conception of the work as a drama can be realized, until the Bayreuth performance has been seen. *Then* will be known the marvellous power of Wagner as a threefold creative genius. In the realms of musical composition, play writing and stage craft, this master stands unique and supreme, in the long range of composers of the world.

No one can listen to the Bayreuth performances without enthusiasm most extreme, and any attempt to describe the wonderful stage pictures of "Parsifal" can be but a weak reflection of the impressive beauty of the scenes, and the emotions awakened by them. Upon festival days, great throngs of natives and visitors gather round the Wagner theatre, on the hill overlooking the old town. Great streams of carriages and pedestrians may be seen winding their way up the quiet hill road to the summit, as pilgrims to a modern Parnassus, here to learn the newest dispensation in dramatic music.

The temple stands well in view, as these devotees climb the hill. The Oracle, the prophet, has gone, yet so long as his creations are interpreted as here we see them, the spirit of the famous master will never be absent from the Art world, and the journey to Bayreuth can never be accounted less than an inspiration and a revelation to the happy creature to whom is granted the privilege of a pilgrimage to the now famous little town.

Passing over the excellent performances of "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," "Tannhauser," etc., which are well worthy of full explanation, the more important "Parsifal" performance will repay a very careful study, from the conception by the master to its full realization in action upon the great stage at Bayreuth.

At the sound of trumpets from the signal stand at the grand entrance, the waiting pilgrims enter the room, and are soon hushed to perfect silence, upon the sudden turning down of the lights. The senses are quite overwhelmed by this stillness and darkness, and when the eyes become sufficiently accustomed to the new condition to distinguish the outlines of the hundreds of forms, all awaiting something, scarcely knowing what; the mind is deeply impressed, and the lighter feeling supposed to obtain in theatres is quite apart from the attentive audience here. The soft strains of that beautiful prelude to "Parsifal" rises as a voice from a great distance, till amid a swell of sublime harmony the curtains are drawn aside, and a very Arcadia is opened to the view of the intent audience, representing the home of the Knights of the Holy Grail. From this to the last of the

Act, a frequent change of scene occurs, as Parsival is led through forests and caverns to the temple by Gurnemanz, a priest of the Grail Knights, that he may witness the solemn ceremony of the exposing of the Holy Grail, containing blood of the Crucified Savior, for the worship of the Knights, who keep a careful care over it, and who can only see it at the will of Amfortis, the King. The plot of this religious (if not sacred) drama is so well known as to need no exposition at this late hour.

The thoughtful listener and spectator will surely find his memory recalling two scenes in the drama, which stand out in such relief as to quite make them the centres of attention and also fhe real items of the work, viz., the Holy Grail scene, and the temptation scene in the enchanted garden.

In all the range of dramatic history there is nothing so deeply solemn, so wonderfully impressive of religious feeling, as this great scene of the exposure of the Holy Grail.

We are shown a beautiful temple surmounted by a lofty dome, all in a sort of Moorish style, decorated most chastely, but elaborately, in gold and soft colors. Colonades on either side lead the eye back seemingly a great distance to other chambers within the temple. Beneath the dome is a row of tables within the outer circle of the space, and within this inner circle of tables is the throne chair of Amfortis, the Grail King.

From different parts of the temple there appear, through the rows of columns, the company of Knights, dressed in a light half shade blue costume, and over this is thrown a brilliant red robe or cloak, making a most effective picture.

The music is solemn beyond description, and, to its dignified measure, the Knights enter with stateiy tread, and seat themselves at the tables. Amfortis is brought in upon a litter, (being ill of a wound of the Holy Spear.)

After all are seated, an invisible choir in the dome chants a prayer, which is responded to by all; Amfortis addresses the Knights, and the chalice containing the Grail is unveiled before the ectatic gaze of the worshippers. The scene is

gradually veiled by a growing shadow, which at length covers the whole with complete darkness; when suddenly a ray of light descends through the dome and falls with peculiar radiance upon the cup, which takes the brilliancy of a jewel of rich wine color (or blood color), quite translucent and reflecting.

This is held on all sides before the Knights, who adore it; the cover is then replaced, the radiance vanishes, the light of the day gradually returns, and the bread and wine of the Sacrament are passed around, after the partaking of which, the assembly all bow their heads in silent prayer, till at last they solemnly retire as they entered. Parsifal, who has watched the scene in silent wonder, says that he does not comprehend it, and is cast out of the temple in anger by Gurnemanz, who had thought to find in him a deliverer for Amfortis, who can only be healed through the agency of a pure uncontaminated man, whose spirit will divine the subtle meaning of the ceremony.

The curtain here closes. During this scene of about half an hour, the music has been of the most exquisite softness and delicacy, full of religious expression, and varying in every conceivable mood, as the solemn scene progressed, throwing about the listener a sort of incense of the spirit, which at once creates a complete subjectiveness of all to the sense of the situation, and makes the experience more an enchantment than a listening.

So perfect are all the conditions of *mise-en-scene*, histrionic interpretation, and musical accompaniment, so perfectly concealed are the mechanical adjuncts, so logical is the scene in its magnificent conception from all artistic points of view, that the audience leaves the room under the influedce of a positive spell, which in itself can not do otherwise than make for good.

Though not a word be spoken, the scene itself, the action, the wonderful effects of light and contrasting darkness, and before all the inspiring music of the orchestra, would mark this scene as an unparalled work in emotional expression, and place its creator among the greatest men of genius of all time.

From this to the next great scene in the drama is a wide change of condition. We are taken through a scene of dark incantation, in which Klingsor, the spirit of evil, calls the unhappy Kundry out of her sleep, and claims her again for his unhappy purpose of distraction of the good.

Parsifal in search of the Holy Spear, has come to the portals of Klingsor's domain, and the King will destroy the rash youth. From this is suddenly revealed the enchanting garden of the evil one, for the allurement and destruction of the Grail Knights. This garden surpasses all descrip tion, it is a very Paradise. Flowers of every possible variety grow in luxuriant profusion and of enormous dimension. These garlands of roses, manifold larger than their real prototypes, drop from the parent vine and veil from view the greater distance, the colors are so reflected by the lights as to make a seeming atmosphere of fragrance, which almost insists upon the spectator's realizing through the sense of smell.

The delightful romantic strains of the orchestra enhance the picture till the enchanting scene has become a reality, and all are within its spell of Arcadian loveliness.

From all sides come beautiful maidens, attired with dangerous daintiness, in flowing garments of delicate, almost transparent texture, in softist shades of color.

The scene is without a blemish, all is loveliness in perfection. Parsifal is drawn to it in amazement, but with perfect simplicity enters into conversation with the maidens, who vie with one another in winning his attention; the music grows more alluring and suggestive; the spell would seem complete, the air is heavy with so much sweetness, the flowers and the maidens interchanging their beauteous charms. The eye is entranced, the ear enraptured, and the spectator can do no less than give himself up to the moment, and submit, a slave to his enchanted senses.

But Parsifal grows weary of it all, and soon the fragrance is diminished, the music changes; the youth sends the maidens away, disturbed by their fitful clamor for his smile. Again a change and a plaintive call is heard "Parsifal." The youth starts with a cry and looks across the

garden, to see the reclining form of a beautiful woman, who relates, in most enticing tones bits of his hitherto unknown history, and finally wins his rapt attention by her reference to his mother and father. This now beautiful Kundry fairly wins the youth, when suddenly he awakens to his determination to restore the Holy Spear to the Grail Knights, and bring relief to King Amfortis.

Kundry exerts every wile of allurement, but now without avail; he casts her away, and she in desperation calls upon Klingsor. The music has now changed its mood to one of distress. The maidens have all disappeared; some of the luxuriant beauties of the garden have vanished; a wilder spirit prevails on every side. Klingsor appears with the spear upraised and casts it at Parsifal; it misses well its intended victim and remains suspended over his head.

Parsifal reaches for it, and with its shining point forms the sign of the cross; at once an earthquake shock is felt, and the beautiful flowers, the magnificent palace, all crumble instantaneously into decay, to the ground. A strain of triumphant music is heard and the scene closes.

This scene is again a model of all that genius can conceive of, in the depicting of emotions, through the medium of the three arts, Music, Dramatic Action and *mise-en-scene*. Wagner has never excelled the sensuous flow of melody in the Flower Maidens scene. The romaticism of Schumann and Von Weber is here reflected with the powerful light of Wagner's own creative strength.

The lightness and delicacy of the Orchestaal phrases, upon the first entrance of the Maidens, has one parallel in the range of music of its type, viz., The "Calling of the Alpenfay" in Schumann's beautiful "Manfred." These strains melt into the most ravishing of choruses, sung by the Maidens; all the elements of beauty are here blended in perfection, and the very shortness of this number enhances the effect; for one is quite within its sway, when 'tis broken abruptly by the call of Kundry, who then sings the most fully developed solo in the entire drama, beautiful indeed.

The powerful dramatic duet, which follows, is in Wagner's loftiest mood, and leads splendidly up to the climax

which destroys all the enchanted fields, and brings the spectator once more to real life. The closing scene is again the temple of the Grail. Parsifal arrives after long years of travel, just as the Grail is to be uncovered at the burial ceremony of the father of Amfortis. Amfortis, suffering much from the Spear wound, is calling upon his Knights to end it all by taking his life. Parsifal steps up to the altar, lays the spear upon the wound of Amfortis and he is made whole. All bow before Parsifal, who steps to the altar and unveils the Grail. The same wonderful darkness covers the scene as before, and the same radiance falls upon the chalice and makes it an imposing centre of the solemn scene.

This is Good Friday and the spell of solemn enchantment is one of the highest sublimity, with music of the deepest inspiration, the strains of which slowly die away in the distance, with chanting boys and men echoing the phrases of the Orchestra, carring a seeming message of peace, as the curtain closes before the adoring company of Knights of the Holy Grail. Thus closes the representation of the noble work, which unfolds the future posibilities of the stage to an extent not yet appreciated.

Notwithstanding the apparent indifference of the great majority of the audience, as shown by the lightness of conversation and the general evidence of festal gayety of spirits during the long intermissions, and at the close of the drama, the work must induce reflection. As there has been so much comment on this wonderful creation, so much claimed for it, by its friends, and so much of bitter ridicule from those who do not find in it all that is claimed, every one who hears and sees the Bayreuth representation must find it a subject for careful contemplation.

Had the ultra Wagnerites been content to have the work rated as a superior drama, with an unusual moral and ethical intent; had they not insisted that the creation was the beginning of a new Christian dispensation; "Parsifal" would never have caused the amount of bitter and opposing writing it has under the existing circumstances.

But since the work has been placed before the Christian world as the last message of a great prophet, and recorded

as being a message of a new faith, beyond and better than the accepted Christian doctrine, it must be met only on such a ground, and, if found wanting in this tremendous claim, its true place defined and its real worth estimated.

To properly estimate the German opinion which proclaims this work a deeply religious one, is well nigh impossible to the pious American, whose idea of spiritual things is much more orthodox than that of the average opera going Teuton.

Wherein there can be found the subtile undercurrent of spirituality expressed by the drama, as claimed by its most hearty exponents, will prove a mystery to the American listener. No one will wish to dispute the ethical force of the work, the splendid impulse for good, the correctness of the doctrine it preaches, of final supremacy of good over evil; but how little of true christian sentiment is contained in the drama after all.

It is a strange admixture of romanticism, fairy story, magic and mythical powers, ect., with a bit of the teachings of Christ the Lord; but no honest believer in the Divine Savior can find anything in the drama which he will wish to consider as representives of the spiritual contents of his own faith in the high or complete degree. Yet this is far below the claim of many enthusiasts, who wish us to see in "Parsifal" a real advance in Christian doctrine; a new Gospel, which proclaims a higher message to mankind, and exemplifies a nobler life even than that of the Savior, Himself. A few of the claims of the extreme enthusiasts are plainly set forth in Schlæger's brochure "The Significance of Wagner's Parsifal, in and for Our Times" (Brans, Munich 1884.) This essayist says, "*Wagner having recognized the extinction of all real in Christianity of to-day, makes it his aim in "Parsifal" to save and preserve by magic power of art for future generations, the consciousness which Christianity has lost, etc, etc.*

Again, "*Wagner goes far beyond the domatic petrified Christianity*" and again, "*The attempt has often been made to draw out of the Life of Christ the material for a tragedy, but this has each time failed, because the merely*

suffering Messiah lacked the dramatic elements without which an effective dramatic work is inconceivable. In the Parsifal legend and particularlyin the Wagnerian shaping of it, these elements are given on the grandest scale."

These claims seem so completely unwarranted that it becomes a great task to discover how they can be entertained at all, but a remark of Schlæger in the same essay throws a ray of light upon the thought, thus: "Music is becoming in an eminent sense the organ and expression of modern soul life, of modern feeling." (*Gemuth.*)

The subtlety of the power of music to awaken the emotions, though it does not express them definitely, brings the condition of musical perception so near to that of the spiritual nature as to easily lead the romantic school of theological reasoning into any number of errors, by the confusion of the emotional with the purely spiritual nature. The claim that music is the voice of a newer and altogether higher religion than that known as modern Christianity, is the result of a peculiar frame of mind, which easily falls into a worship of æsthetic things as if they were revelations of truths in spiritual ethics. The minds which conceive all beauty to be the voice of the very highest spirituality, will find no difficulty in attributing a spiritual meaning to any beautiful phrase in music. This is, after all, but a kind of pantheism, and will not stand along side of the New Testament.

The German mind may be said to be poetic, fond of mythology, exceedingly philosophical; but with all its willingness to worship at the shrines of many gods; to weave about its life every possible fantasy of idealism, poetising its very wickednesses and holding closely to the spirit of its former years of superstitious bondage, almost deifying the heroes of its primitive folk lore; with all this, which marks the people as emotional and impressionable to a high degree, the nation to-day cannot lay claim to a high condition of what we know as Christian piety.

It is well then in considering the claims for the religious spirit of Wagner's "Parsifal" to remember that to many of the school of philosophy which follows Schopenhauer it be-

comes easy reasoning, to assume that a somewhat lofty sentiment, ethical worth, coupled with all the beautiful adjuncts of good music, correct mise-en-scene, etc., is a real dispensation of spirit, in the very loftiest sense.

To such minds then, as will be seen, it is not difficult to to find in "Parsifal" a complete theology. It is unfortunate for these extremists, however, that the scheme of religion they would construct from the drama fails in coherency. Thus they find in Parsifal the type of Christ, and also find in him one who relieves the suffering Christ, Amfortis.

Thus it would seem that the Wagnerian version of the sacrifice and atonement required a double character, or in fact two individuals. It may be said, in passing, that the assumption on the part of the Wagner theorists, (who consider him a Prophet of God,) that the life and death of Christ "can not supply material adequate to the requirements of a satisfactory tragedy," is quite below the truth; for the life of Jesus can only be seen as tragic from first to last, and any attempt to intensify the dramatic situations supplied by the New Testament records, can never result otherwise than ill. Every thought of goodness, every sacrificial art, all the unselfish love of the world, finds its prototype, if not its incentive, in that life of thirty-three years from Bethlehem to Calvary ; and this drama of Wagner has simply borrowed some of the easily comprehended factors of the original tragic life, and clothed them in the attire of his marvellous arts. Neither Amfortis, suffering from the wound caused by his own unlawful deed, nor Parsifal, who suffers nothing and whose life is spared from Klingsor's spear by a magic power, can be looked upon as approaching at all the type of Christ.

Amfortis languishes under the penalty of his own misdeeds and cries to be put out of his misery; Parsifal is a weak creature of good impulses; so unsophistcated as to suffer no temptation from the flower maidens, whose enciting songs and smlies do not reach any response whatever; there is no struggle of virtue with temptation.

The real and only moment of character, shown, that may reasonably be named typical, is when he casts Kundry from

him and recalls his determintaion to save Amfortis. This is an exemplary moment of piety, and may be woven into a scheme of symbolism which will satisfy some minds as typical of the love and suffering of Christ for men; but the Parsifal incident will need to be highly magnified by the imagination; and the dignity and importance of the final struggles and agony of the Savior unspeakably belittled; to bring about any parallel worthy of consideration. It may reasonably be said that from any New Testament stand-point, "Parsifal" as a drama fails to develop any evidences of the real Christianity of to-day, so far as the characters are concerned as types.

The Grail Knight had a clean monastic life; but there appear no good type in these Knights, who lived only to preserve the few drops of blood caught from the bleeding Saviour on the cross. They are doing no practical work, but instead they may be said to represent one of the worst types of "petrified Christianity," the hermit monks of darker ages. There seems to be little care for the outside world at the time of the drama, their great solicitation is for Amfortis, or rather for the spear which he lost by his own misdoing. The wound in his side can only be healed by the spear which caused it, and this is now in the hands of the enemy Klingsor, the type of evil.

The refreshment these Knights experience upon the unveiling of the chalice, and their anxiety to have it more frequently exposed to them, carries with it a beautiful thought, and may be likened to the experience of Christian hearts at the feast of the "Lord's Supper," but here in the drama it is only an incident and carries no result of spirit with it or after it, so far as shown to the spectator. Neither Klingsor, the spirit of evil, in the drama, nor Kundry, vaguely typifying the sensual world finally absolved by Parsifal's baptism, can be looked upon as of new or indeed great theological importance; the power which rules both these creatures is of magic and not a spirit of truth. Wagner's conceptions were always so mixed with fairy magic as to prevent his making of character a purely psychological developement.

The "Swan" episode is made much of by many theoristsn

but there is no theological or religious importance to it that can in any way add to the dignity of the drama as an exposition of Christian Doctrine.

It has been claimed that the striking resemblance of the Parsifal of the second act to Christ has been recognized, and proved offensive to some, who are displeased to see "the church transplanted to the stage," and those who claim religious importance for the drama see in this a high tribut e for the work.

This is but sophistry, no Christian can find any fault with the drama, except through the fact that sacred rites are here made to serve as a show; not that they see Christianity typified so closely that they feel a fear that the stage will supplant the church; but the rather because they see items of their faith made to serve, with their impressiveness, an end far below their true mission.

If the fabric of our Christian faith were so incoherent, so fantastic, so full of magic machinery, so lacking in the stronger elements of character and so full of incongruities as this Parsifal is, we might well expect a man of the supreme selfishness and un-Christianlike character of Richard Wagner to step out as a prophet, and proclaim a new dispensation; but no thoughtful mind with an adequate conception of Christ, His life and teachings, can ever repose his faith in the fantastic art-work of a dramatist such as the author of "Parsifal."

It is far more difficult to divine the real ethical worth of this great drama, than it is to conclude what it is not; and in closing this study it is well to establish some estimate of "Parsifal," made upon its many and great merits, regardless of the fact that we discard completely the claim for it that it is a sacred message, likely to enlighten men in search of religious truth, not satisfactorily supplied by the church. There is a wonderful dignity in the drama from first to last, and no one can listen and look upon it without realizing in it a splendid influence for good. If the church find fault with the imitation of the feast of the Lord's supper, it can not but acknowledge that the exhibition portrays the feast n all its sublimest dignity, and the one point of unreality

will offend only the most conservative. There can, however, be no doubt that any mere display of a rite so sacred in the church as is this, will prove offensive to them who can see a spirit of mockery in the unreal feast; but it would seem a better way to look at this as we look at a painting, regardless of the character of the painter, or of his models.

No thoughtful Christian will ever find the characters of Parsifal or Amfortis at all offensive to his faith, for neither can ever enter his mind as a Christ-type; and he will find himself classing them as types of men subjected to the shapings of their peculiar environments, in this picture largely supernatural.

It may be said that Wagner's "Parsifal" stands in the world of philosophy and ethics on a plane similar in its influence to Goethe's "Faust."

It will ever excite deep reflection, and will doubtless at some future time be universally acknowledged as having served a distinct purpose in the world as a force in ethics; but it may be ventured to say that the wildest enthusiasm of to-day will be brought to realize that the claims for it as a full and true message of the *Spirit*, have been in no sense warranted.

Let us then be content to see in this remarkable music drama the possibilities of the stage an aesthical force; the possibilities of combinations of all the various arts, of music, histrionic representation and stage craft, to realize through ideal elements, the highest mission of æsthetics and ethics, together with the philosophy of the beautiful, and finally of the good.

If the pulpit can learn a lesson here that will increase its powers, the world will rejoice; but there need be no present fear that the church is to be supplanted by the ideal stage, or that the true religion of Christ as it dwells in the heart of the church, will be displaced by the adoration of such an ideal character as Parsifal

NEW YORK. LOUIS S. RUSSELL.

THE BEARINGS OF BLINDNESS UPON MUSICIANSHIP.

Time and again I have been asked to lecture upon the nature and bearings of a blind man's life, especially as to its connection with literary and musical activities. I have always declined to comply with this request and shrunk with distaste from the task, partly because it would be next to impossible to save it from the odious odor, the super-musky pungency of an excessive *ego*, and, again, because it must necessarily be colored with the appeal to cheap curiosity.

I can see, however, that the occasion has now arisen upon which some things may be said that will be profitable to the musical world at large—profitable, first to blind musicians, as containing a few crystals from the sincere experience of a brother-worker, but more especially profitable to the general world and those who possess sight, for their notions of the blind are veined and streaked and mottled in every direction with misconception and absurdity.

To avoid awkward circumlocution and the silly affectations of false modesty, which are far more sickening to healthy nostrils than the most pungent affluence of self-conceit, I will speak in the first person and will speak at least "the truth and nothing but the truth," though, certainly, I will not attempt to speak "the whole truth."

Another reason for casting this article in the form of an open letter is its nature and origin, since I was prompted to write it by a conversation which took place with you, Mr. Editor, in my own parlor in Cincinnati, in March, 1892. In that conversation, a pupil of mine, also a blind man, was present, and, naturally, a scientific discussion as to the modes of a practical musician's work, under such limitations, arose, and suggestions were made as to possible improvements.

Some allusion to this interview appeared in the April

number of MUSIC, and formed the entering wedge for the present communication. The first idea which I wish to assert is this, that blind persons are neither so good nor so bad, neither so bright nor so stupid as the general world of "sighted" persons are apt to imagine. By the destruction of the eyeball and its visual functions, a man truly dies, and this dislinking from the present frame of nature, and this conscious phase of existence which we call human life, applies to a very large number of phenomena, indeed, all of those which either primarily or secondarily are derived from the vibrations of light, color being a primary gift of light, the knowledge of form and distance a secondary or inferential gift of light.

But this death of one sense does not by any means imply the destruction, or even the dampening, of any other mental or physical power. Blind people, however, though modified, are simply people. They are not, necessarily, phenomena either of saintliness or of sin. Losing sight does not make one a *lusus naturæ* either of intellect or ignorance. Again, it ought to be constantly borne in mind that human nature is an exceedingly ductile thing; not even the ductility of gold is more absolute or wonderful. The human body can live upon the rank blubber of the seal in a northern climate, or upon the mild flavored pulp of the banana at the tropics, and the infinite variety of intellect and character even transcends the possible modifications of the body.

Some of the most important functions of the human body, some of the most exalted exercises of our faculties, are as open to the blind as to the seeing, and, indeed, blindness is an impediment to human activity chiefly in the lower and more outward connections, whereas all the loftier intellectual and especially spiritual powers are scarcely impeded by it at all. It is like a watery vapor which upon the surface of the earth is a dense gray fog, but as it rises in the atmosphere, becomes first diaphanous in the sunlight, then brighter and brighter, till in the highest part of the blue vault it is only a fleecy, snowy vapor, tinged with and revealing aerial hues. It follows that in proportion as any subject of human activity partakes of the nature of the spirit, it is accessible

to the man without sight, while in proportion as it deals with outward and material things it grows unwilling and non-plastic to him; yet the education of the blind, which is one of the most beneficent features of nineteenth century civilization, has brought to the surface some very remarkable things. Persons not acquainted with the subject are incredulous when they are told even half of the things which men can learn to do by roundabout methods. Indeed, it seems to me that there is nothing except painting in oils which a blind man cannot do more or less well, and, other things being equal, there are some of the very highest activities of humanity in which the loss of sight is rather a benefit than an injury.

We now know beyond a peradventure that Beethoven's deafness, though an appalling calamity to him, and though it lay upon him like a crushing glacier, was, nevertheless, a divinely appointed environment by which he attained to deeper pathos, loftier sublimity, and more penetrating spirituality than any other tone poet the world has ever known. It is no exaggeration to claim that certain studies can actually be pursued to advantage in this perpetual darkness. Granted the requisite genius, a psychologist is better off with his eyes shut. Again, music in some of its more subtle and exalted effects is seldom realized except when all the world is shut off. Witness the very common habit of listening enthusiasts to veil the eyes or in some way exclude all distracting sights in a concert room; witness, also, the example of Wagner, who has bestowed such infinite pains upon his Bayreuth theater, to cut off all disturbing rays of vision, to focus the eye as well as the mind and heart upon the stage, and the stage only. But, having premised this much and, perhaps, wandered a little from the direct path, to show the mitigating circumstances in blindness, we may return and flatly admit that the universal judgment of the world is right when it considers the loss of the eye one of the most serious, depressing, saddening and far-reaching calamities which can fall upon man.

The most serious detriment which arises from blindness is to be found in its universal, pervading modifications of

life. By this I mean that nothing is done by a person without sight except by a method more or less circuitous. People usually carry on all their conversation, their practical business, much of their thinking, all, indeed, except the very highest philosophic musings, religious reveries, or artistic creation, with the eyes open and active, insomuch that nine hundred and ninety-nine persons in a thousand vow that it is quite out of the question and impossible to take three steps with the eyes shut, or to make an intelligent remark even upon the weather, or judge whether he has received the proper change when he has paid seventy-five cents out of a dollar, and received in return a good, substantial, well notched quarter in silver; and yet, upon reflection, any man knows that these actions are only accompanied by, and not wholly dependent upon, the act of seeing. At this point I may remark, that in our various institutions for teaching the blind, throughout the United States, there is a well known and very substantial set of jokes handed down traditionally, and yet ever increasing by new additions, jokes about the foolish remarks which sighted visitors make when examining these institutions.

Only last week an intelligent gentleman, well bred, well educated, and with the kindest heart in the world called at my rooms in company with his wife and two young lady daughters.

The party entered my parlor which happens to have a southeastern exposure, one window to the east and a large double window to the south; it overlooks a somewhat spacious lawn, and is a peculiarly bright, breezy, sunny room. Just conceive the unimaginable bathos of the opening remark with which the conversation was inaugurated, "Why, what a bright cheerful room, Professor it hardly seems necessary to have so many windows in your room." It is difficult to say whether the lack of tact or the lack of sense is more conspicuous in this remark.

The well-nigh idiotic lack of sense is found in the assumption that a blind man cannot tell when a breeze is blowing over his face, and cannot feel the sun shine upon his skin, or receive the stimulus of its actinic rays; and the lack of

tact was glaringly conspicuous in beginning at once a broad and direct allusion to a prominent infirmity, upon which one might very reasonably be intensely sensitive. It so happens that I was not in the least wounded, but very profoundly amused, for during many years I have schooled myself to regard the impediment of blindness as simply an annoying deflection in the current of life, and not even an effective impediment, just as a river, if its channel be filled with a rushing current, would treat the most gigantic boulder contemptuously, as a mere impertinence. This attitude of mind and heart exists almost universally among educated blind people. They are by no means a sad or downcast class, but if there be any difference are several very marked degrees higher in cheerfulness than the average man. I have recounted the foregoing anecdote to exemplify two distinct phases of this subject: First, the disposition to make Irish bulls of a gross character when talking with blind people, and, secondly, the habit of instantly bringing that subject uppermost and making it prominent the moment you encounter such a man.

The usual way of dealing with a blind man when you first meet him is to begin an elaborate and usually exquisitely impertiment catechism; first as to how he lost his sight, secondly whether he doesn't think it a "mysterious dispensation of Providence," third, generally comes out with a sigh very profound the interesting statement that the interlocuter "would rather be dead any time than blind;" fourth, you are asked to explain how you can eat or dress or walk the streets, or tell day from night, or know whether or not you are up side down, or whether two and two added together don't make seventy-five; and always they wind up if you inadvertently take out your watch to determine how you are related to your business appointments "Let me see that watch." Some blind men undergo all this fire of cross-questioning with cheerful good humor and imperturbable patience, but there are not wanting some among the finer spirits who, perhaps chafing and fretting inwardly more than is either philosophic or Christian, are disposed to resent this treatment as obtrusive to a degree intolerable. In honor to humanity be it said, however, that wretched as is the taste of such con-

duct, and vexatiously annoying as it sometimes becomes, it is always, at least nine thousand nine hundred ninety-nine times in every ten thousand, suggested by a pardonable curiosity, and abundantly accompanied with warm-hearted feeling. Among all nations, even those that are half-savage, the loss of sight has awakened a peculiar tenderness and reverence, and the blind have actually been treated as a sacred class, gifted with prophetic powers, among some more superstitious nations. Few indeed are the men so base, so utterly callous to every noble feeling, that they would wantonly offend or injure a man without sight.

On one occasion in your city of Chicago I received in change some small silver coins at a hotel. I took one of them out and said, "Why, Captain, you have made a mistake, you should have given me a dime and this is only a three-cent piece." Numerically I was correct; he took it back and apologized so often, so profusely, so abjectly, that I actually felt sorry to have mortified him so greatly, and wished I had gone off with the three-cent piece.

My acquaintance among blind men is very extensive, and I have often, when listening to a half dozen of them engaged in animated, unrestrained conversation, been astonished at the almost total absence of discouragement or bitterness.

Naturally a large part of their talk turns upon their experiences in dealing with the general world, the difficulties which they encountered in securing business confidence, the gnarled places in the wood which they have to cut through, and the special tools which they have to employ, and yet I believe that there are ten remarks all aglow with cheerfulness at some small success, for one peevish and fretful outcry against the stupidity of the world. But now you say "outcry against the world! why should there be?" "Are not the blind universally treated with pitying tenderness?" Yes, with a suffocating mixture of exaggerated tenderness and equally exaggerated distrust, which is like chloroform—which is like the enticing odors of that enchanted land which Bunyan saw, alluring to a deadly sleep. The only wonder in the matter is that any blind man ever becomes self-supporting, or thoroughly grounded upon merit. I know by

hundreds of instances that the prevailing feeling among the blind is a desire to win honest, solid independence, universally recognized,—to be known among men.

Their exasperation, when it is provoked, is thoroughly pardonable, for they are constantly required to explain a hundred times over how they do certain kinds of work, and people will doubt it, even when they actually see it before their eyes to be well done, simply because they do not see all the processes, all the windings of the hidden river, which, like that of the old Greek fable, has sunk into the earth only to re-appear in full vigor; because they no not know how it can be done, they are ready to assert positively ex cathedra, and with all the self-confidence of self-constituted judges, that the thing cannot be done and cannot be of a genuine quality. No wonder that the blind occasionally avenge themselves by a little good humored raillery, and occasionally a scalding bath of contempt.

Suppose you had made it the business of your life to make eggs stand on end, and you could do it in any required attitude, at any required rate? In fact were quite a juggler in the art of denting the crust of an egg so that it will remain stationary; the most exquisitely constructed geometrical argument, proving that the oval form would resist an equilibrium upon either of its extremities, would appear to you as arrant idiocy.

The world at large is always willing to believe that blind people can be musicians. In fact, in all our institutions it seems to be approved that the instant any human being is shut up in darkness he becomes endowed, by some strange mysterious gift of pitying providence, with a talent for music. The talent for music is not any more common among the blind than among the same number of individuals of the same race who have their eyes. But there is, of course, a special reason why they should cultivate it, since in music their chances of proficiency are less hampered than in many other directions. I wish now to make two startling statements. First of all, at the risk of seeming a traitor in the camp, I wish to say that blind musicians are not by any means all excellent musicians; furthermore, I believe that

among a given number, say a hundred, blind musicians there is as large a percentage of laziness and stupidity and incapacity as among a hundred other men of the same level in talent who possess their eyes. This is a fresh and startling statement, for people are always willing to fall down in a delirium of wonder and call the silliest and most slovenly thing that a blind man does marvelous, but they do not think him good enough to employ as a teacher, and do not wish to pay him just the same.

My second startling statement is this, that where genius, character, energy and opportunity do exist in happy conjunction, any given human being can be fully as great a musician without eyes as with them.

Out of the tens of thousands of men with their eyes, how many Beethovens do we find?

CINCINNATI, O. JOHN S. VAN CLEVE.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IS A KNOWLEDGE OF SINGING OF VITAL IMPORTANCE?

A large percentage of our English-speaking people look on music as a luxury, a mere accomplishment, lacking the essential elements needed in a common sense life.

In discussing this subject, I would like to call the attention of the readers of MUSIC to the opposite side of the question, and trust I may be able to show that music rests on a *broad plane*, enters into our well being to a far greater extent than any other branch of education, and, therefore, should have its place in our general educational curriculum.

The inducement to burden your attention with this particular subject arose from reading a short time since, a number of "vetoes" of bills passed by the recent legislature of the state of New York. Among the bills vetoed was one that, had it received the governor's signature, would have caused the public school teachers throughout the state, especially in places where no provision is made by local school boards for a special teacher of singing, to become familiar with the elemental principles of singing and notation, to such an extent as to make them able to train and educate the children measurably in the "Art of Singing" and "Science of Music Reading." The bill was drawn so as to place instruction in vocal music on a level with the common educational branches in our public school. It had the approval of our state superintendent of public instruction.

The advocates of general education in the rural districts had been appealed to by the vice-presidents of our New York State Music Teachers' Association, and the almost unanimous decision of the tax payers in its favor had been made known to our law makers that framed the bill, and its merits and demerits had been thoroughly set forth in debate by various members of the legislature, who came directly from the people, and, therefore, were supposed to know the

wishes and needs of their constituents. But our astute governor knew more about the wants of the people than they. Hence a veto. The bill to unbridle saloons and give them free rein night and day received his official stamp without a word of comment against the evil. It is a strange anomoly that the same legislature should pass both bills—one bill looking to the elevation of the masses, the other to their debasement.

As to the usefulness of the study of singing, I think every educator will agree with me in the statement that of all the various branches of study, none has a more diverse influence than vocal music. Second, that every educator will agree with me in the statement that the young mind is more susceptible to new impressions than minds that have become older and more fully developed, and engrossed with business or domestic cares. Therefore, if an education in vocal music is essential, the time to prosecute its study is when the mind is being fitted and trained for the practical work that falls on us when we arrive at manhood or womanhood.

The first reason offered in favor of vocal instruction is its influence upon the physical system. That which has most to do with vitalizing our energies is the air we inhale from moment to moment into the lungs, where the oxygen is extracted and carried into the blood, and through it to all parts of the system; this it is that invigorates and vitalizes much more than we at first suppose.

Children, like older people, when singing, take in larger quantities of air than they do in ordinary breathing or when in conversation; the air is confined longer in the lungs and, consequently, better opportunity given for the process of extracting the oxygen and carrying it into the blood, where it acts as a purifier and generates heat.

Every one that has been at all observant knows that water that has been heated will freeze when exposed to intense cold quicker than water that has not been previously boiled. The cause is the lack of oxygen in the water that has been heated. Thus it is with the body; he who absorbs the most oxygen is the stronger and generates a greater degree of heat: he that absorbs the least oxygen collapses first.

IMPORTANCE OF A KNOWLEDGE OF SINGING.

Americans are quite apt to think that our people are the most progressive of civilized nations. But Russia is in advance of us in some things. One is in a knowledge of the utility of vocal music. In that country an order or "ukase" has been sent to the army "that all soldiers must be taught to sing, because it develops their physical powers and gives increased endurance."

The leading physicians of our own country, at a meeting two years ago, advised vocal culture, under proper teachers, as the best remedial agent for incipient consumption. Experiments have been made lately in our hospital for the insane, with very gratifying results, in favor of music as an alleviating agent.

Most people are apt to think that food is the great restorer of wasted nature, but it is only about one-eighth as valuable as pure air. There are, however, other reasons to be adduced in favor of the study of vocal music.

The second reason in its favor is, that the mind in its study has to be as carefully educated as when in the pursuit of knowledge of any of the physical laws. The speech voice in vocal utterance can be greatly improved through the study of singing. The "radical" elements in language, the vocals, are made the basis of musical sounds. Artistic singing has its foundation on the vocals. The more perfect the vocals, the more beautiful the musical sounds become—hence the careful training both mentally and physically of the person who would become a vocalist. The physical training rests in the muscles that control the flow of the breath, the action of the vocal chords, lips, tongue, palate, and the direction assumed or given to the tone column. The mind must be trained to a conception of all the essentials of artistic tone. This mental and physical control is quite as essential to oratory as to singing. Therefore, the more perfectly a person sings, the more perfect should also be his speech. This is not the only feature of mental discipline. In the study of music reading, mathematics is an important factor. A person is not considered fully equipped in vocal music until he can read from the printed musical characters quite as readily as from language.

The foundation of music reading can be laid with greatest success in the public school primary classes. The ability to read vocal music is quite as essential to the artist as the true conception of beautiful tone forms.

A third reason in its favor is the *moral* influence that can be sown through the songs that are sung. The principal of grammar school No. 3, in the city of Brooklyn, told me that singing to him "was a sealed book," in other words, that he could not sing; but he would rather that any other branch of study be left out of the curriculum than vocal music.

Who of us that are old enough does not recall the influence the singing of war songs had on the recruiting of our armies? Recall, if you will, our national elections that recur every four years. Vocal clubs are being engaged already for the coming campaign. As soon as the nominating conventions are over, the songs will be written and printed. When the stump speakers begin their war of words, vocal music is called into use to give point to the arguments.

Let us return to the school room. When the children are tired and weary from study and recitations, how a lively, stirring song enlivens and freshens them. Instead of being bent over desks and books, their bodies are put in erect positions; full inflations of the lungs take place, and in five minutes the class has fresh life and enthusiasm infused into it, and an increased disposition to overcome the obstacles found in the lessons. The testimony of many teachers could be given in its favor.

There is a fourth reason. Who of us can not recall many pleasant hours spent socially, practising part songs, glees and other forms of vocal compositions? Almost every family in this free land has a piano or organ, around which the members group themselves and spend many hours happily. How many of our young men are kept from evil associations through its influence it is impossible to tell. A notable instance comes to mind. Some years ago, a young man that had learned to read vocal music when a small lad in the school room, and had also attended an evening singing school in a country district, drifted into a village to learn

a trade. No one in the village knew the young man could sing. After a time a choir rehearsal chanced to be held in a house opposite his boarding house. The singing could be distinctly heard across the street. It floated up to the room of the young apprentice. After a few tunes had been rehearsed, his powers of suppression gave out and he poured out a song from the fullness of his soul in his room. This attracted the attention of the landlady. In the morning he was called on to explain why he had not made it known before that he could sing. An invitation was extended him to join the choir, which he accepted. Previously he had floated around the village with other young men, and had tasted the facination of games and the flowing bowl. In the choir, however, affairs soon shaped so that the young man became the choir leader. In that choir, as in thousands before and since, it was thought genteel to escort one or more of tne lady members to their homes. One evening, while engaged in this pleasant task, his companion put a startling question. It was: "Mr. Brown, where do you spend your evenings?" The young man, being of the George Washington type, could not tell a lie, so owned up manfully that the evenings, when not at choir meeting or church, were spent with young men friends at a saloon. An invitation was instantly given to spend the leisure evenings at her house. It was as quickly accepted. With their combined efforts a fine glee club was soon organized, which not only improved its members socially and musically, but gave great pleasure to the music lovers of the village.

The young man left his former associates, and became one of the prominent leaders and composers in this country. Who will say he was not made better through musical influences? It is, without doubt, a great social lever. Observe how the person that is educated musically is sought after in society. When conversation becomes dull and interest flags, music comes to break the monotony, and all become eager listeners to the story told through music's tones.

A fifth reason is offered. Can you pass a flower stand or a beautiful flower garden without a desire to stop and gaze at the beautiful faces in myriad forms and colors, or

drink in their exquisite delicacy and fragrance, and contrast them in every way possible? When your soul is filled with delight, you exclaim, "How beautiful!"

Did you ever think of the subtle delicacy of the exquisitely formed tones of a real artist, such as Madames Patti, Albani and many other singers, male and female, that might be mentioned? We know their tones are not fragrant like the breath of roses, nor bedecked with striking colors that can be imitated by the plastic artist. But the tones, like the beautiful flowers, have forms—forms that have the most delicate outlines; forms, too, that are endowed with life. For they move, they travel, they speak in words of fire to the souls of listeners; they are freighted with tenderness, pathos, aspirations, gladness, joyfulness, love, praise; aye, with every varied emotion that stirs the soul. They stand, as it were, imperceptibly to the ear, rise, swell like the fulness of the sea; again, they diminish—recede—until they seem to reach out into the delicate lines from whence they started, and are finally lost in the air through which they ever onward travel.

A vocal artist is master of the most subtle of arts. The tones are not like the empty shells we gather on the ocean shore, lacking in life properties; they are not skeleton forms; they are invested with the *elementa di la vita*; they have power to touch the emotional springs of surrounding souls, bring consonance out of dissonance, unity out of distraction; dissipate grief, turn sorrow into gladness, in brief, minister to surrounding souls in every conceivable manner.

No person can become an artist that lacks in an appreciation of contrast, proportion and symmetry, the three fundamental elements in æsthetics; but we can not here elaborate these ideas, space will not permit.

The sixth reason offered is its influence in the development of our spiritual natures. Ever since the dawn of creation, has man's attention been called to the fact that music is one of the cardinal principles manifested in nature. Not only do the "morning stars sing together," but the "hills clap their hands," the "oceans lift up their voices," yea, all things join in a grand, harmonious song of praise.

Wherever civilized or uncivilized nations exist, music is a medium through which homage is carried to the Lord of Lords. Who can deny its power in developing our spirituality? What organization of worshipers exists without music as an accessory? Why, even our dear quaker friends can no longer withstand its power, and they, whose harps had been hung on the willows for centuries, have taken them down and attuned them and their voices in song.

Here we see music entering into our *physical development*, lending its aid in the growth and discipline of our *mental faculties*, her hand stretched wide in broadcasting *moral seed*, drawing us into closer harmony socially, giving us enlarged views and uses of the beautiful. Music stands as the language of emotion; through it we can give more potency to spiritual expression; it is that part of the Divine Nature that vibrates through the spheres, and, finally, her delicate waves become the golden chord that links us in unity and harmony with God.

NEW YORK. J. WM. SUFFERN.

PHILOSOPHY IN PIANO PLAYING.

II.

EXPRESSION.

Expression is the evidence of emotion, a vivid representation of a certain meaning or feeling, and implies in music a style or manner which gives life and suggestive force to ideas and sentiments. Emotion is a state of intense excitement of feeling; emotion in music, or an emotional expression in music, would impart a degree of excitement which is not compatible with art. Is, however, music the language of emotion, it must be an emotion which has been intellectually conceived, and prepared by the mind for utterance or reproduction; that the feeling must be latent in the artist to be by him well understood and defined, seems certain; yet it is the artistic intelligence which shapes the means for the reproduction of the emotional characteristics, and the imagination reconstructs and combines the material furnished by the artist's apprehension.

Musical expression is, therefore, not emotional, but represents in the abstract certain qualities of emotion in *reposes* and each emotion appears as represented by certain characteristics which make it distinctly different from some universal sentiment. Its chief promoter seems to be a distinct order of intellectual faculty, which conceives a more or less definite idea of certain emotions, developes the means by which this idea is made manifest, and commands them in musical reproduction. As an intellectual process, musical expression requires instinctive discrimination in regard to the means employed. This discrimination is a part of intellectual training, and can be developed to a certain degree.

In a general way, musical expression will represent a correct musical sentiment, and a proper appreciation of the outline of character designated by the composer in the meter indications of movement and shading. If this correct

musical sentiment, as first conceived by the composer, is intensified by higher intellectual power and temperament of the artist, it becomes a manifestation of artistic individuality, which is the highest attainment in reproductive musical art.

Melody, harmony and rhythm, the essential and integral parts of composition, form the basis of expression in music. Melody and harmony represent the *musical* matter to which *rythm* gives the systematie order and logical importance. As a principal of order, rhythm is *quantitative* it gives each note its special value and arranges the notes into groups, so as to fill the meter of the composition; it is *qualitative* in asmuch as it determines the logical importance of notes and groups. Meter is a systematic arrangement in musical art, which regulates the succession of parts to a satisfactory interchange, according to strict laws. Meter, therefore, arranges the musical matter, and is the embodiment of rhythmical law, while rhythm represents the material in everchanging motion. Rhythm and meter spring from the same source, one always changing in endless variety, the other constant in the special form it assumes.

Meter represents time (German, *tact*—measure), and it includes always more than one unit, each of which is important as part of the meter, though the first gives the norma conditions of the others; it is, as such, more prominent, and receives an accent. Parts of the meter, though as units and time-measures unchangeable, can be represented in all rhythmical figures. Meter is distinguished as simple and compound; the latter, as the name implies, is a combination of simple meters. Meters of two or three units will always be considered as simple (2-4, 3-4) ; four, six, eight, nine, etc., units will constitute compound meters. Units, as time-measures, can represent different note-values, as half, quarter, eighth-notes. etc,.

As a means of bringing the first and important part of the meter into prominence metrical accents are part of the meter, and metrical accents will not change as long as the meter is unvarying in the form it has taken; the metrical accent can not be transferred to an unaccented part of the meter. In compound meter each of the component parts

claims an accent, and, as in simple meter, the first unit gives the normal conditions for the others, so in compound meter, the first component holds the same relation to the others; it naturally follows that metrical accents in compound meter should be related in the same manner; the first accent should be more prominent than those of the other components,—should be primary in importance and grade of tone, the others secondary.

As simple meter has one accented part, and compound meter an accent to each component, it follows that simple meter will represent an easier flow of matter than compound meter, and the larger the compound the more will be gained in breadth and importance.

A change of meter of one kind to another will plainly mark a change inthe fundamental rhythmic principle, and a decided change in character.

Melody, harmony and a vivid reproduction will always insure minute modifications of the strict laws of constancy in metrical division, and human feeling will, to some extent, vary an unchanging monotony in the grade of tone.

Rhythmical division depends on the same laws as the metrical. In the subdivision of time values, taking a whole note as a unit, the first of two-half notes will be the weightier, the first and third out of four-quarters, and so on in each following subdivision; the ideas of metrical importance and meter accent apply to the rhythmical division, so that the first of a pair is always the weightier of the two. For the same reason, the first in each triplet will be accented, and with each new subdivision the accents of either pair or triplet will become less significant and less marked, so that finally the player simply retains the firm consciousness of the rhythmical pulsation, which will prevent accent on wrong parts, or exaggerated accents in their right place.

Metrical and rhythmical accents require different grades of tone according to the importance of the accented parts, yet this accentuation, when simply indicating the outline of structure, should be moderate and adapted to the character of the composition; where rhythmic clearness only is required, a slight increase of tone will therefore be sufficient.

In all forms, where rhythm becomes a characteristic and determining factor, as in valses, polonaises, mazurkas and marches, the metrical accent must be strengthened to some extent, but never so as to become violent.

As in poetry metrical form establishes the verse by joining a series of meters according to certain rules, and fashions verses into groups, so in music metrical formation is extended to sections and periods. As a meter holds two, three, or more units, a section will contain two, three, four, or more meters, and a period will include several seetions; and as in meter the first unit is the rule for the others, so in a section the first meter holds prominence before the others. Greater discrimination in accents will be the natural consequence of this progress in metrical construction, and as in rhythmical subdivision the rhythmic pulsation is finally reducedto a firm consciousness on the part of the performer, so in metrical formation the accents of single meters will assume an intuitive quality that makes their presence felt, and brings them to a steady recognition without undue prominency.

Metrical formation and metrical accents offer a study of great value to the piano student as forming the basis for phrasing and expression. Meters are plainly indicated, metrical groups may be easily distinguished with some practice, and periods are determined by the reappearance of the first or the introduction of a new subject which begins the next period. A composition must be thoroughly appreciated in its architectonic construction before the intellect can clearly grasp the ideas, and if the student's attention is called to the matter early and often, at first in a more casual way and with slight insistance, the subject will soon become clear to him.

Metrical accents are positive and absolutely necessary, and do not depend on changing circumstances. Their presence must be felt under all circumstances, and the fact that at times the positive accent seems removed by reason of the musical construction, does not in itself alter the fundamental principle. When by syncopation an accented part of the meter is contracted to an unaccented part, this contraction

apparently throws the accent on the weaker part of the meter. Syncopation, however, as a divergency in musical construction, will only appear clearly organic when a non-syncopic form brings it to the fore by direct contrast, and in this case the non-syncopic part hears the accent.

Metrical accents and the pulsation of rhythmical matter do not always coincide, and in this case both accents should be present and distinctly felt, though one will generally predominate.

In the Weber Concertstueck a rhythmical figure in 3-4 occurs in a meter of 6-8 time; a rhythmical accent (D) for each figure will change the meter from 6-8 time to 3-4, a fault which often can plainly be noticed even in public performances. The rhythmical figure is so unmistakable that it scarcely requires accentuation, and the metrical accent (E) should be of sufficient power to preserve the character of the 6-8 time, while the impression made by the running figure in 3-4 rhythm will lend a higher charm to the otherwise mechanical passage.

In the Schubert Impromptu, op. 142, No. IV, in F minor, the following passage (F) 3-8 in time, requires a most emphatic metrical accent to give it its true character, in spite of the numerous sforzati marked to show the change of the rhythmical figure to 2-8 time. How plain and trivial the following "improvement" of that passage in notation (G) would sound, anybody can see who takes the trouble to study the beautiful composition.

If in syncopated passages the non-syncopic part is wanting, as is often the case with Schumann, the principle must still be latent, though the accent falls on the unaccented part of the meter.

It is not to be supposed that Schmann, and all his predecessors and followers in syncopation without an accompanying and contrasting non-syncopic part, was lacking the practical sense to avoid mystification, which is the effect of his notation to the uninitiated. It seems apparent that a passage like the following from the Faschingsschwank (A) would have been more properly written (B), and modern expert in notation, who see no occasion for syncopation,

may insist that Schumann's notation is not as it should be. However, let a violinist play the passage in the two different readings, and the increased ideal charm in Schumann's notation will be unquestionable, since the original will imply more intensity of feeling, espressivo, while the other will read plainly diminuendo.

The point can now be argued that the piano does not offer the means for the reproduction in the original sense, and in the abstract this can not be denied. If, however, in playing this syncopic passage the pedal is employed in the following manner (C) a result will be obtained, which, though faintly representing the ideal, will be more adequate to Schumann's delightful mysticism than the realistic and dry effect of the new notation.

In the last movement of Schumann's wonderful concerto, the second motive is introduced by the orchestra in sixteen very simple measures. In the original notation (H) a feeling is latent of such supreme *inner* joy, that it scarcely can find utterance (hesitating shyness—the omission of the accented part in every second measure); what a charming contrast this ideal conception to the almost defiant outburst in the first part of the movement. An improved notation for the sixteen measures (I) would, indeed, prove a veritable march of the "wooden shoemakers in a puppet show!"

Melody, the outgrowth of musical thought and feeling, is a rhythmical succession of single tones so selected as to form a musical sentence. As a product of musical thought melody appears mostly in a compact form as an essential part in musical composition, and it forms the basis for thematic construction, either inits integrity or in the shape of shorter parts taken from it and called motives. Melodious forms of this kind occur chiefly in classic works, and wherever musical form and thought govern expression.

In thematic work the melody, or theme, must be brought out clearly; in many instances it will be sufficient to mark the entrance of the theme by an accent, while generally the whole theme in its musical characteristics should be brought into prominence. Artistic discrimination will find new shades of tone and expression for the delivery of the

theme at each new entrance, and though the character must remain the same, a wide margin is left to the performance for a display of more or less intensity of feeling. The shorter motives should, in a measure, reflect the character of the theme, displaying greater energy and craving more attention when uncontrolled by the theme, subdued again by the entrance of the latter.

Every theme or motive as it gives expression to thought or feeling, becomes musically valuable. The succession of tones in itself gives utterance to a certain fundamental sentiment, to which rhythm gives the power of characteristic insinuation, and as such, rhythm is an integral and inseparable essence in melody. Rhythm gives the logical importance to melodic phrases, and insures their higher musical merit. In ascending melodious phrases the general sentiment will indicate rising emotion, descending succession of tones, greater subsidence of feeling; a series of diatonic intervals will represent a more even flow, wider steps a greater excitement; a series of ascending and descending phrases will give an undulating character. Melodious form will gain in richness and refined character when diatonic intervals are intermixed with chromatic and harmonic steps, will retain greater clearness as long as tonality is preserved, and will become more erratic and indefinite as it diverges from tonality.

The general sentiment thus implied in the construction of musical phrases is easily understood, and it cannot be difficult to find expression for it in a natural way; diligent study will bring on a greater refinement in artistic discrimination and the necessary qualification of touch, and if the principle of metrical construction is always correctly applied to the melodious flow, musical characteristics in melody will find proper reproduction.

Shorter themes find full expression through dialectic deduction. When the theme is enlarged so as to give in its several parts a complete exposition of its meaning, the scientific investigation assumes the form of variations. In the variations the theme is remolded in its harmonic and rhythmic construction, the melody itself appears in various shapes,

major and minor modes are interchanged, slow movement is replaced by one of a livelier character, even the meter is changed to represent the meaning in an entirely new aspect. Every facility that art offers in musical characteristics is at the disposal of the composer, and it stands to reason that in the master-works of this kind the student will find every assistance in the acquisition of all that is required for a good characteristic reproduction. Mozart and Haydn have employed this form largely for a richer and more varied display of technical means, but Beethoven gives in this form a series of characteristic sketches, each of which represents the original idea in distinctly different shape and meaning.

The student will derive greater benefit for a developement of musical characteristic in works of this kind the more he bears in mind that, as the variations find their basis in the theme and are only new expositions of a first idea, the theme, however simple it may be, requires in the first instance a thorough appreciation. The outlines of construction and the general sentiment of the theme can be traced in the variations, and a more complete understanding of the first in all its details will largely assist in the developement of the new characteristics, which in turn may reflect a new light on the theme.

As an outgrowth of musical feeling melody often assumes a broader form; the feeling is, so to say, individualized, and in a generous flow it seems often to overrun musical form by the sway of its power, and as melody increases in impressiveness harmony becomes more subservient and takes the place of an accompaniment. In this the bass, as the musical foundation, requires some prominence, so as to better support the melody, and this it generally receives through metrical accentuation. The accompaniment should always be discreet, the bass giving enough sustenance, as the melody stands out clear and distinct. A well guarded connection in musical sentiment between accompaniment and melody will be requisite, and a discreet continuity in the melodious steps of the bass will occasionally lend new charm to the melody. When two melodies contrast with each other, they are best rendered in such manner

that in either of them increased motion comes more to the foreground. Expression can not come from an accompaniment, and should emanate from the melody, yet the expression of the latter can be materially assisted by the other parts. All the grades and shades of expression should be carried mainly by the melody, and only when greater insistence is required the accompaniment can rise to a more powerful delivery.

Harmony in musical composition is the concord of two or more parts, as well as the connection of chords according to established rules. Harmony offers the essential means for larger forms, for the formation and connection of musical phrases; it supports and strengthens the melody, clearly defines doubtful connections of the same, and is invaluable as a means for varying and changing the melodious flow of musical matter.

Harmony, as connected with expression in music, is the great undercurrent, which exercises the strongest influence, though it does not in itself offer for expression such distinct features as rhythm and melody. When, however, in harmonic progression one or more intervals of a chord are retarded or suspended, this retardation should be well marked; the suspended note as such causes the solution, and stands therefore in close relation to it. Is the suspended the longer note of the two, the solution will be slurred to the same and show a perceptible decrease in tone; if the suspended note is shorter than the solution, which is generally the case when the suspension is unprepared, the two notes are disconnected and the solution also receives an accent.

Emotion is of an individual character, different in every human being, and expression in an artistic performance is an individual gift, the result of instinctive definition of varied emotions, differing in intensity of feeling as well as in the means employed for reproduction, according to the nature of the performer. Expression, as a manner of roproduction, which gives suggestive force to musical ideas, may be effected in two ways: by the application of various degrees of power, and by the employment of different grades of

motion. The first is generally understood to be the theory of dynamics, and the latter would fitly be called theory of agogics.

The dynamics include the various grades and shades of strength, the piano and forte, their different degrees from the pianissimo to the fortissimo, the crescendo and diminuendo; under this head fall also the metrical and rhythmical accents and the sforzato.

The agogics comprise a correct time (time-keeping), the even tenor of motion, the different degrees of movement, adagio and allegro, with their modifications from the largo to the prestissimo, the ritardando and accelerando, the tenuto or pathetic stress, the fermate and the rubato.

Dynamics as far as they include the different grades of power, are part of the pianist's technical outfit represented in the adequateness of his touch; as a medium for expression dynamics require the intellectual faculty, which finds the proper grade of tone in the right place, and qualifies the touch; this faculty is based upon comparative estimation, and is part of the artistic discrimination. Piano and forte and their various degrees imply an even grade of tone for the passages so indicated, which should include accented parts as well as unaccented, and incidental modifications of tone, so that they are distinctly different in piano and forte. Crescendo and diminuendo imply gradual changes in the even grade of power; crescendo is piano growing into forte, and diminuendo is forte leading gradually to piano; the change in the tone gradation must be gradual whether crescendo or diminuendo are of long or short extent. and the greater the duration of this gradual change the more will it tax the pianist's capabilities, both intellectually and in the developement of tone. When crescendo and diminuendo are combined, this implies a gradual increase to a climax and a subsequent gradual decrease; the climax is mostly in the center of the "swell," and the greater the climax the more intensity of feeling is manifested. This swell is frequently employed in phrasing, to give vital energy and a well qualified feeling to melodious passages, according to the natural sentiment implied by ascending and descending series of

tones, and could in this proper adjustment find no fitter name than the "espressivo." The climax of the espressivo will always coincide with a metrical accent, and will vary according to the intensity of feeling, which in turn must be governed by the general character of the composition. Greater accents for single notes in musical notation are marked by a sforzato; sudden changes in the grade of power for passages or phrases are indicated by a forte subito or piano subito; changes of this kind are in some works, particularly Beethoven's, too markedly characteristic to admit of conventional preparation by crescendo or diminuendo, and must be strictly carried into effect.

The underlying current in all that pertains to agogics, is keeping time, *i. e.*, to regulate the succession of sounds according to their rhythmical value, by an even principle. To keep time is the first and fundamental requirement in a musical performance, and only when this most essential faculty has been fully obtained by the student's efforts, artistic freedom in time-keeping will appear as emanating from a master's purpose, while it will otherwise imply incapacity, carelessness, or frivolous license.

Next to keeping strict time, which is one of the technical prerequisites, comes the selection of a proper degree of motion, and the thorough appreciation of the composer's intent and purpose, as indicated by the musical terms, Largo, Adagio, Andante, Allegro, Presto, and their various modifications. For the student who aims in the first place at a proper reproduction of the composer's intentions, these indications should always be the rule, though artistic temperament will in course of time acquire a limited freedom, and become an essential factor in the minute selection of the proper movement.

ADOLPHE CARPE.

NOTE. Space requiring a division of this part of Mr. Carpe's article, the musical illustrations intended to accompany it are unavoidably deferred.—ED. MUSIC.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADOLPHE JULLIEN'S "RICHARD WAGNER."

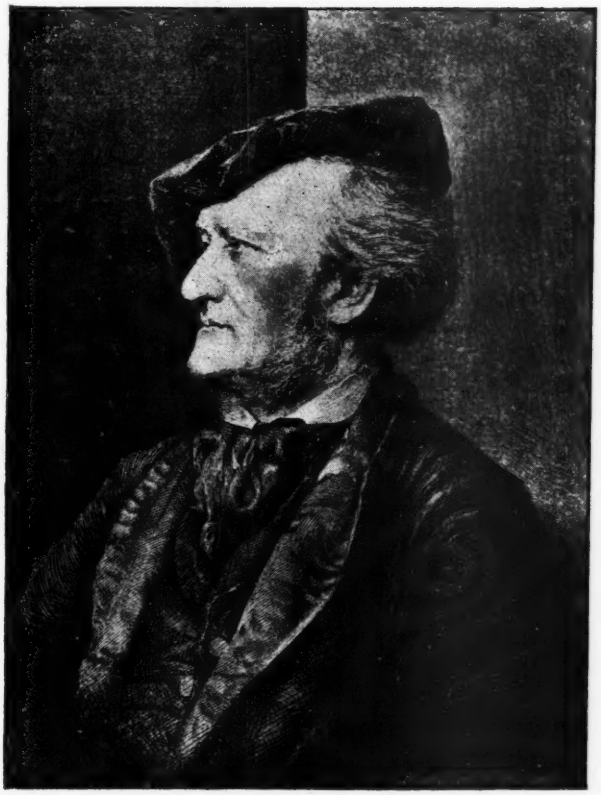
We are not yet come to the time when the production of a new book relating to the life and personality of this great man has become an object of indifference. The last word has not yet been said, and after the present generation shall have worked out its feeble old age in the same discussion, it is altogether likely that new material will come to the light, necessitating new modifications of what by that time may have become regarded as established conclusions. Richard Wagner was at least the most intellectual musician who has ever adorned the art; he was full of great conceptions, and in bringing them to realization he had a perseverance and fertility of resource truly admirable, almost miraculous.



RICHARD WAGNER

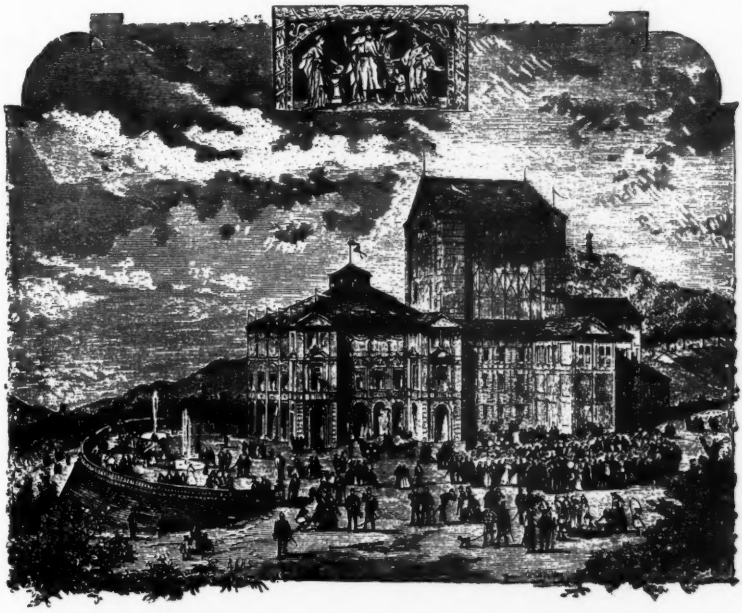
Drawn (About 1874.) by M. E. de Liphart.

Wagner was the legitimate product of his generation. This appears in the success he made, and in the unanimity with which attention concentered itself in him and his doings from the first production of "Rienzi" at Dresden in 1842. The present book about Wagner has several elements of interest. In the first place it does not appear to have been written in the effort to work out a pre-conceived conception



RICHARD WAGNER, (ABOUT 1868.)
From a Photograph.

of the composer, the man, or his works. M. Jullien's book is an effort to commend Wagner's personality to the French people. To this end his biography is quite fully written, and as much of the circumstances of the conception and composition of his successive works is given as occasion appeared to demand. Withal, every work is narrated as to its story, analyzed as to its motive and meaning, and its relation to the



EXTERIOR OF THE BAYREUTH THEATRE, IN 1876.

past and the present fairly well given, without anything resembling the German propensity to do the thing "exhaustively." The book is beautifully printed (especially the French copy) and illustrated with a great variety of engravings. Some of these are photo-gravures, such as those from which the cuts in the article on Wagner's Nibelungen women last month were reduced; others are wood engraving of superior quality; yet others are caricatures, and of these there is a full album, for there was in the pretensions of Wagner something peculiarly inviting to the caricaturist.

Considerable space is lost in the first part of the book in showing that the self confidence of Wagner, against which so many shafts of ridicule have been levelled, particularly in France, scarcely if at all surpassed that of Mozart's. In the same connection it is also shown that the much deified

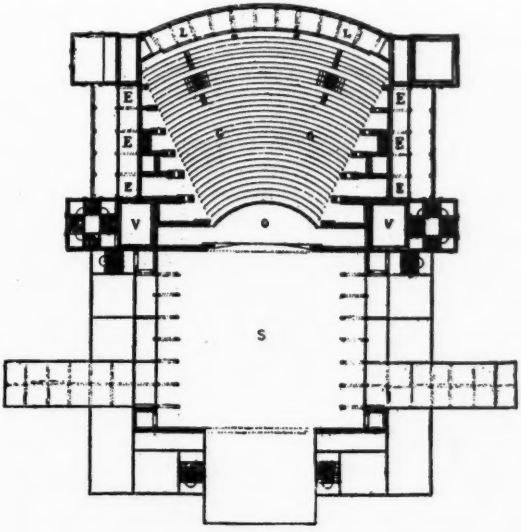


INTERIOR VIEW OF THE BAYREUTH THEATRE.

Mozart held regarding the French almost as insulting opinions as those held by Wagner. This part of the Wagnerian defence is somewhat local in its application, but perhaps none the less important.

The wood-cuts in the text are of very unusual excellence.

Among them are a number of views of the Wagner theatre at Bayreuth, some of which are here reproduced The first gives a very good idea of the external appearance of the theatre in 1876. Since then a number of additional buildings have been erected in the vicinity, changing the general effect somewhat. The ground plan is shown in the second illustration, which by the aid of the references



PLAN OF THE BAYREUTH THEATRE

E. Entrance.
L. Loges.
A. Amphitheatre.
O. Orchestra.
V. Vestibule.
S. Stage.

will be sufficiently plain. There are no aisles, but all those occupying any one row of seats come in from the ends. The stage area is large, and the stage part of the building is very high, in order to permit carrying scenes upwards out of sight. At the rear of the auditorinm are the private boxes for princes and the like. The Wagnerian box is the one on the extreme right of the picture. It was in this box that the writer saw Mme. Wagner, Liszt, and the young Siegfried, in 1884. A better idea of the appearance of the audience room when full is given by the preceding illustration, which being taken from the stage affords a view of

the orchestra, but without showing the manner in which nearly half the orchestral space is screened from the view of the audience by a sort of hood. Still another illustration shows Wagner rehearsing Betts in the role of Wotan.

Of portraits the book contains a very large number, all as far as possible dated, and duly credited to their respective sources. In this respect the book is admirable. The best of the lot is the large one on page 89. It is from a photograph taken about 1868. Quite characteristic also is the



MATERNA AS BRUNHILDA.

smaller one, representing him in one of those elaborate dressing gowns, which were among his most commendable weaknesses. It was drawn about 1874.

On the whole M. Jullien's book is one which well deserves to be in every library, and in the possession of every student caring for so complete a history of the life and work of the master. Towards this general dissemination however, the 1000 copies of the present edition "de luxe" will go but a small way.



THE HOME OF HUNDING.

Act I of the "Valkyrie." After an original Sketch by Joseph Hoffman.

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.*

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Huldah paced the floor till shadows began to fill the corners of the little room, when again the door opened, and Johnny Hulett's pleased face appeared. His arms were filled by a stout pasteboard box. He had brought it several times before, as now, full of flowers.

"Well, ma'am, I've been in a 'urry," he said, in his soft, indistinct voice, and kneeling at her feet with his burden. "Ee sent 'em 'ith 'is mother's love, an' 'is love. Oh, but 'ee be a fine one, the doctor. I love 'im, Misses March. Next to you, I love 'im." He had taken off the cover, disclosing roses, creamy half open buds, crimson beauties with velvet petals quivering, and roses white as snow.

Since the November day on which he had so nearly betrayed himself, Dr. Forbes had avoided seeing Mrs. March alone. They had, to be sure, practiced the Schubert duos, but Mrs. Forbes had been present with her knitting. He was, he explained as occasion offered, very busy that winter. The fogs and darkness had been prolific in lung distempers and rheumatisms. Moreover he was carefully studying molds and ferments with much use of the microscope, and had in preparation a monograph upon them for the use of the profession.

"A man of some account killing himself to find out what kills men of no account," grumbled his mother. "You are a-getting worn out, Eben, I can see it in the way your clothes hang on you. There'd be some comfort to me in your bein' a doctor if you'd take some of your

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own iron, and go to bed at a reasonable hour, and remember that you've been a-studyin' a long time."

"As long as I can study, I am learning, and when one learns, he grows," the doctor would reply kindly. "When I can no longer grow, I shall be dead, if I am not in my coffin. Besides, mother dear, study has a quality somewhat like chloroform, it numbs the sensibilities."

This explanation was beyond the comprehension of the stout-hearted old dame. She could only shut her lips, gaze at her son, and sigh. He was hers, and yet not hers, and the fact came home to her at times. "My mother's father was a doctor, and Eben's father's brother was a professor of something, I think they called it dead languages, and his liver was bad, and I sometimes think that my son, though he has my fresh complexion and blue eyes, may take after his grandfather and his uncle," she said to Mrs. March. "He certainly is left-handed, just like grandfather Crane, and as for 'dead things,'—well, you can judge for yourself by the dreadful objects he has put up in jars in those cases of his in the parlor. There are people who have said to me, 'Mrs. Forbes, you ought not to have given up your parlor,' but I—what do I care for a parlor, and my son not satisfied? I want him happy and a useful man, and if it makes him happy to have bones and messes about, why it is his privilege. He has never seemed to think of marrying and settling down. Indeed, I never saw him interested in any woman save you, my dear, and that has made me like you, though to be sure I should have liked you any way, for I always like my pastor's wife."

"Ee 'ave got 'isself a new 'orse," went on Johnny, falling back from the roses, that his friend might inhale all their perfume. "Wildfire 'ee do call 'im, and 'ee be a splendid one, I tell you. Black, and such a tail, and that proud to go. 'Ee said, did the doctor, 'ee was a-comin' to-morrow to take you out to see Misses 'Ollis, Adam's wife, you know. She be sick as everything with a cold. She be a sweet lady, too, Misses March."

Huldah had taken the box of roses on her knees, and

touched them lightly with her palms. It was one of her fancies that a peculiar delight was in that delicate contact. A gift often brings with it a host of subtle suggestions. Her face was full of quiet content and joy. "Here is a friend, always a friend," she said to herself, breathing in the sweet odors of the roses.

Johnny was conscious that he had received only partial attention. He gathered himself up laboriously, and came and pulled at her sleeve.

"'ee's a knowin' one, isn't 'ee, a sendin flowers such a cold day," he said, anxious to receive some word he could carry back.

"Yes. Tell him I thank him," she replied, speaking slowly and clearly in the boy's best ear.

"I love you, too. You always make me 'ear; you speak close, and don't 'oller, like to split my 'ead," said Johnny, whose bitterest trial was that people would scream close to his afflicted ears. "I be deaf enough, but I see," he continued, intent on giving pleasure to the few he had elected to love best himself. "Misses Forbes do love you, and the doctor—'ee do love you—much. And I, I love you, too."

Huldah bent down and kissed the lad—a rare caress for her to give. He seemed to guess it, for he sat by her fire, his hand over the spot her lips had touched, quite motionless, till she lighted the lamps, and he saw it was time for him to go to his supper.

The two other inmates of Mrs. Tompkins select boarding house had not come in when Huldah went down to her six o'clock tea. The landlady, her cheek swollen by a diseased tooth, and her feelings lacerated by her monthly account from Deacon Yates, sat alone behind the fleets of cups and the tea urn.

"I see old Hulett's boy has been here again," she said, irritably. "I don't see what under the moon Dr. Forbes wants of a child like him, and if I were you I would put a stop to his tagging."

"I suppose the doctor took him out of charity at first, Mrs. Forbes says he is very useful. I do not know but

what you mean by tagging." Huldah spoke somewhat quicker than usual, the tension of nerves Mrs. Podd had excited was still causing her whole body to vibrate.

"Why, he follows you all about the streets, and folks call him your poodle," replied Mrs. Tompkins, in a disapproving voice. "Tags you up and down Main street till it seems to me you might have noticed. I don't care what he does, except that he brings in a plantation of mud when he comes here. Norah is going to-morrow, and I guess you'll find that sweeping up his tracks are no 'special fun. I can sweep the gents' rooms myself," she continued, as Huldah was silent, "an' if I don't raise the price of board on you the first of next month, I s'pose you'll tend to your own rooms?"

"I thought you advanced the price in November?"

"I did, and I'll have to advance again." Mrs. Tompkins' red cheek became redder, and she spoke with the more irritation that she in secret had dreaded to speak at all. "When prices go up, I have to go up. You have my three best rooms. I could put two gents in each of 'em, and get double the money for half the work and worry. It seems to me my door bell ain't still a minute since you come, and I walk miles a-tendin' it. I've boarded minister's folks afore. Miss Craig, she was Baptist. Her husband had his study in the church, which was handy, but made talk. She did all her own sweepin' and 'tended door. Then there was Miss Parker. She was a "new light," an' she did everything, besides a-makin' her own clothes. An' those ladies didn't begin to be the healthy looking woman you are."

"It is not a question of health, but of time and attention," said Huldah quietly. "Perhaps you can get some one to come in and work by the hour who will do my work. We did that way at home sometimes when the servants left, or were sick."

Next to alluding to the fact that she was very stout, Mrs. Tompkins resented the mention of Chicago. She took great pleasure in telling people that her waist once measured seventeen inches in circumference, and that she

was born and "raised," in Cincinnati. Toward slender women, and the windy metropolis of the northwest, she cherished a curious and violent jealousy.

"Well, ma'am," she said, with surprising heat, "You ain't in Chicago now. It's a pity you ever left that city, you like it so well. If things don't suit you to my house, you can, of course, find different, and as soon as convenient. I shall put up my price the first of next month if I've got to keep a third girl to wait on you."

The next morning, at nine o'clock, Mrs. Tripp, who had been a constituent member of the Chester church, and on that account made the older members and the pastor a semi-annual visitation, appeared at Huldah's door. She had come from Brickville, ten miles away, with a bag of dried apples and a Hubbard squash for the minister, and her knitting and her ear trumpet prepared to spend a week.

"Board! say you, board!" she cried at Huldah, when she had got out the trumpet, and had begun to gather in news. "Say you take your meals with Mrs. Tompkins? Well! I'll go and set with Sister Yates this morning, and I'll take her the apples, and the other offerin'! I s'posed bein' there was but two on ye, you was housekeeping up stairs. Don't seem like a minister's to me, an' him a boardin'! I've allus ben a great hand to visit ministers' folks, an' I've done for 'em, none better. I've staid at Brother Grannis's a fortnit to a time. Yes. But I never see afore a minister 'at boarded. Husband sez to me afore I started, 'You'd better tell the minister's wife about our last calf, Malvinay.' She's a splendid critter, if I do say it. But if you don't housekeep, I don't s'pose you want no calves. No. I wouldn't eat a meal of victuals with Pliny Tompkins' widder. My husband signed a note once fur Pliny, and it was a costive piece of work. I don't s'pose, now, you know the least thing about makin' butter, do ye?" and the old lady put out her trumpet toward Huldah, with the vague hope that the calf might find a market later.

"No," said Huldah, trying hard not to laugh. "But

I could learn, I fancy. It must be an accomplishment to make fine butter.

Now butter was a sore point with Mrs. Tripp. Hers, for some, to her, unaccountable reason, brought a low price in the market. She shut the London horn into its case with a snap.

"Butter! Umm, fine butter! Seems to me I hear a good deal about fine butter," she said, quite out of temper between her recollection of failure to get her own sold, and her suspicion that Mrs. March had heard of the fact. "That makes me think 'at somebody out to Brickville, or th' Junction, I guess it was the Junction, was a-tellin' me as you don't know nothin' but to play the pianny. Now, I'd ruther hear a tin pan beat to swarm the bees any day, than the tum-ti-tum of a pianny. You'll have to learn somethin' usefuller 'n such doin's, I can tell ye, if you want your husband to keep a church." Then, smitten by Huldah's sweet young looks, and the recollection of the young daughter she had years ago laid in the black sand of the Brickville burying ground, she added almost kindly, "You must let me speak my mind. I'm an old woman. I'm a-speakin' as a friend."

Reply was useless. Mrs. Tripp, without her trumpet, was as isolated from the world as a knight in a mediæval castle who had drawn up his portcullis. Reiterating that she spoke as a friend, and that a pastor's wife has a great responsibility, she knit energetically into what she called "the seam needle," and departed, leaving the dried apples and the squash, which she spoke of always as "an offerin'," to be called for by Sammy Yates.

CHAPTER XXXII.

David March reached home full of intense, if repressed ill-humor. A speech which he had carefully prepared by request, had been crowded out by a talkative young man in the pay of the Educational society. One of his classmates, (the ass of the class too) had dared to press his hand, with commiseration he afterwards suspected, and had whispered that he must not allow his work to be

interfered with. "If thy right hand offend thee," you know," said the meddlesome acquaintance. Then Dr. Chubb, who had come come back with him, and whom he must entertain some how, had told him with that fatherliness of manner against which a young man is powerless, that his wife's doings were making a great scandal in the denomination, and to give point to his words produced a copy of the Mound City Trumpet, containing the description of Mrs. March's appearance in St. Louis. "My dear boy this kind of thing, you know, can't go on, you know," said the good Doctor in conclusion. On his study table he found a paper which he had elaborated for the Orthodox Rexiew, dog-eared and soiled, though it had been "requested," declined with thanks, "as not just now available," His study fire was dead, and through the right side of his head darted fierce jabs of neuralgia, the result of sleeping in a chilly Fort Ann spare bed. "I suppose you have been taking comfort all day drumming," he said, when he had kissed Huldah. "The fires are all out, and Dr. Chubb is coming back with me from this afternoon's meeting. He has gone to see Yates now. Yates sent for him."

"Mrs. Tompkins has no spare bed. If Mr. Yates sent for him, why does he not entertain him?"

"So she hasn't. I had forgotten. But it is unfortunate, Yates never entertains. He sent for at least a dozen people while I was at Deacon Fultz's, and I always had to take them with me. Nice men of course, returned missionaries, and agents for the Boards. But it was often a trial to Mrs. Fultz."

"I should think so," said Huldah with some indignaon. Something in David's voice irritated her. It was a relief to spend vexation upon Deacon Yates. "And it seems to me a great many of your church people here have strange ideas of what is proper. A dreadful old woman came here from Brickville this morning, prepared, she said, to stay with us a week at least, but she went off because we were not keeping house. She took snuff and had not Dr. Forbes taken me out driving for half an

hour I think I should have been ill this afternoon."

David gave a subdued snort as he rattled at the stove. The annoyances of the past two days woke into new activity, as a blow may make an old scar livid, for a vague jealousy stirred within him.

"I do wish you would speak to Norah occasionally about the fires," he said in a rasping voice, "I know of nothing more disagreeable than coming into a chilly house."

Huldah looked at him in silence, thinking that he was ignoring her feelings and treating her as if she, too, like Norah, were a servant, and one not very faithful to her duties.

"I wish you would have her put my study in order, and ask Mrs. Tompkins if some sort of a cot cannot be made for the Doctor, somewhere. If nowhere else, in my study."

"Norah is not in the house," said Huldah in the low voice which in her meant excited feeling, and she related the conversation at the tea-table the evening before.

"I'm sorry you said anything." David rubbed his head, exasperated by neuralgia, his circumstances, and also, it must be admitted, by his wife, who instead of trying to make things easy for him, seemed to think of herself as a mere room-mate might, whose business clashed against his. "It was very difficult for me to find three rooms. And we do not want to move twice this Spring. I have hoped to rent a whole house, but there is the furnishing. It seems to me till we know what we can do, the work might be got along with somehow. There isn't much of it."

"It is easy for the one who does not do it, to say that," said Huldah who had grown quite pale. By somehow I suppose you mean that I might carry coal and ashes, and attend to Norah's other duties." It was impossible for her not to say these words, for which she was sure she would be very sorry, when David had kissed her, as he must in a minute.

"I don't know what you mean," he said feeling that his wife was bringing about him a cloud of vexing, petty

difficulties. "When two people are married, there is work for each one. I suppose you think a wife has some duties."

"Yes, I would scrub floors for you, if necessary, but I would not call it my duty if it were not necessary. I should like to be certain as to what are my real duties. Mrs. Podd has her ideas, Mrs. Tompkins hers, and that dreadful Mrs. Tripp hers, and you, yours. It seems to me the guide to duty is within, and I feel no prompting to obey any of you, in your demands. Before my marriage, life was more simple."

In spite of the fact that his profession brought him into frequent and intimate association with women, they were still great riddles to Mr. March. Perhaps he would have understood his wife better had he been able to judge her as he would have judged a man, but he was not. All lights and values changed in life for women, he considered. At this moment a drilling pain in his right ear made him wince. He was naturally given to disputation, and when he had drawn from Huldah the story of the past two days, instead of soothing her with expressions of affection, he did the worst thing possible, and began to argue.

"I do not think any one of the women meant any harm," he said; "As for Mrs. Podd, she no doubt belives if you could modify yourself a little, it would be better. As my wife it is in your power to greatly help or hinder me. I do not mean that my people have any right to demand an assistant pastor's work from you. But the great point to them is that you are their pastor's wife. What you did as a single woman does not count. From the moment of marriage a wife's duties are first."

"I do not know what you mean by a wife's duties. You seem to include in that all that your people would force upon me.

"I cannot separate myself from my work. You do not take that into account enough," cried David, with a groaning recollection of Dr. Chubb, and the column in the Mound City Trumpet. What you consider

yourself is one thing, and what the world, my world if you will make nice distinctions, consider you is another. So long as my success, my place even, and a chance to earn my bread, my very life as a man and a minister, depend upon my pleasing people. I Must take the fact into consideration and so also must you."

"If you will write down just what I must do, to suit you, and to give your people no cause of complaint," Huldah spoke coldly and quietly pressing her hands together and looking up at her husband as if in wonder. "I shall be glad."

He had risen and was drawing on his top coat. He must be at the opera house at three o'clock to assist in planning the great temperance meeting which it was hoped would swing the country over to prohibition when that measure should be submitted to the people. "Suit me," he interposed, irritated out of his self control. "It will suit me if you can be reasonable. I cannot make the world over, and I don't want people calling you a fool, as they are doing."

He turned and left her abruptly when he had said these bitter words, blaming her as well as himself that he had said them. Moreover it was five minutes of an hour and he prided himself on his punctuality. Huldah started up with a blind impulse to follow him. But he was almost out of the house when she reached the stair landing. "David! David," she called under her breath, "David, come back. I love you. I love!" Perhaps he did not hear, certainly he did not heed her. He shut the door behind him without a word.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

CHASE OF THE BUTTERFLIES. Etude for Piano. By Wilson G. Smith. Milwaukee: Wm. Rohlfing & Sons. 75 cents.
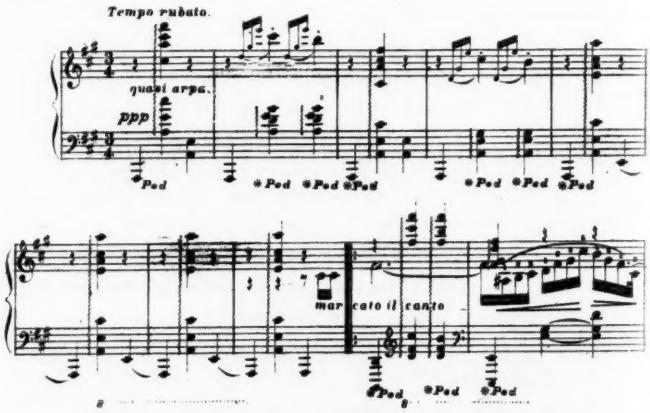
A scherzo in G major, treated pleasingly. Fifth grade or advanced fourth.

BERCEUSE. Melodie for Piano. By Wilson G. Smith. Op. 47 Milwaukee. Wm. Rohlfing & Sons.

Melody with an accompaniment upon a well defined figure, which, while rather novel for a slumber song ,anda trifle "hitchy" in its combination of rhythm and harmony, is, nevertheless, not bad for a melody. The piece can be used well in teaching. Fourth grade.

SUITE ROMANTIQUE. By August Hyllested.

No. 5 Serenade. Tempo rubato; key of A major. The opening subject is this:



It affords good study in pedal use, although there are many places where the tied effect of the melody tones will be impossible without intermingling chords, unless the tone-sustaining pedal be used in place of the damper pedal. Broad and pleasing. Not easy

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

PREMIUMS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

One of the least pleasing tokens of the present state of trade is the general reluctance of all the leading members at having anything like a competition between manufacturers at the World's Fair. That is to say, while all the leading makers expect to display their goods, and hope to derive advantages from the display, in the way of increased business and reputation, not one of them is willing to have his product come before a board of judges for examination competitively with the products of other makerst and a rating affixed, or an award, make it differing in degree from others. There was a time when the piano trade was progressive, and when certain makers had that degree of confidence in the artistic quality of their instruments that they desired nothing more than a fair field, competent judges and no favor. But all this has been changed, partly, perhaps, through the general improvement of piano making, whereby in place of one leading maker there are many first-class makers, whose instruments are so near alike that a good musician blindfolded cannot distinguish the tone of one of them from the others. And partly, possibly, from a recollection of the Centennial at Philadelphia, where certain things happened in connection with the piano award, which would make mighty interesting reading at any time, and particularly so now when we are about to enter upon another exposition.

Nevertheless, when it is a question of dishonesty and an unscrupulous spirit between competitors, there is nothing gained or simplified by having all the awards of the same grade. For this was the case in Philadelphia, but it did not prevent a certain manufacturer from getting the award made to one class of his instruments, extended so as to include all of them, after the musical judges had gone home.

As pointed out in these columns, there are pianos of many degrees of excellence and unexcellence manufactured, but they may all be roughly divided into three or, at most, four grades. There are the very cheap pianos, which jobbers get at about one hundred dollars, where the warrantee assures the purchaser that under ordinary meteorological conditions the ebonizing will stand, and the piano have just as many keys at the end of a year's use as at the time of its purchase. Instruments of this class have a great deal of money in them, collectively, and so the absence of music in the tone does not so much matter. But even these have a sub-base ment under them, where we find the boxes which the department stores are beginning to handle in what they are pleased to call their piano departments.

Then, for a second grade there are the pianos jobbing at about $150 to $175, where we begin to get musical tone and a degree of honesty in the finish. Then, a third grade, jobbing at say $225, and the first-class pianos which never job below $325 for the plainest styles. For the sake of the argument it does not matter whether the actual prices are those here mentioned, or differ from them; whatever the prices, the grades are substantially those here mentioned.

Now what is to hinder a committee of musical judges from deciding upon certain qualities and degrees of vibratory excellence as proper to one grade, with a progressive improvement as we go up higher in the grades? And at the last we come to the makers who are straining every nerve to obtain in their instruments the very best possible vibratory qualities, together with the greatest solidity possible with a skillful use of material. And if the awards are to be all of a kind and of the same value, where does the distinction come in for the maker who is carrying on his business in the same single-hearted spirit as that which the old masters of the Cremona violin brought to their work? Are we to get up a great exposition in this twentieth century of the Christian era, and recognize the merit of the cheap piano in the same terms as the merit of the finest artistic result which science and money can secure?

Where is to come the advantage to ingenuity, the stimulation of invention, and the encouragement of high art, if at the end of a great international exposition all the manufacturers appear to have distinguished themselves equally?

The writer sees no insurmountable difficulty in devising a method of examining instruments with reference to their vibratory qualities, and classifying them according to their approximation to a standard of perfection in each important respect. Such an examination might well be made in connection with the World's Fair Auxiliary, as a performance of a scientific commission. If made in the spirit formerly prevalent at fairs, it would result in giving the higher class of manufacturers an encouragement which they have well earned; and at the same time it would be equally useful to the medium grade of manufacturers in showing them the directions in which their instruments still need to be improved before becoming worthy of the denomination first class.

Moreover, a scientific report of such an examination (perhaps with the names of the manufacturers omitted, the different instruments being distinguished by numbers), would afford many outside the musical profession a clue to the qualities which belong to first-class instruments, and which are missed by second and third-rate makers, partly because it costs too much to get these qualities, and partly because makers of this class have not realized the kind of qualities needed.

CHASE BROTHERS' GRAND.

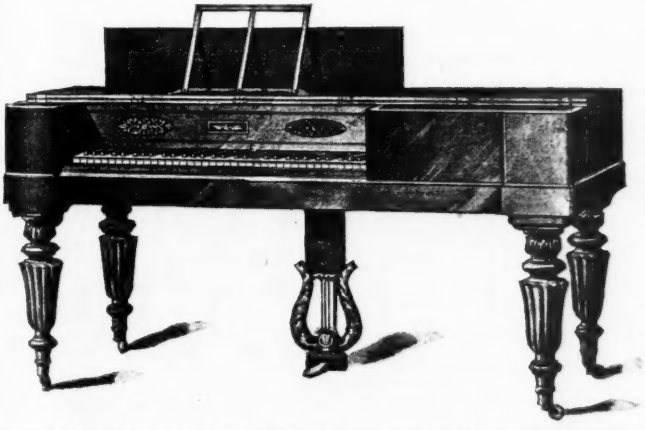
The increasing popularity of grand pianos is an encouraging feature of the present situation in piano-making circles. Among the makers who have recently made their first essays in this direction is the firm of Chase Brothers, who have distinguished themselves at the very start, as the following testimonials from leading musical contemporaries conclusively show:

The scale is as even as the most expert critic could wish, no break being perceptible, and the tone throughout has marked brilliance. The factory is to be heartily congratulated upon the great success shown in this new scale grand.—INDICATOR, May 28, 1892.

The touch of the piano is well regulated, the action responding instantaneously and clearly. The tone is rich, warm, non-metallic with great carrying force. After the string is struck the tone increases, something piano men have been studying on for years.—PRESTO, May 26, 1892.

This piano has an extraordinary evenly balanced scale, a surprisingly powerful tone of excellent quality, a finely regulated action, and compels one to acknowledge its merits at once. It has already attracted attention from some of our best musicians, all of whom have expressed themselves as being surprised and delighted with the musical and artistic qualities of the instrument.—MUSICAL COURIER, May 25, 1892.

THE FIRST CHICKERING PIANO.



On this page is presented, to all who are interested in the history of the construction of musical instruments, an illustration of the first piano ever made by the late Jonas Chickering, founder of the piano industry in the United States.

This piano was recovered on June 15, 1892, by Mr. George H. Chickering, the surviving son of Jonas Chickering. The original bill of sale was made out to

James H. Bingham, and the date, June 23, 1823, marks the time of the first sale made of a new piano at the factory, then consisting of two rooms on Tremont street, next to King's Chapel, in a small building located where the Probate Court building now stands. Mr. Bingham was a friend of Jonas Chickering and he bought the piano for a Miss Thankful C. Hutchinson, at Alstead, N. H. whither it was shipped.

After a few years it was sold to a Mr. Kingsbury, a relative, he purchasing it for his daughters, Harriet and Sophia, of Alstead, N. H.

These ladies after their marriages disposed of the piano to Mrs. Harriet Howard, of the same place, and it became the property of Mr. Wm. Howard, her husband, when she died. In the dwelling of this gentlemen Mr. Chickering found the piano and repurchased it on June 15, 1892.

Some of the remarkable features of it are the condition of the case, the fact that the original strings are in it and are not rusty, and the preservation of the tuning pins and keys.

It has never been repaired, and naturally all the felt and cloth, as well as nearly all the leather, are much worn, but the metal and wood are in an excellent condition and the tone is still there.

The piano, as will be seen, is an old square, square corners, finished back. It has 5½ octaves. The dimensions are: Length, 5 feet 10 inches; width, 2 feet 3 inches; depth, 11½ inches; height from floor, 2 feet 11½ inches.

The case is mahogany inlaid with rosewood, the nameboard being rosewood. The woodwork is intact, and the selection of figured wood shows admirable taste. There is, of course, a spruce soundboard and an additional mahogany soundboard, which is moveable, resting above the strings on the inside frame work, probably supposed to add to the vibration or to aid in emitting the tone.

The name plate with the name engraved on brass reads: "Stewart & Chickering Makers, Tremont Street, Bostou."

A peculiarity of the stringing consists of the eight last covered strings, the tuning-pins of which are reversed in their position, being placed in the lower right-hand corner of the piano adjoining the hitch-pins. Fancy brass open frets are seen on each side of the name-plate: they were backed by colored silk glued on from the inside; the silk is still there, but the color is indistinguishable. There is only one pedal foot, of wood, constituting the forte pedal. The legs are solid mahogany, hand carved, and can be judged from the illustration. The castors are brass and are as firmly attached as on the day the piano left the factory. The piano is now in the cupola section of the Chickering factory at Boston and will not be restored or repaired. Mr. Chickering will not have it tampered with, and it will remain for an indefinite period a vivid reminder of the genius of its maker. From the new Chickering Catalogue.

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MUSIC.

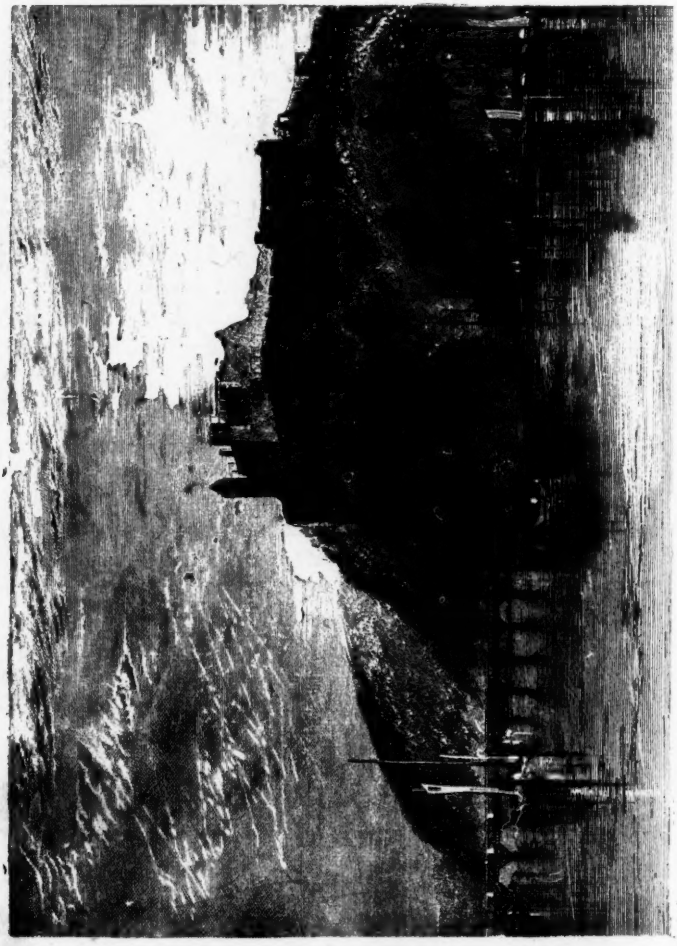
DECEMBER, 1892.

TURNER ON THE LOIRE.

The Amateur confesses to a weakness for those charming touches of Turner's pencil, the soft and fascinating landscapes of the "Rivers of France." The book was a sort of gift book, produced by the London house of Henry G. Bohn, which commissioned the artist Turner to travel through the courses of the rivers, and draw whatever appeared to him best worthy his pencil; and a writer, Mr. Alric A. Watts, whose business it was to work up descriptions. Then the drawings were engraved on steel, losing much most always in the process, but nevertheless preserving always something of that ideality which so distinguishes Turner's vision of a landscape from that of every other artist, who draws what he sees, but unfortunately sees so little. Considered as photographs, these drawings leave something to be desired. The writer of the text tells many instances where Turner had exaggarated a feature of a building, for instance, in order to arrive better at a picturesque effect. But, on the whole, these drawings preserve the poetic spirit proper to the loveliness of the views themselves.

The book now is very scarce, and the plates are worn out. But it is not impossible by modern processes to reproduce something of the beauty of a few of them. For example, what could be more picturesque than this of the Chateau of Amboise? The soft grey shade of the steel is lost in the present treatment, but the composition and the general effect are here shown.

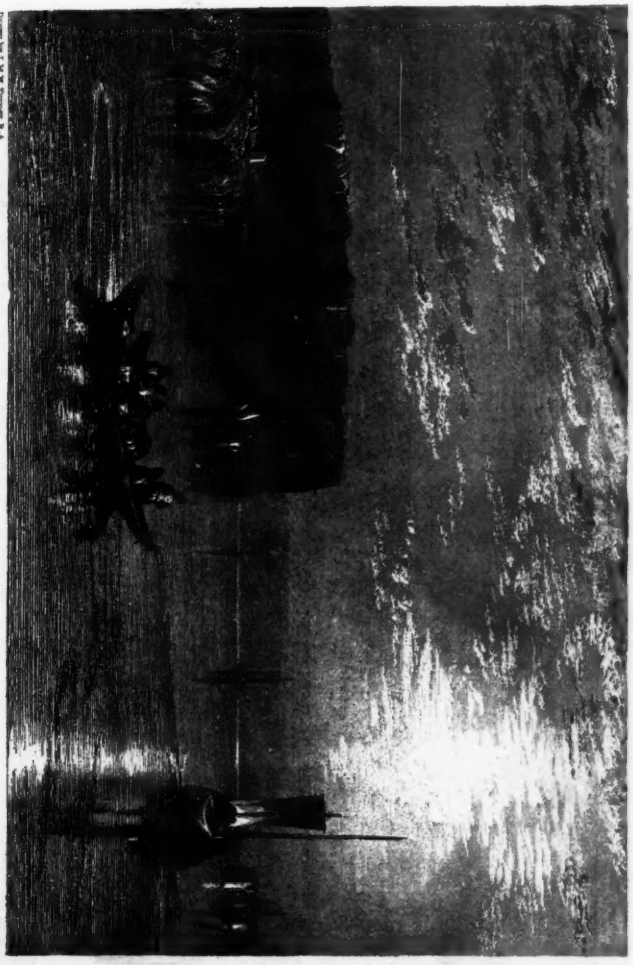
"At Amboise" says Mr. Watts, "the river tumbles down with such rapidity that we wondered how navigation could be carried on at all against the current without the aid of



AMBOISE.

steam. Numerous vessels were seen, however, heavily laden, crawling steadily onward against the tide by the aid of a single immense oblong sail. When the wind is weaker

than the tide they instantly drop anchor; and the voyage in this manner is a succession of rest and sleepy motion." The town lies close along the river, here spanned by a bridge of

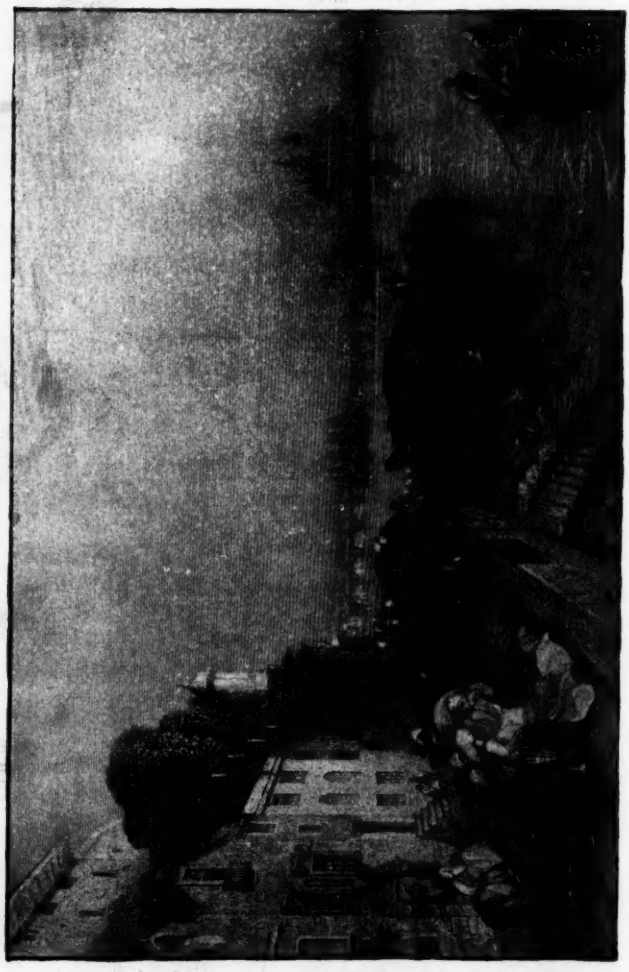


SCENE ON THE LOIRE.

many arches, and high over all in the background towers the Castle of Amboise.

The Loire is a shallow stream, wide and apparently

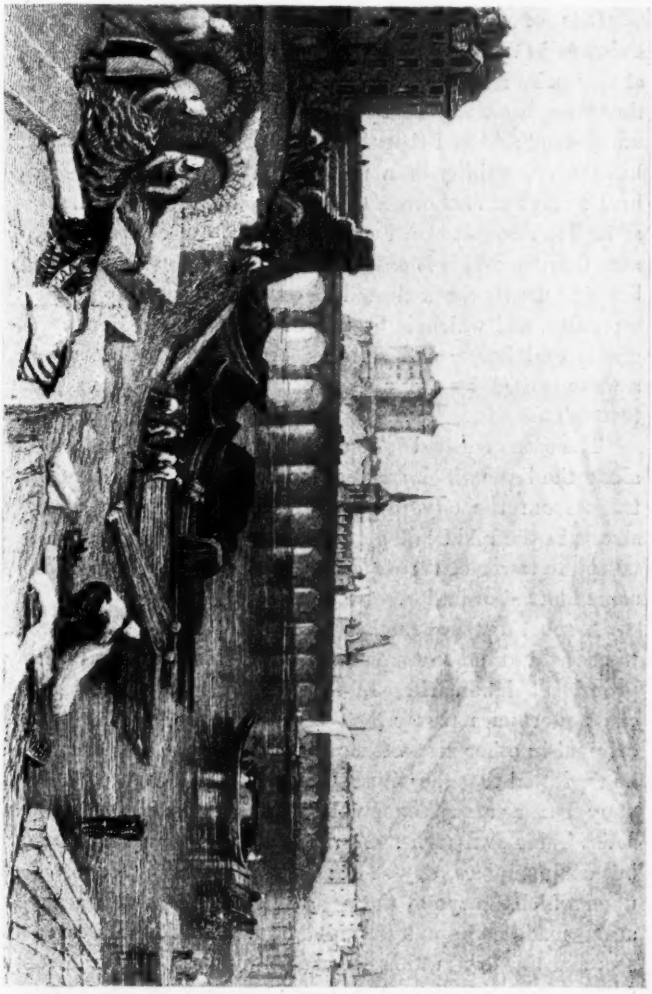
much larger than it really is. The islands which abound in it are often no more than mere banks of mud, when one comes to make their acquaintance. Nevertheless, these



TOURS.

wide expanses of shallow water, and these countless islands, nearly all of which are ornamented by shubbery at some

period of the year, afford a variety of views which are picturesque and truly charming. One of these is shown in the accompanying illustration. While the reproduction



SAUMUR.

Drawn by J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

fails to give the lovely softness of the somewhat worn steel plate, it shows fairly well the agreeable composition of inci-

dents seized by the eye of the great artist; the Turneresque sky, the ripples of the water, the somber background of a bold headland, the pleasure and fishing craft, the distant sails, the pleasing incidents of a picturesque bit of water and sky.

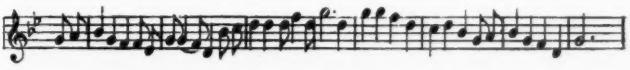
It is of this scene that Ruskin writes, in "Modern Painters" (Vol. I, p. 363): The immense width of the river at this point makes it look like a lake or sea, and it was, therefore, necessary that we should be made thoroughly to understand and feel that this is not the calm of still water, but the tranquillity of a majestic current. Accordingly a boat swings at anchor on the right; and the stream, dividing at its bow, flows toward us in two long, dark waves, especial attention to which is enforced by the one on the left being brought across the reflected stream of sunshine, which it separates, and which is broken in the nearer water by the gentle undulation and agitation caused by the boat's wake, a wake caused by the waters passing it, not by its going through the water."

The scene entitled "Tours" is a view taken apparently along the levee which confines the river, at a point some distance from the city proper. In the foreground, a river street; in the middle distance a long bridge, and in the distance the tower of the cathedral, which here, as everywhere, soars aloft above all other edifices.

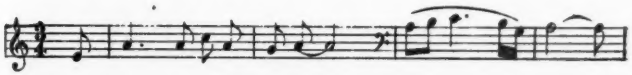
A short distance further brings the passenger to Saumur, where again the great square towers of the cathedral form a prominent landmark. In this engraving the Turneresque cloud effects are partly lost, but the general effect of the original in other respects is well preserved. It is greatly to be regretted that the literary mechanic selected to accompany Turner along the rivers of France had not been an artist in his own right. As it is, his text affords nothing but commonplace, dry-as-dust statistics, while the beauties upon which the eye of the artist lingered with such appreciation made no impression upon him. Turner was fitted to see; and this is what his pictures always give us, an ideality which no other painter has surpassed. AMATEUR.

NEGRO MUSIC.

To one who has passed his childhood in the South, no music in the world is so tenderly pathetic, so wildly, uncouthly melancholy, so fraught with an overpowering *heimweh*, as that of the negroes. When he hears one of these quaint old airs, he needs but to close his eyes and the potent spell of the music revivifies the past. Old memories, that he had deemed forgotten, rise as if obedient to the voice of enchantment. He is again a child in the cradle, and his faithful old "mammy," as she rocks him, bends over him in the firelight and croons:



Again he sees the dark river, lit up by the flare of burning pitch, and the dusky figures of the roustabouts, their white eyeballs gleaming, singing with stentorian voices while they load the boat with cotton, solo alternating with chorus:



O, far' you well old mistis. Wa-a-aw.
I ai'n' come home tel Chrismus. Wa-a-aw.
I'm gwine fer ter bring some money. Ya-a-as.

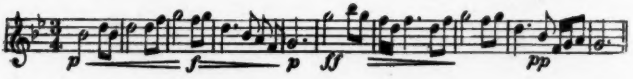
Or it may be that he is sitting upon the broad piazza in the moonlight, and there is borne to him by the evening breeze a distant chorus, rising and falling in unearthly,

---

NOTE: The following words may be sung to this air:

"O, de mugwump roosts on de hollow log,
And de snagwap sits in de tree;
And when I hear dat migfunk sing,
My heart is sad in me."

plaintive cadences, like the moaning of the wind or the cry of a lost spirit.

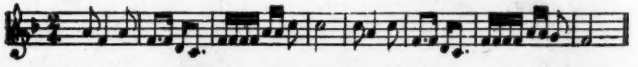


Genuine negro music is invariably in a peculiar minor, which differs from the civilized scale in two particulars; the sixth note of the gamut is omitted and the seventh is half a tone lower. Try over the specimen given above, making the F sharp, as it would be in modern music, and notice how completely the peculiar, plaintive charm vanishes. There are some other differences which cannot be represented in musical notation. For instance, the A in the fourth bar of the passage above is neither A nor yet A flat, but between the two. This scale is said to be that of the primitive races —of the Esquimaux, the Egyptians, the South Sea islanders. Traces of it may be found in Meyerbeer, Chopin and Grieg, composers who have made free use of *volkslieder*. I have no doubt that this music, like Voodooism, is a remnant of former idolatry. Doubtless many of these hymns have been sung for centuries before the shrines of fetishes in the dark jungles of Africa.

As to rhythm, a certain syncopation, represented by an eight and dotted quarter is common.

When the blacks came into contact with the major scale of the whites, they adopted it, preserving still the syncopated rhythm and the omission of one note of the scale (the seventh in the major.) For example:

"Swing low, sweet chariot."



There is the same omission of the seventh in Scotch music.

Much of the so-called negro music is as little like what it is intended to represent as the words are like negro dialect.

It is quite a common thing for the negro women to im-

provise words and music while they are at work, a sort of Wagnerian "melos," or endless melody, as it were. I have often heard them drone softly thus all through the livelong, bright summer day.

The music is an important factor in their religious (?) revivals. I shall never forget my experience at one of these meetings. The negroes had been wrought up almost to a pitch of frenzy by the fervid declamation of a "colored brother." They were all standing; the women kept up a continuous, subdued droning—their emotional state required some outlet: a huge stalwart darkey began a hymn in which all speedily joined; about fifty of them crowded about a young girl whom they wished to "bring through," singing at the top of their voices and swaying their bodies rhythmically to and fro. The object of their solicitude sat for a time in a sort of stupor. Everywhere she looked there were gaping throats and fierce eyes glaring at her like those of wild beasts. She was the center of attraction. Gradually she joined in the song and ended by falling into a convulsion of such violence that five of the men could with difficulty hold her. This "new birth" was received with many pious ejaculations of "Praise the Lord!"

"Previous condition of servitude" in certain reformatory institutions of the state, or porcine or other petty peculation does not in the least debar a brother from active participation in these exercises.

Various attempts have been made at collecting these our only *volkslieder* but they have not been very successful, for the reason that the tunes are usually arranged in four parts by the collector. Now, in the first place, these airs are always sung in unison, and in the second place the flatting of the seventh, as every musician will immediately perceive, renders it well-nigh impossible to harmonize them. As it is, the melody is usually sacrificed to the harmony. The melodies, pure and simple, with no attempt at improving them, should be collected and preserved; for, like Caucasian church music, they are rapidly disappearing before the triumphant march of "Gospel Hymns!"

When our American musical Messiah sees fit to be born

he will then find ready to his hand a mass of lyrical and dramatic themes with which to construct a distinctively American music.
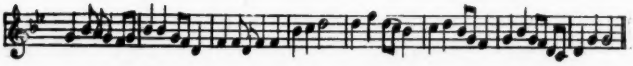
I have said nothing of Gottschalk, since his music, so far as my limited acquaintance with it extends, seems to be rather that of the Cubans than that of the negroes.

In conclusion, I give two tunes, one of them almost purely African, the other evidently composed in the transition period between the old and new schools.

"I would not live always."



"I will arise and go to Jesus."



JOHANN TONSOR.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL PITCH: A 435.

There is probably no more timely subject than the present, none so intimately connected with the various departments of music and music life, none of such fundamental importance for the progressive teacher and performer, yes, even for the music-business man.

Wonderful has been the growth of musical art, great is the perfection and variety gained in musical instruments, and remarkable is the magnitude of the science of music in which the relationship of tones has been perfectly mathematically ascertained. Yet, in spite of all this, strange as it may seem, the *exact pitch* of all tones or any single tone has never been universally settled. Every country, yes, every city, every village and sometimes even every orchestra, if there were several, in any town had its own pitch. Everyone had it according to his own taste, because an absolute pitch was never adopted and accepted by all. Insignificant as this may seem at first thought, it means a great deal after some careful consideration. The adoption of an absolute pitch throughout the musical world will not be so startling as the discovery of America, that is true, nevertheless it will be a historical act, and undoubtedly of great beneficent effect. It will be a highly valuable achievement in every department of music.

The *practical* value would show itself in that you could put together any two vocal or instrumental performers from any part of the globe, and the pitch of their notes would harmonize at once, without any previous agreement. In short, you could take any musician of the world into any orchestra, and without any previous agreement he would pitch the notes, from the very first, the same as his new partners. Any band, or any member of it, could play with any other band. Singers would know of, and perform ac-

cording to, only one pitch. They would never be accustomed to a low pitch at home, and then be frightened to death in the concert hall, because they discover the pitch of the accompanying instrument to be higher than the one with which they practiced. It is annoying already to a sensitive instrumentalist if the pitch is altered, but it is still more the case with a singer, who is accustomed to perform his notes with his organs in just such and such a position, consequently as soon as the pitch of the notes is altered the singer will naturally begin to feel uncertain, which may even become the cause of marring the performance. This alone ought to be sufficient to adopt only one pitch for a certain note, which means the musical world should decide upon how many vibrations in a second it is to have. Then soprano singers could not demand to have the pitch below the normal in order that they might pretend to sing an extra imaginary high note, nor could the bass singer demand a higher pitch, in order to sing extra low tones, existing, not in their throats, but only in their imagination. Every tone possessing an individual name, ought to have its exactly established pitch. At present tones are only approximately pitched. Sometimes a little higher or lower, averaging in difference a whole tone step or more, just as the different persons prefer. Imagine our weights and measures depending upon personal taste! We can have an exact pitch only when we have universally decided upon the exact vibration-number of one certain tone, from which all others can be determined.

We might speak of a *commercial* value of the international pitch. With string instruments this is not so important, since they can be tuned differently, but with wind instruments which have a more or less fixed pitch (organs, flutes, and brass instruments, etc.,) this is very important. Nearly every brass instrument manufacturer has his own pitch. Very often some member of a band would buy an instrument from a different manufacturer, if he could use the instrument in the band in which he plays. The manufacturer's trade itself is therefore limited to those districts in which the pitch of his instruments is employed. As is evident, competition is altogether excluded. A manufacturer cannot af-

ford to make as many different sets of instruments as there are numberless pitches in use, on account of the great capital and risk it would involve. There is another side to this variable pitch. Poor instruments are often pitched high in order to sound more brilliant. The ordinary people, not knowing that this brilliancy is due to the high pitch, attribute it to the "extra good" quality of tone, and of course are deceived. Let these instruments be lowered to the normal pitch, and thhy will have no musical tone at all. Every piano ought to be tuned to the same pitch, so that any piano could be picked up any where, be placed near another, and two players could perform duets at once. The pianos would then always display their true properties, their superiority or inferiority. The piano manufacturers could compete honestly. It must be said in honor to the best piano manufacturers of this country, that, in a meeting of the Piano Manufacturer's Association of New York and vicinity, they were the ones that made a motion in the direction of adopting a standard pitch in the United States, choosing that of the old world *A*-435. We do earnestly wish for the good of music, that their influence will greatly assist in securing its general adoption. Every musician, every teacher, every student, every amateur, every tuner ought to have the tuning fork *A*-435, and have his instrument tuned to that pitch.

There is also an *aesthetic* side to the question of the international pitch. A composer imagines his piece in a certain key. Now then, suppose the pitch is different from what he imagined it, the piece will certainly make a different impression than intended. If higher, of course, more brilliant. Brilliancy, in its proper place, is a good quality, but not in all places; if the pitch is lower, then the piece will not have the energy the composer wanted it to have. Piano teachers can give many instances, where pianos were far below the normal pitch, just because some soprano in the house wanted it to suit her voice, and that she could sing those high notes, which she in reality never possessed. Sometimes a lazy piano tuner lets the pitch of a piano drop far below the normal, because he shuns the work of raising the pitch

of all the strings of the instrument. Persons accustomed to a piano tuned to the proper pitch, will then be greatly annoyed by the difference in pitch. This variety of tuning pianos perhaps also accounts for it, that hardly any piano player has aa ear for absolute pitch, that means, can name any tone he hears. He gets to hear the same-named tone in so many number of pitches that he really never knows which is the correct one.

Here the *educational* value of an absolute pitch shows itself. If the piano player heard the same tone always in the same pitch, he would involuntarily learn to recognize it, provided he had any musical ear at all. Unfortunately there are so many that can only *play* but not *hear*. Music proper is what *sounds*, not the signs on paper, neither only the keys of a piano. Therefore every progressive teacher should teach his pupil to hear. He should insist on having his pupil's pianos tuned to the proper pitch. And further, every teacher ought to teach *music dictation*, for which the piano is the most appropriate instrument. Only by means of music dictation can the ear of the average student be systematically trained. There are a sufficient number of books out containing all the necessary information. Frederick Louis Ritter published two books, "*Musical Dictation*" (Novello, Ewer & Co., 1887.) In the French language there is a great book "*Ccurs complet de dictee musicale*" by A. Lavignac (1882). In the German language there are several publications; H. Geotze "*Musikalische Schreibuebungen*" (1882) and Dr. Hugo Riemann "*Das Musik-dictat*" (1889). The latter author brings it in connection with phrasing, the science of musical expression and correct interpretation. Music dictation can most appropriately be taught in classes. It ought to be an obligatory course in every music school. Private teachers ought to form classes with their pupils. Many people have the faculty of discerning relative pitch, that means they can say what interval they have heard, but can not exactly say the names of the tones themselves. Others can discern the absolute pitch of any note they hear. Yes, some possess this faculty in such a remarkable degree, that they can remember the pitch of an orchestra for several

days and give it accurately after that time. These are extraordinary cases. The person who has an *absolute* ear possesses in that already a *relative* era. A person may have only a relative ear, and be an excellent musician. Neither Raff nor Wagner had an absolute ear, and for that reason surely no person would venture to say that they were not musical.

There may be some obstacle in the way of adopting the international pitch. Poor instrument manufacturers will object. Church organ builders may object, they usually want a very high pitch, then all pipes can be made a little shorter, and naturally a great amount of costly material can be saved. But such is a fraud. For a time England objected to introducing the new pitch, because it would involve so much expense to furnish the military bands with new instruments. In Germany they made it a legal affair. If an organ is not in the exact pitch it need not be accepted as perfect. This is the way it ought to be everywhere. Make the international pitch a law in this country. Weights and measures are legally determined. Why not have a uniform correct pitch in order not to deceive the buyer of musical instruments? By an absolute pitch we can say that an instrument is out of tune, even if it were in tune for itself correctly. The seeming objections, and apparent obstacles, even accidental expenses in introducing it, are nothing to the gain to be derived from an absolute pitch. Therefore let us have it. For a perfect musical education we must have it, and since *A*-435 has been adopted everywhere, let us adopt that.

When we will have learned to think and hear every tone according to its true pitch, we may some time thereafter perceive and appreciate the difference between equal and natural temperament*, then we may perhaps become ready to conceive those minute and subtle relationship-differences in natural temperament, and the labors of that remarkable Japanese Dr. Shohe Tanaka, and all the followers of Hem-

*An excellent article on temperament is contained in W. S. B. Mathew's "How to understand music." Vol. II, Chap. 8.

holtz might bring forth practical results. Even if some day we would ignore the equal temperament again in order to accept a more perfect and natural one, there would be no reason to discard the international pitch *A*-435, because the exact pitch of *one* point of the tone system would have to be determined.

Mankind tends continually to greater refinement and perfection, therefore every one is duty bound to contribute his share to the improvement of the race, and he can do it musically by working for the international pitch: *A*-435.

C. W. GRIMM.

MUSIC.

Child of the Morning Stars! Sister of Light!
Spirit of joy, for whom no bounds are given!
She stoops to earth in her all-conquering flight,
And soars at will with captive souls to heaven.

N. W. RAND.

PHILOSOPHY IN PIANO PLAYING.

II.

(EXPRESSION CONTINUED.)

An important part in all that pertains to agogics seems to be assigned to the metrical units. The fact that a meter may be represented in different units of half, quarter, eighths notes, etc., in the same degree of motion gives init fselfan abundant variety. A movement, for instance, in allabreve time [2-2], constitutes a meter of two units, each of which represents the value of one-half note; if the proper degree of movement is adagio the metronome will probably mark sixty units, that is, half notes to a minute. A movement in common time [C] constitutes a meter of four units, each o which has the value of one-quarter note, and if the movement is the same as in the allabreve time, *i. e.*, adagio, there will be sixty quarter notes to a minute, while in three-eighths time in adagio movement there will be sixty eighth notes to a minute. It follows that, if the movement is the same, the different units as half, quarter and eighth notes represent different values; this fact could not have any influence on the movement proper, inasmuch as slow movements could be rendered so much faster, and *vice versa*; or an allabreve time could be written in 2-4 time by reducing the notes in writing to half their value. However, as large bodies move slower than small bodies, it seems clear that the larger unit of allabreve time will insure a more dignified and broader flow, and as an increase in size barely perceptible in a large unit would swell the smaller out of all proportion, it follows that larger units will allow a greater breadth of expression, so that greater scope can be permitted wherever modifications of the strict time are in order.

As in poetry there is a distinct difference in modern usage to that of the halcyon days of Greece and Rome, in as much as the latter distinguished between long and short feet,

thus giving greater occasion for pathetic display, while modern poetry gains in rhythmical precision by the use of accented and unaccented syllables, so in musical reproduction a distinction must be made between rhythmic flow and pathetic stress. Rhythm forms the realistic basis which a pathetic rendition under some circumstances idealizes and, to some extent, modifies. Pathos is a contagious warmth of feeling, especially that which awakens tender emotions; and it implies in musical performance, where emotion finds reproduction as the artistic realization of an abstract idea, greater breadth and quiet in rhythmic motion itself. To clearly define this pathetic stress is as impossible as to analyze individuality; it is altogether an individual attribute in musical expression, and varies according to the artistic potentiality of the individual.

The rhythm  for instance represents in itself a fact, which as such cannot be altered, yet in artistic rendition this rhythm embodies a different meaning according to the character of the composition, and requires a different reading under changed circumstances. A martial spirit, bold and aggressive, will give the  in a full and determined manner, while the  will represent a short, elastic swing to the  . This same rhythm in a nocturne or any composition of pathetic character will give less fullness and decision to the and more breadth to the to represent the languid longing, will do so as much, in fact, as is compatible with the rendition of the rhythmical figure. It does not naturally follow that all short notes in slow movements require greater breadth, but the pathos of the slow movement can only be attained by greater quietness in the rhythmical flow. This pathetic stress does not at any time call for greater power of tone, is entirely independent as a means of expression from metrical or rhythmical accent, and may be employed wherever greater breadth or intensity of feeling seeks utterance. If this pathetic stress coincides with the rhythmic or metrical accent the emphasis will be so much more powerful.

The pathetic stress does not affect the movement nor change rhythmical motion; it is only a slight sustaining of notes or rests, depending in musical rendition on the indi-

vidual nature of the performer. When such pathetic stress is a distinct feature of musical character in the intentions of the composer it is indicated in musical notation by a tenuto; is part of a movement or the whole movement to be rendered with greater pathos, it is marked sostenuto.

The fermate seems to have been intended originally to mark the end of a composition, and when it occurred in the course of the piece the word "fine" was added to show that it was intended to close the piece at the fermate after repetition; it was also used in sacred music to designate the verses in the chorale, and in secular music to point out notes which the singer or player was expected to ornament and embellish *ad libitum*. The fermate arrests motion, either to effect greater emphasis or to allow a more complete and exhaustive display of feeling, and the length of the fermate depends therefore on the power of thought or emotion displayed, and will vary accordingly from a long tenuto to a full stop which brings the feeling of complete rest.

Gradual changes in the even flow of time are the ritardando and accelerando. Ritardando implies a slackening of speed by degrees, and accelerando a gradual increase in motion. Ritardando and accelerando applied to short sentences in musical construction require less artistic judgment, but when they cover larger periods great care must be taken that the change in motion appears more noticeable only toward the end. Ritardando is, perhaps, more frequently applicable and easily effected than accelerando. Ritardando and accelerando can be applied to any part or portion of phrases or periods; they do not affect the rhythmical construction, since the relative value of notes must be strictly carried into effect; it is the general flow of rhythmical matter, which is retarded or accelerated. Accelerando and ritardando in agogics are analogous to crescendo and diminuendo in dynamics, and are often combined, crescendo with accelerando, and ritardando with diminuendo in accordance with a natural sentiment; accelerando can, however, be combined with diminuendo and crescendo with ritardando, and acquire, in that case, greater significance of expression. Accelerando and crescendo succeeded by a ritard-diminuendo form an

"expressivo" of a more erratic character.

Ritenuto requires a perceptible change to the slower at once, as stretto demands a sudden increase in speed; ritenuto and stretto are subject to musical construction inasmuch as they can be applied only to a whole phrase or sentence or a plurality of these; neither of them require preparation by degrees, nor do they in themselves include various degrees of speed; still greater changes from the original motion are designated by piu ritenuto or piu stretto.

Ritardando and accelerando, as well as ritenuto and stretto as essential factors in the composer's ideal conception of the character of his work, will find place in notation, and cannot be mistaken; their rendition, however, is an individual matter and depends largely on artistic discrimination and the temperament of the performer.

A proper insight into metrical construction and an instinctive appreciation of musical characteristics, which can be developed to a degree by good examples, are the prerequisites for artistic phrasing. To clearly define musical sentences in every detail in themselves, as well as in their relation to each other and in regard to their position in metrical construction, constitutes the art of phrasing. Every instance will call for a special treatment, and, though the natural sentiments underlying melodious form will to some extent determine a general outline, every case requires particular study. Phrasing can be effected by dynamic means or agogic, or both; and individual artistic taste will determine to what extent tone shading or modifications in the even motion of time shall be employed in each instance, yet there are some distinct features in musical characteristics, which an individual conception must take into consideration.

In classic compositions, where a logical development insures lucidity of thought and clearness of form, where sentiment and expression are of a more uniform character clearly defined in the relationship of harmonic connections, phrasing should be a matter of tone shading to preserve the ideas in their simplicity and beauty of form. The flow of musical matter must be uninterrupted; delicate tone shading

will sufficiently mark the different phrases, and only at the close of larger musical periods greater breadth may be in place merely as a matter of logical emphasis. That a certain human feeling in a simple way can thus be imparted even to works of the severest form without affecting the architectonic beauty is undeniable, and the very nature of a construction, which impresses mainly through its beauty and compactness of form, makes it obligatory to avoid arbitrary changes, however slight, in the even tenor of motion.

When melodious form assumes a broader cast and a more predominating influence in musical construction; when systematic conclusions give way to imagination, which in fanciful dreams creates forms of a more fictitious character; when indefinable longing seeks expression for feeling which has scarcely been realized intellectually; when logical deduction and classic perfection of form give way to the fantastic; when in harmonic connection affinity is disregarded so that tonality is frequently lost sight of; when more or less sudden changes in harmony appear less natural and comprehensible, the general movement (though smooth and even), will reflect largely these musical characteristics and phrasing and expression take on a more erratic character. Phrasing, the outward style, which the artist's taste lavishes on the details of musical construction, and expression, representing the inner value of musical phrases, must be in intil mate relationship to the character of the work, and musica, characteristic superior to individual conception.

It is generally understood among pianists and musicians that Bach must be played in strict time, that there is no indecision in his musical strides, no wavering in the connecting links of his works. Haydn and Mozart are too little taken into consideration in this fast musical life of ours; they are sadly depreciated and often rated as antiquated and childish, and, if Beethoven is played in conformity with the clearness of musical thought and form which, at least in his two first periods, admits of little change in the even tenor of motion, the performance is characterized as a matter-of-fact rendition, and as manifesting an intelligence which appreciates notes but not their sentiment and poetry. In the eagerness for

new phases of emotion revealed in musical expression, the critical musical world sometimes forgets that musical characteristics of different times and different schools must be rendered in some conformity with their style and manner, and the rubato style of playing will just as little serve Beethoven as the severe style would give a true representation of Chopin. If Mozart, Haydn and the early Beethoven show greater freedom of thought and expression than the venerable cantor of Leipzig, their musical construction offers such well defined outlines that little occasion can be found for expression by agogic means; ritardando and accelerando, or sudden changes in time, can very rarely be employed, and only in the most imperceptible degrees, except when indicated in the composer's notation.

Beethoven in his later works shows a decided contrast in the details of notation to those of earlier date; the inner necessity for larger scope in expression can easily be traced in his careful notation in opus 90 and the later works for the piano, and, though the firmness and compactness of his sentences is unimpaired and requires a reading in close conformity with the construction, the contrasts effected by a juxtaposition of strongly differing musical sentiments offer at times occasion for a noticeable change in movement, and the connecting phrases allow the greater freedom of a singer in time and expression.

Schubert, not inferior to any of our great composers, develops in course of time a rhythmical construction strongly contrasting at times with the meter, and a superabundance of negative melodious accents, which can scarcely be traced in his earlier piano compositions; the systematic and energetic development of a greater variety in expression still preserves the outlines of form but, gives occasion for noticeable modifications in time.

Schumann's motives show a marked simplicity, a sturdy compactness, which calls for a healthy rendition, free from sentimentality and artificial affectation; their sentiment, full of vigor and cordial warmth, is one of deliberate reason and judgment, the outgrowth of a severe musical conscientiousness, which the master's art and imagination clothe in many

fantastic garbs. While the poetic essence of Schumann's motives, whether full of indefinable longing or youthful vigor, give a definite outline for reproduction, their exposition, full of visionary imagination and often of a rich fantastic turn, must govern the expression, which will require large freedom in movement according to the more or less erratic nature of the work. Schumann's visionary spirit often disregards but scarcely loses sight altogether of form as the underlying principle, and in a number of compositions of the highest artistic and musical merit he finally succeeds in assimilating beauty of form and his romantic spirit.

Larger power of musical exposition in the composer calls for greater freedom of expression in the performer, and tone shading, as the fundamental principle for phrasing and expression in the severe style, still remains a prominent feature in classic expositions, while only the inner tendency and meaning of later compositions has, by degrees and in a natural process through greater expressive power in details, necessitated such modifications in time as musical exposition engendered, until it finally appears as a self-assertive and essential factor in Chopin, known as the rubato.

To Chopin, form and rule become a fetter and a burden—his genius is wont to roam free and unrestricted, and only the lithe and pliable forms unfold truly his wonderful power of expression. The rich display of harmony seems almost always improvised; the idea of tonality is often altogether vague and undecided, and sharply accented rhythms in decided contrast to the metrical construction give the melodious strains a style of "recitative," which calls for an expression as capricious as the mood of the writer. The world in which he dreams; the pride and glory of heroes; the love and grace of beautiful women; brilliant deeds and festive scenes; sweet secrets and dark lore, the hopes and despair of his nation-all are brought near to us in kaleidoscopic-array in his mazurkas, valses, impromptus, nocturnes, polonaises, etc. Chopin's original style of playing the rubato, is a capricious robbing of time by accelerando or riadando, t more often by sudden changes in time, subject

to no particular rule but the whim of the performer, yet only truly effective when fully controlled by the consciousness of musical feeling and highly matured artistic taste.

More or less characteristic features can be distinctly traced in each of our great piano composers; definite outlines that give suggestive force of meaning and feeling can be found in all compositions of high merit, which an artistic reproduction must reflect in some measure even in outward style. It is in this way only that a well-matured characteristic reading can be given to our great masters each in his separate way, and musical reproduction will be of a higher order, the more the composer's ideas and his mode of development in thought and expression are absorbed by truly artistic individuality.
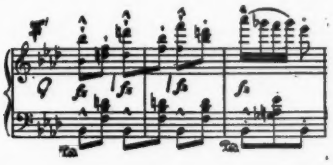
Appendix.

Several musical examples necessary to the proper understanding of Mr. Carpe's second part were omitted last month. They here follow together with repetition of the passages in which the peculiarities are described.—[Editor Music.]
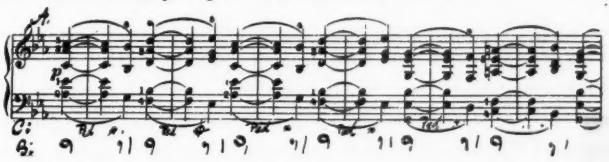
Example A is the extract from the Weber Concertstueck. The accents as usually played are those above the notes. The true accent of the meter, which must not be concealed, is that indicated between the lines at E.
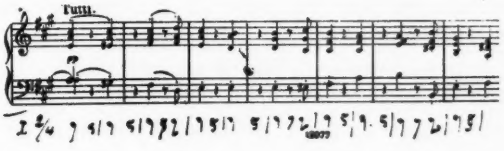


Example B is from the Schubert Impromptu. It has been proposed to rewrite this passage, placing the bars as indicated at G. This would lose the double character of the present effect, which has its force in the fact of the syncopated rhythm crossing the triple meter. In the amendment the double meter alone remains.



Some have proposed, to re-bar the passage from the Schumann op. 26, following, by beginning the measures with the long tone, as indicated at B. Here again they ignore Schuman's disposition to retain connection with his original meter. Moreover, if the pedal be used as at C, a suggestion of crescendo during the tone will be obtained, which more clearly represents Schumann's idea.



In the last movement of Schumann's wonderful concerto, the secend motive is introduced by the orchestra in sixteen very simple measures. In the original notation (H) a feeling is latent of such supreme *inner* joy, that it scarcely can find utterance hesitating shyness—the omissien of the accented part in every second measure; what a charming contrast this ideal conception to the almost defiant outburst in the first part of movement. An improved notation for the sixteen measures I would, indeed, prove a veritable march of the 'wooden shoemakers in a puppet show!'' I



III.

DEVELOPMENT AND CHARACTER IN PIANO LITERATURE.

In the development of piano music, the nature of the instrument, the quality of its tone and its technical facilities have at all times had a predominating influence, and, closely connected with gradual improvements in the mechanical construction and the growth of technical resources, a style of composition has, in course of time, been matured which is peculiarly adapted to the piano. Though the tone of the instrument is naturally short and metallic, and its chief characteristic the diminunendo, so that even with the use of the pedal the sound can be but slightly and imperfectly sustained, the possibilities offered for full harmonies, the rich ornamentation in melody, the great variety and superior brilliancy in passages and a wide range for contrasting effects gave it early a firm hold in the estimation of musicians and amateurs.

The old clavichord of the twelfth and thirteenth century had originally twenty-two keys, to which, in about 1500, chromatic tones were added. The instrument named clavecin, harpsichord, virginal, clavicymbal, etc., was subsequently enlarged to four octaves—forty-nine keys—and near the 18th century separate strings were introduced for each key. Constant and far reaching improvements continued to increase its practical usefulness so that, as a means for musical reproduction independent of assistance, it soon gained a decided preponderance over all other instruments.

Few of the great masters of musical art, from the earliest times to the present day, have failed to contribute their share to make piano literature the most extensive, most versatile and precious. Material difference or marked improvement may not be clearly apparent in some works of the same period, yet something new will be found now and then, a small germ which bides its day of exuberant growth until

the spirit of the times causes man's superior effort to assert his powers, and genius assimilates and perfects what has been prepared by years of toil and labor.

Instrumental music shows at first a marked resemblance to vocal music; and piano literature in its early development is virtually of the same type as organ music, finding its highest exponents in J. S. Bach and G. F. Haendel. Ph. Em. Bach leaves this severe style and marks the beginning of a new era in piano music by melodious forms and passages which are more adapted to the piano. This mode of writing, distinctly different from the serene and unconventional style of organ music followed by Haydn and Mozart, is matured by Clementi and Beethoven. The latter in his later works opens the third epoch of piano music which finds its culminating point in Schumann and Chopin, and this last again stands on the threshold of the fourth and last period, introducing a distinctly national element in instrumental music.

Vocal music had attained considerable merit in the service of the church as early as the fifteenth century, and under the Italian masters it acquired a style of exceptional grandeur and beauty. Instrumental music received, naturally, but slight attention; only the organ, closely connected with church service, claimed some consideration as the accompanying instrument, and the first attempts in organ music probably consisted in an exact reproduction of vocal parts, ornamented according to the whim and ability of the player. These ornaments developed into typical figures, (trills, scale-like passages and arpeggios,) and were brought into some connection with the melody and harmony, so that about 1600 A.D. organ compositions, as systematically arranged works; took definite form.

Music as a factor in home life had probably suggested the idea of rendering the melody in vocal compositions *viva voce*, while the other parts were given to an accompanying instrument; and when the first efforts for a musical drama were made about this time, monody, the great innovation in musical composition, as the outgrowth and embodiment of individual expression, was received with no small favor by

the interested world. Greater independence and adaptibility in the accompaniment were the immediate consequences, and the introduction to the musical plays, the toccata, marks the beginning of secular instrumental music.

Folk songs and ballads, the first evidence of musical life, are the products of strong emotions and natural artistic instincts; music as an art is based on the songs and dances of the people, and musical art gains in value and importance the more it leaves the beaten path without losing connection with the natural element. The dances and variations on popular melodies for the clavichord and virginal, though less severe than the organ compositions, follow the same style in the reproduction of several equally important parts as in vocal music; and though by imitation, by embellishments in melody and figuration in scales and arpeggios, elements are introduced more typically instrumental, the strict adherence to an equal deduction of the several parts can easily be traced.

The early masters show little individual difference in their writings; their forms evince a certain stiffness in the material, the evidence of hard mental labor, which disappears only when technic, by force of habit, acquires sufficient routine. As the serene dignity which characterized church compositions (and for which the organ was the proper instrument) was more and more abandoned in secular music, the clavecin and later on the pianforte offered greater possibilities for a display in various manners of touch, and obtained a versatility of expression which the organ could never attain. Certain forms of expression were speedily developed and held some influence for a time to make, room again for others; and, within these changing idioms, individ ual ideas and feelings found utterance and created characteristic works of more or lese artistic merit.

William Byrde (1546-1623), John Bull (1563-1628) and Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625), in England are among the first noted composers for the clavichord. Girolamo Frescobaldi (1588-1654) and Michael Angelo Rossi (1600-1660) n Italy; Joh. Jacob Frohberger (1635-1695) and Johann Kuhnau (1667-1712) in Germany; Henry Dumont (1610-1684) and Jacques Champion (1620-1670) in France, were in

high repute both as composers and performers. Their compositions were published sometimes as "*opera de cantare ed sonare*," more often, however, as "*per organo e cembalo*;" and the composer's reputation was due mainly to his ability as organist and his efforts and success in choral works. England's musicians had long enjoyed a high proficiency in vocal music. As the high literary and artistic standard of Queen Elizabeth's time had great influence on the social and private enjoyments of polite society, the number of good performers on the virginal in those days accounts partly for the greater efforts and earlier success of the English composers.

The necessity of contrasting effects in instrumental music found early recognition among the composers for the clavier. For greater variety in movement, the smaller pieces in dance form were joined together in the suite and partita, and though the succession of pieces was not always the same, a distinct change in the character of the successive numbers formed the basis for this arrangement. A richer display in ornaments and passages continued to give these compositions a style more and more instrumental, but the inner character of the works was still markedly akin to vocal music. The dances appeared somewhat idealized, but had no connection with each other, and a number of movements in the same key did not offer the marked characteristics of a change in tonality; yet pieces of the simplest construction offered at times beautiful, melodious effects combined with real sentiment.

The rondeau, a form of construction in poetry which repeated a phrase of complex meaning at the end of each separate division, was introduced into vocal music in early times, and imitated in instrumental music in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Francois Couperin (1668-1733) gave this form a more definite instrumental character. A short theme of melodious form, generally eight measures, which he designated as "rondeau," is followed by one or more "couplets" of a livelier character, so that after each couplet the rondeau recurs; the couplets are generally richer in harmony and passages. Couperin is the first who develops in his compositions a character somewhat adapted to the

clavecin, and even where, like his contemporaries, he cultivates the dance, his harmonies are arranged more suitably to the peculiar tone and range of the instrument; his passages show a superior subtleness, the embellishments of his melodies appear as the outgrowth of feeling more than casual ornaments and are employed, especially in the reprises, with greater effect. The marked originality of his works, as compared to others of his time, and his style of playing, which appealed to his hearers by a soulful expression and refined taste, insured him a high reputation in his lifetime even outside of his own country.

J. Ph. Rameau, (1683-1764) in the originality of invention and novelty of style, proves himself the peer of Couperin, while greater rhythmic variety and a richer display in harmony and modulation gave him at times moments of greater energy.

Johann Kuhnan is said to be the first composer of a sonata for the clavichord. His compositions are remarkable for their romantic spirit, and as ideal tone pictures are important in the development of musical expression. The sonata, as a work in different parts, accomplished variety much in the manner of the suite by an interchange of slow and lively movements; the succession of these, however, was arbitrary as in the suite. Sonatas were written in one, two or three movements, and often served for a greater display of technical facility. Little distinction was at times made between suite, partita or sonata, and either of them was often specified as a "*sonata di camera*," yet the suite was supposed to contain a series of dances (while the partita admitted pieces of a better character), and the sonata to hold movements only of more universal tendency and expression.

The contrasts effected in the different parts of one movement in the rondeau, gave little organic connection save in the regular repetition of the round after each couplet. The motette, a style of vocal composition in two or three parts, had as early as the fifteenth century offered a contrast by presenting its several parts in a peculiar manner; sometimes with the same cantus firmus for all the parts, while the counterpoint changed character in each division, and so accom-

plished a better connection, giving at the same time opportunity for individual expression. Domenico Scarlatti (1683-1757) began in his sonata movements to contrast the different parts after the manner of the motette, not only in outward appearance but in their inner nature. The first part of the movement presented in an animated flow a dialectic exposition of the theme in the keynote or tonica, which was followed by a more expressive theme of cantabile character in the dominant; the themes or their motives were then worked together, and the whole movement closed with a more or less free repetition of the first part. Thus the movement gained not only greater consistency in the co-relation and cohesion of the parts, but also greater variety of expression. Scarlatti's compositions, even more than Couperin's and Rameau's, show a marked progress: the instrumental style gains more distinction; polyphonic treatment begins to make room for a development in two parts; the treble gains in importance over the bass, and the technical display is, in some peculiarities, of lasting merit so that even at the present day the difficulties introduced in Scarlatti's works, seemingly in playful humor, are considered important in the pianists' education.

The fame of writers for the clavier contemporary with Couperin, Rameau and Scarlatti—such as John Blow (1648-1708) and Henry Purcell (1658-1695) in England; Bernardo Pasquini (1637-1710), Francesco Geminiani (1680-1762), Francesco Durante (1684-1755), Nicolo Porpora (1685-1767) and Domenico Zipoli (1685-17—) in Italy; Giovanni Battista Lully (1633-1687) and Jean Baptiste Loeillet (1660-1728) in France, and Johann Caspar von Kerl (1625-1690), Gottlieb Muffat (1650-1700), Johann Matheson (1681-1722) and Christoph Wagenseil (1688-1779) in Germany—rests mainly on their efforts in other directions. Their compositions for the clavecin evince more or less pronounced individuality of expression, and offer an interesting study of the musical spirit of the times while, written, in the established forms, they present no particular feature of importance in the progress of piano music.

As the greatest representative of this first period of

piano music appears Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750). Born in Eisenach, as the descendant of a family of musicians of great ability and fame, he was at an early age left to support himself. A beautiful voice, remarkable proficiency as performer on the organ and clavichord and general musical adaptability served him in good stead. The artistic inclinations of the ten generations that seemed centered in his person were developed during a quiet student life, great power of observation and never tiring energy serving him as teachers. Violinist in Weimar, he becomes after a few months organist in Arnstadt; four years later he is in the same capacity in Muehlhausen, and, 1708, court organist in Weimar. Here he remained for nine years and it was in these years that his organ playing made him famous over all his cotemporaries; he became concert master in 1714 and conducted for a time the church and chamber concerts. Removed to Coethen, 1717, as court conductor he made himself intimately acquainted with the instrumental compositions of the different schools, and is said to have here written the first part of his Well Tempered Clavecin. 1723 elected cantor of the Thomas school in Leipzig, as the successor of Johann Kuhnau, he soon became the center of musical life, and gained an all-powerful influence in the musical affairs of Leipzig, which he retained until his death, 1750.

Bach was a man of deep religious sentiment and quiet dignity of manner, his nature full of life and passion; his character had a certain sternness, the evidence of a fixed purpose and firm determination, and his works show a powerful emotion, which is held in check only by the severity of form. An extraordinary combination of superior intellectual powers and depth of feeling, with a strongly pronounced and powerful individuality, enabled him to absorb the most various forms and idioms of other composers and remodel them in his own original manner. The clearness of his intellect is plainly manifest in the correctness and purity of his style and the energetic constancy which enables him to attain the end he has in view. A long line of successful pupils prove that he not only possessed the patience and endurance necessary in a helpful instructor, but the unselfish resignation

which makes use of the superior knowledge in the service of the untutored and weaker intellect; many of his best piano compositions seem to have been written for the express purpose of assisting his pupils, though this intention is only clearly discernable in his little preludes and inventions.

Strange and solitary appears Bach alongside of the musicians and composers of his time, but compared with the writers of the preceeding period, his art seems the natural development of the earlier efforts. His superiority over his predecessors is to be found mainly in the universality of his genius in virtue of which he appears to combine in himself a higher musical potentiality of his time. A composer of the highest merit; unsurpassed as organist and pianist; a violinist of superior technical knowledge; a loving and helpful teacher to those who understood and appreciated him; inventor of new instruments, he was the first to temper the tuning of the clavecin so that it could be played in any key, and he introduced a finger technic which is the foundation of piano playing of all later times, and with slight modifications the law even for the present day.

Bach's name is connected inseparably with the fugue and, though fugue-writing is by no means his highest and foremost merit, it is undeniable that in the instrumental fugue he has reached the culminating point. Fugue as well as canon is based on imitation, and, while the imitation in the canon is purely melodic, that of the fugue is governed by harmonic laws. Fugues have been written before Bach (in fact it may be said of the organists of northern Germany about the beginning of the 18th century that to write a piece of music was to write a fugue, and in point of technical ability and thorough knowledge of the nature of instrumental music some of these organ fugues have hardly been surpassed even by Bach); but inasmuch as his harmonic construction is based upon the strict exposition of a definite number of voices, each of which has the greatest freedom of motion, he has perfected the form and matured the instrumental character.

In the preludes and fugues of the well tempered clavecin (in two parts, each of 24 preludes and fugues, in all the major and minor keys) Bach contrasts a free style with the

severe form and, though the preludes seem to bring mostly light motives in playful or thoughtful mood, a well defined idea governs the easy flow. The possibility of playing on the clavecin in all the keys is mainly due to Bach's genius, and this work—the well tempered clavecin—seems to have been written for instructive purposes, though its contents are musically of the highest value and some of the preludes and fugues belong to the most exquisite products of musical art. Bach's fame as a fugue-writer rests more on this work than on his larger and more important preludes and fugues for the organ, a large number of which have been transcribed for the piano.

The inventions, pieces of the smallest form, are in their way the most curious exposition of the great man's art. Composed, no doubt, with the same intention which caused so many authors of later days to write piano studies (of little or no artistic and musical merit), they are new and original and without parallel even in Bach's works, constructed on thoroughly artistic principles, concise and clear as crystal, and born in the spirit of a warm-hearted musician. The three part inventions are of higher artistic merit, and range in difficulty with some of the fugues of the well tempered clavecin.

Bach composed six French suites (so called on account of their smaller form which was like that of the suites of French composers), and six English suites of much more imposing form, and six partitas. After the manner of the times, many of the pieces in these works were written in imitatory and even fugato style, but the clavier character appears well pronounced; pieces of droll humor or deep sentimeut, full of innocent pleasure or tender abandon, playful mood or ecstatic joy, give an ever varied change of expression. The sonatas present but little difference from the suites, except inasmuch as the movements are of a more severe character, often written in fugato style; a trace of the later art form of the sonata—as in Scarlatti—does not appear, but Bach's sonatas are certainly the highest type of the old form and the six sonatas for piano and violin are undoubtedly of great value. In the concertos Bach avails himself fully of the oppor-

tunity of contrasting tutti and solo and shows a remarkable improvement in the clavier style and an occassional beauty of sound; written for an immediate effect their musical value is not as lasting as in his other works, save in these concertos for two or three claviers.

The Italian concerto has a most beautiful adagio, a melody full of infinite tenderness and pathos, floating and soaring over the simple accompaniment: the chromatique fantasie and fugue contrasts unlimited artistic freedom in form and expression with the severest restrictions; the thirty variations bring in the form of canons a series of tone combinations founded on the same bass, which in variety, in peaceful design as well as in the exuberance of spirit and depth of sentiment are unsurpassed, and his Musical Offering and the Art of the Fugue, as specimens of his mastery of form and learning are truly monumental.

As there is no known art form of his time which Bach has not made fully his own and given to art filled with the fire of his genius, it must be conceded that Bach is a universal composer, original in every branch of composition; and, if the objective measure for artistic greatness is commensurate to the power of artistic formation, Bach is the greatest of composers.

Bach's companion figure in music is George Frederic Haendel (1685-1757). Born in Halle of a family of tradespeople, his strongly pronounced musical talent grew in spite of opposition and adverse circumstances. Organist in Halle in 1702, he removed 1703 to Hamburg, where in time he enjoyed the friendship of Teleman and Matheson, and became closely connected with German opera. A famous organist and cembalist, he met Dom. Scarlatti on his visit to Italy (1707-1710), and returning to Germany became court-conductor at Hanover; settled in England 17I2 where he remained until his death, 1757.

Haendel was a man of the world, full of his own artistic importance and respectability, passionate and impulsive, tenacious of purpose and of liberal views. As a man of the world he knew how to deal with the public and to take public taste into consideration, and his oratorios, written for the

people, show in melodious form often a remarkable affinity to the tender pathos or rousing spirit of popular songs; they never fail in their immediate effect on the hearer, through the poetic expression or dramatic character. In his choral works, which establish his position in the front rank of composers, he is inpolyphonic treatment equal to Bach, save where he sacr ificesthe severe form to dramatic effect.

Haendel's compositions for organ and clavier, though of limited extent and importance as compared with his operas and oratorios, form a very valuable addition to musical literature. His compositions for the clavecin comprise a series of suites, six fugues, and a number of smaller works, together with ensemble music. The suites, equal to Bach's best works in this line, differ from those of the latter in that a large portion of the movements bring expositions of original musical ideas rather than the idealized dance, and that even the fugue is not debarred; this gives Haendel's suites greater variety of form and a more universal tendency. The smaller compositions include a number of lessons, capriccios, fantasies, chaconnes and variations, written apparent ly in his capacity as teacher: they are valuable as studies in Haendel's style and technic.

Haendel's powerful artistic individuality had an astonishing effect on musical matters in his day, and it may be safely said that Haendel to a great degree governed England's subsequent musical development. His influence on music and its progress as an art, however, is by no means equal to Bach's, and in piano literature he belongs to the great tone masters in virtue of great clearness of form and power of thought, rather than depth and expression.

Many composers continue to interest themselves in piano and chamber music, and more or less successful attempts are made to find a proper style of writing suitable to the clavier. There are the sons of J. S. Bach: Wilhelm Friedemann (1710-1784), Philipp Emanuel (1714-1788), Johann Chr. Friedrich (1732-1795), and Joh. Christian (1735-1782); and his pupils, Joh. Ludwig Krebs (1713-1780), Fried. Wilh. Marpurg (1718-1795), Christoph Nichelmann (1717-1762) and Joh. Ph- Kirnberger (1721-1783): there is in

England Thos. Aug. Arne (1710-1778); in Italy Giov, Bat. Martini (1706-1784), Pietro Locatelli (1693-1764). Dom. Paradisi (1712-1795), Bald. Galuppi (1703-1785): in France Schobert (1720-1768); and inGermany. John Ernst. Eberlin (1710-1776) Joh. A. Rolle (1718-1785), Leopold Mozart (1719-1787) and Georg Benda (1721-1795). Their compositions have considerable individual merit, showing grace and beauty in form and expression; and, the more the writers appreciate the technic of the clavier, the nearer they come to the peculiar style. More and more the polyphonic style of writing disappears, except in the severe form, but a development in two parts seems to succeed.

Leopold Mozart is more fortunate in the management of the facilities of the clavier, but Ph. Em. Bach seems to have finally established the fact that piano music does not find its true essence in the development of different voices, that treble and bass are a peculiarity of the wide range of the clavier, and that the true nature of piano music lies in the greater or lesser fullness and splendor of treatment unlimited by a definite number of parts.

Ph. Em. Bach's compositions for the clavecin, a large number of concertos, sonatas and other works—among them so called characteristic pieces with high sounding titles—are pleasing and effective. The peculiar clavecin style, which does not depend on a definite number of parts but has recourse to all manner of treatment at will, shows itself best in his sonata movements; these movements themselves are less interesting since they lack a contrasting second theme. His adagios, however, are full of a certain refinement in taste and expression. With Ph. Em. Bach, the sonata begins to take a leading part in the forms of composition for the clavier: the subordination of all the parts to one melodious principal voice becomes more apparent; the modulations into other keys are freer and more daring; enharmonic relations begin to play an important part, and sudden and marked transitions in dynamics from forte to piano often give a facetiousness to his expositions which are in marked conrast to the solid and serene humor of his father.

CHICAGO. ADOLPHE CARPE.

THE ART OF SINGING—ANCIENT AND MODERN.

In tracing the outline of the history of singing we are witnessing the growth of a language, for music is, in a limited sense, a language of the emotions.

We may readily imagine that language was a possibility, and even a necessity, before it became either a written form or a spoken art. So we cannot conceive of a nation so far advanced in civilization as to enjoy beautiful things, whether the finished turn of a sentence, the graceful curves of sculpture, or the magnificent outlines of architecture, whose people did not sing in some form or other.

The natural desire to lift up the voice in songs of praise and thanksgiving is as old at least as the psalms of our bible, and we may conjecture, as old as religious desire itself, the awakening of the human soul to a sense of spiritual need. Indeed, we suppose we have in the Gregorian tones approximately the very melodies to which the psalms of David were chanted in the early Jewish church. But this, like the unformulated language, is not an art.

Music is the very youngest of the arts, and a comparison with its fellow arts is very suggestive. We have only to remember that we seldom, if ever, hear a piece of music written earlier than the beginning of the seventeenth century, and then to survey from this comparatively modern eminence the ruins of the glorious old Greek temples, and the perfected art of a Phidias, already decaying under its weight of centuries. Dante, (D. 1321) in Italy, had created a new language; in Germany, the day of the minnesingers had waned into a twilight dim and gray; Chaucer (D. 1400) had revelled in the sunshine and birds of "merrie England," and the flowers that he loved were blossoming o'er his grave while music was rocking in its cradle at the hands of a few devoted votaries.

Our knowledge of Greek music is not only rather limited but very technical, and we have no certain knowledge of their art of singing. There are many mentions of singing in the age of Grecian fable: Ulysses passing the singing sirens, with their seductive voices; and Achilles plucking the golden strings of his lyre; Penelope, awaiting the return of the wanderer Ulysses, addresses her bard as follows:

"Phemius, thou knowest many a pleasing theme—
The deeds of gods and heroes, such as bards
Are wont to celebrate. Take, then, thy place,
And sing of one of these, and let the guests
In silence drink the wine; but cease this strain:
It is too sad. It cuts me to the heart,
And wakes a sorrow without bounds—such grief
I bear for him, my lord, of whom I think
Continually: whose glory is abroad
Through Hellas and through Argos, everywhere."

But all this, while interesting as fable, is worthless as history. When we reach the historical period of Greek history, we find music and singing mentioned in many different ways. Naumann tells us, in his "History of Music," that many young maidens of noble birth were attracted by Sappho to Lesbos to be instructed in the arts of poetry, song, dance, deportment and calisthenics. "We can well imagine," he continues, "the pupils of this queenly poetess, lyre in hand, singing praises to Aphrodite, and accompanying their songs with graceful evolutions."

Aristophanes (born 444 B. C.) satirizes Phrynis, a teacher of singing, for introducing trills and ornaments in his singing, and a certain singer, named Moschus, became famous for the length of time he could sustain a note.

We often read of the Greek lyre as an accompaniment to the voice in recitation and in the drama. We know that this was a comparatively simple instrument and probably only played a melody. Aristotle, Plato and other Greek writers, have dwelt upon the influence of music; but inasmuch as we have no specimens of Greek music extant, we can only surmise what it was. It must have been simple in the extreme, otherwise there must have been a notation which would have preserved some examples for us.

In Roman history we read of the appearances of Nero

and Heliogabalus as singers. We have, however, no knowledge of what they sang or how they sang it. Notation was not invented until the twelfth century of the Christian era, without which no records of musical sounds could be transmitted from one age to another.* My own opinion is that the singing of these early ages was insufferably dry and monotonous, a sort of chant or monotone. Our modern systems of harmony enable us to give variety to even a mono tone; but this, with the ancient system, to which harmony was unknown, was impossible.

From the period of Roman history we may pass over a long space of time. Europe was yet to become civilized before the art of music could find a fertile soil for its later luxuriant growth. The history of this period is the history of the dark ages, and the slow but sure growth of the catholic church. The musical part of this history is easily written, for there was practically no such thing as music outside of the church, and that within its bounds was of a very primitive character. The musical reforms of St. Ambrose, in the fourth century, and St. Gregory, in the sixth, are outside the scope of this paper. Harmony was invented in the eleventh century, and then, but not till then, music began to have artistic possibilities. For many years its progress was very slow, and the art of singing, as we know it, was still unborn. The history of this period is the story of the progress of counterpoint. This, commencing in France, proceeded to the Netherlands, thence to Italy, where, through a long train of years, it reached its culmination in the great Palestrina, who died in 1594. This period for the art of singing was one of growth in a musical direction rather than an artistic one, so far as mere voice production is concerned. The music of this period was largely vocal, and its form astonishingly elaborate and intricate. Musical learning for many years had been confined to the church and its followers; and even secular music was deeply tinged with the church style. The motetts and masses of this period were so

*This is a mistake. All the ancient nations had a musical notation answering their needs. But the notations are now lost, or as least unintelligent to us.—EDITOR MUSIC.

intricate and ingenious that they tax even our modern choirs to the utmost. But we must bear in mind that this music was all part music, and solo singing, as an art, had no existence. If a solo were needed at all, one of the singers rendered his part of the madrigal alone. This solo, from the exigencies of writing in parts according to certain rules, was more or less angular and artificial. Our modern art of singing could not exist within such narrow confines; and not until the invention of the song for one voice, with an approximately adequate accompaniment, was it possible to develop an art worthy of the name. To explain the difference more plainly, I might say that the old style was adequate for chorus singers but not for soloists. Imagine all our music as written in parts, like our oratorio choruses, and it will at once be seen how limited the field was.

During the latter part of the sixteenth century, a certain Count Bardi, of Florence, became interested with a few associates in reviving the Greek drama. To do this, music was needed, for they were well aware that portions of the tragedies were to be sung. The only music with which they were familiar was the elaborate part writing of the church style. This was entirely unsatisfactory for dramatic purposes, and something new was needed. The result was the invention of a sort of monody for a single voice, accompanied by one or more instruments. The invention of this new music must be credited to Galilei; but the first opera was that of Daphne, (1594) by Peri. In the preface of his second opera, "Euridice," Peri tells us that in studying the drama of the ancients he felt convinced that they had adopted a tone of expression other than that of every day speech, which, though never rising into song, was, nevertheless, musically colored. This induced him to carefully observe the various manners of speaking in daily life, and these he endeavored to reproduce in music as faithfully as he could. Soft and gentle speech he interpreted by half-spoken, half-sung tones, on a sustained instrumental bass; feelings of a deeper emotional kind by a melody with greater intervals and a lively tempo, the accompanying iustrumental harmonies changing more frequently. This was something

entirely new; so new indeed, that it changed immediately the whole trend of all musical compositions. The outcome was the oratorio and opera forms of the seventeenth century.

The new era was begun about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and it was the greatest reform in music that has ever taken place. The reforms which individual composers have since inaugurated are of much less importance, and not as far reaching in their results as this great change at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

The choir of the Sistine chapel was the great model for ecclesiastic music from the time music became worthy the name of an art. Here traditional interpretation of the finest church compositions were passed down from one generation to another. This choir was always composed of male singers only, and the soprano and alto parts were given to boys' voices until about the middle of the sixteenth century. The serious obstacle in the way of a perfect choir was the constant changing of the boys at the breaking of their voices. To obviate this difficulty they imported from Spain a few "falsettoists;" that is, singers who had cultivated the falsetto portion of their voices. The sound was remarkably like the female voice. The writer remembers occupying a room next to a gentleman who sang many operatic melodies in a falsetto voice in such a manner as to entirely deceive the listener, the tone was so nearly like a soprano voice.

The last singer of this kind was Giovanni de Sanctus, who died in Rome in 1625. Meanwhile it had become the custom to use singers, who, either from accident or by a barbarous operation, retained their soprano voices through life. The first singer of this class, Girolamo Rossini, was admitted into the papal choir in 1601. These singers were called "the sopranists," and among them were, perhaps, the finest singers the world has yet seen. The boy singer, when he loses his voice, must of necessity cease from singing for two or three years until the voice is again settled. Then the training for voice production is begun over again on an entirely new voice. Thus valuable time is sacrificed which, in the case of the sopranists, was most preciously occupied in further training and study, so that at the ages

of sixteen and seventeen they performed parts in opera.

It was not until toward the end of the seventeenth century that the vocal art had been sufficiently advanced and formulated to produce singers of a high grade, both as to musicianship and tone quality. The first great teacher of singing was Pistochi, (born 1659), called the father of the Italian school of singing, from whose school, at Bologna, many talented pupils were sent forth. Among them was Bernacchi, who afterward formed a school of his own at Bologna. Senesino, Pacchierotti, Marchesi, Farinelli and Caffarelli were all noted singers of this class.

We must glance for a moment at the composers of this period who wrote for the stage and see what they wrote for the singers. Scarlatti, (born 1649), Handel (1685), Popora (born 1686), Hasse, (born 1699). That they wrote unwisely for themselves we may readily conjecture for none of their operas could now be performed. If we examine the scores of these composers, we find the vocal portions filled with the most elaborate pyrotechnics which convey no meaning to our modern ears.

The sopranists and the composers were in close collusion. The composers, anxious to please, wrote what suited the sopranists, knowing that the public could only be reached in this manner; the sopranists, even more anxious for public applause, would sing only what pleased. The result was, that to write an opera a composer had only to string together a number of meaningless airs, with an occasional chorus to rest the solo singers.

Popora, during his life time, was highly esteemed as a composer; because, being both a good musician and the greatest singing master of the age, he wrote astonishing roulades for the voice that pleased both public and singer alike. Some of his passages contain over one hundred notes to a word. Dramatic absurdity, indeed! The system finally died of its own folly. Here we must pause for a moment to reflect upon the meaning of the art of singing, and what its true character is.

The great reform at the beginning of the seventeenth century was significant to the art of singing because it

demanded of the singer an emotional character to his voice; in other words, that he should express in the singing voice the various emotions of love, hate, anger, adoration, etc. This is the true character of the art of singing; the lack of it was the fatal weakness of the "sopranist" school. The childishness, purity, simplicity and effeminateness which was the charm of the voice in the church service was its weakness upon the stage. Aside from this, the sopranists as a class, cheered on by an astonished and delighted public, devoted themselves to developing dexterity instead of rich warm coloring suitable for dramatic purposes. To such an extent did they carry this fashion that it became a part of their business to add whatever ornaments they thought fit to the composers' melodies—a state of affairs to which the composer submitted with what grace he might.

This age has been called the golden age of singing, and there can be no doubt about the superior finish to which these singers carried their art; but a reformer was needed who should bring it back to its rightful use. Such are former was fonnd in Gluck. This composer (born 1714) commenced his career as a composer by writing operas in the popular style. He became convinced of their dramatic absurdity and set about a reform. The result of his first efforts in this direction, "Orpheus," still keeps the stage. To his second opera he printed a preface from which we learn the principle upon which he worked. This, we may say briefly, was nothing more or less than writing music that was suited to the situation rather than that which would display the voice. To comprehend more fully just how great the reform was which Gluck inaugurated, we have to compare the earlier schools of singing to those of the later period. The school of Popora and other earlier masters endeavored to produce only a light, free, unemotional tone, albeit of great purity. This, as I have already indicated, was inadequate for dramatic purposes. Hence, singers began to study emotional tone color; how to express in their voices the various passions. The new system demanded in the singer breadth rather than quality.

When Rossini [born 1792] began to write for the stage,

he, too, commenced in the style of his contemporaries. The era of the sopranists was drawing to a close, although Veluti, Cresentini, Parchierotti and a few others were still living. It had been the custom of all singers, as I have already said, to add whatever ornaments they chose to the melodies given them by the composers; and, indeed, a portion of the singer's reputation rested upon the brilliancy, originality and taste of his ornaments.

Rossini, following Gluck's example, protested against this, and began to write melodies so elaborate that the singers were kept sufficiently occupied in sticking to their text. Rossini's music was wonderfully well adapted to the voice and is still very useful to the singing teacher; but the fashion for embellishments is fast dying out—if, indeed, it is not already dead. Rossini's elaborate writing was a compromise between himself, the public and the singer. Neither the singer nor the public are now in sympathy with this form of art; the public because it is meaningless, and the singer because it is too hard to learn.

Mozart, with the unerring certainty of genius, constructed models of operas both dramatically and vocally. Nearly all of his operas are charmingly adapted to the voice, and so pure in style that they easily take the lead as "classics."

Verdi has given us much dramatic writing for the voice, although he may not have departed far from the Rossini model as represented in his last work, "William Tell." The beauty of his writing lies in its vocal possibility. Even if somewhat high it "fits" the voice.

Wagner, without question, is the most striking composer of our modern era. Theoretically, he has gone back to the principles of Peri and Cacini; but practically he has brought all the resources of modern art to bear upon his great operas. These resources combined with his superb dramatic genius, have created a great reform in the operatic world, and given us the music drama in the place of opera.

Wagner deemed it part of his mission to disregard al established forms of art. To this end he soon cut loose from the formalk aria, cavatina, etc., to which the Italian com

poser still clings, and among other things he entirely disregarded what I shall call traditional writing for the voice. Wagner's music is only to be considered in connection with its dramatic setting. We may say that he never wrote anything for the voice, pure and simple. He wrote only nine songs. Rossini wrote many of his operas with certain singers in mind, and he took care to write only what those singers could do well. It was the same with the orchestral parts. He knew before hand just what orchestral means were to be placed at his disposal, and he took care not to overreach these. Not so with Wagner. He conceived certain dramatic situations and with these in mind wrote his music for them, regardless of whether the violinist, the horn player or the singer was pleased with his part. We must understand this view of Wagner's work before we can intelligently discuss it. When this is clearly in our minds, and all prejudice is laid aside, we can proceed to inquire whether Wagner succeeded in gaining his point and making his dramatic situations and his musical portrayal thereof effective and coincident. There is little question of his success in this particular.

We may, however, put to ourselves this question: Could he not have been equally successful and still kept in mind the possibilities of the voice and not exerted it beyond its capacity? That he did write badly for the voice no candid porson can deny; and it is the utmost folly for any but singers of superior endurance and power to undertake his music. The ordinary singer had better let it alone; but the ordinary actor is unwise to attempt Hamlet. Wagner's writing has given rise to a school of singing that one might call the "impressionist" school. This school of singing pays but little attention to the emission of the voice and quality of tone, but each phrase is given with a clear enunciation, and dramatic vigor which is very effective on the stage. This style of singing is not to be removed from the stage, and when it is, it is a failure from the point of view of the singing teacher. It is equally true of much of Wagner's music. Associated with its stage setting it is full of meaning; from the standpoint of pure music only, its formlessness is against it

That the art of singing is a little in decay at the present time, is the hue and cry of all vocal teachers of the Italian school. I do not believe there are fewer singers now who are capable of being great singers than there were formerly; nor do I believe we lack good teachers. There are certain difficulties in the way which we may hope time will change. Among these the foremost is the impatience of our American people, who will not subject themselves to a long course of study; and often study is delayed until the voice is badly formed by wrong vocal habits.

Ambitious to progress, pupils insist upon the study of modern operas before the voice is half formed, and the result is a mediocre singer who can only sing loud tones of intolerable quality. The dramatic utterances of what I have called the "impressionist" school will ruin any voice in time, and an ordinary one in a short time. Lamperti, perhaps the greatest singing teacher of the school of Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini, has written a treatise on the art of singing in which he says: "It seems to me that now more than ever, as much in the interests of art as for the benefit of singers, should a man devote himself to severe and careful study, and that independently of the kind of music which the public taste may compel him to perform, he should strive to train his voice, by singing the music of the old masters, more suited as it is to the development of his natural talents than that of the present day."

The Rossini operas—by which I mean the whole school—may be dead as operas, supplanted as they are by those much more dramatic and truthful; but the art of singing which they represent, in its best form, cannot die, for it represents a certain truth which underlies all true singing; and truth, associated with the ideal, in art is its most enduring quality.

The modern opera, or music drama, demands great actors—perhaps "actor singers" would be a better term—and has produced them. The old opera demanded great singers and created them. Opportunity makes the man. Can we not have an opera which shall combine the two?

Some critics insist upon looking upon "Rossinism" as *the* Italian school of singing, when, in reality, it is its weakest side. Brilliant execution is only one side of Italian singing; breadth and tone color are just as truly a portion thereof; indeed, these are the very first essentials. Viewed in this light Mozart and Gounod are within the fold of the Italian school. "Don Giovanni" and "Faust" can be sung from cover to cover. "The Trilogy" cannot be sung; much of it must be shouted.

That Wagner was the greatest musical dramatist the world has yet seen, is beyond all cavil. If time shall prove that the "*bel canto*" is utterly irreconcilable to this new movement; if no prophet arise whose prophesies shall be at once singable and dramatic, then must the art of singing withdraw from the stage to the church and home circle. Die it cannot, for it contains the imperishable seeds of truth, which must live and grow forever.

PERLEY DUNN ALDRICH.

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THE MARSEILLAISE.

On the 24th day of April, 1792, the mayor of Strassbourg, Dietrich, gave a banquet to a company of volunteers who were about to join the army. Four days earlier France had declared war on Austria and Prussia, and in consequence the prevailing sentiment was one of intense patriotism. One of the participants at the banquet was the captain of engineers, Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle, at that time thirty-two years old. He was born May 10, 1760, at Lons le Saulnier.

The young officer was known as a successful amateur musician and poet. Mayor Dietrich asked him if he could not undertake to write a war song for the departing volunteers. Rouget de Lisle answered yes, and went home.

That whole night he sat at his desk, and when the morning of the twenty-fifth of April dawned, the Marseillaise was finished. It was the result of one night's work. The author had called it "Chant de Guerre de l'Armee du Rhin." On that very day mayor Dietrich had it played by a full orchestra on the market place in Strassbourg, and the Marseillaise celebrated its first triumph.

The northern wing of the French army brought the song with them to the seat of war, and copies of it were quickly scattered over the whole of Alsace. In Paris it remained unknown for some time. First it must pass through Marseilles. In June, 1792, the Council of Marseilles had, on the appeal of Barbaroux, collected a number of volunteers "who understood how to die," and whose moral worth was generally such as to deserve death. These "brave Marseilleans" were feasted by their fellow-citizens on the 25th day of June. A citizen by the name of Mireaux, from Montpellier, rendered Rouget de Lisle's song. The enthusiasm it created was tremendous, and on the following day the *Journal des departments Meridionaux* printed the song in its columns

under the title "Chant de Guerre aux armees des Frontieres." This was its second title.

The soldiers of Marseilles who went to Paris, brought copies of the song with them. It was sung during their entrance into Paris on the 13th of July; and again on the 10th of August, while the Tuilleries were stormed, it resounded from the lips of the whole populace. Shortly afterward its author was imprisoned on account of his "moderate opinions," and was only liberated after the fall of Robespierre.

In Paris, where the history of the song was unknown, it was called "Hymne des Marseillaise," as the volunteers of Marseilles had brought it with them. This became its final name. As "La Marseillaise" it is not alone the patriotic song of the French Republic, but the song of liberty, or rather of revolution, for the whole world.

In September, 1792, the "Marseillaise" was introduced as an opera at Paris, where it was given with instrumentation by Gossec as "Offrande a la Liberte." This was the fourth title, but scarcely a long-lived one.

It is well known what a wonderful influence the Marseillaise exercised over the French soldiers during the revolution.

Carlyle calls it the most successful composition ever created, "whose sound shall make the blood of men tingle, and whole armies shall sing it with tears and fire in their eyes, with hearts that defy death, despot and devil."

When Rouget de Lisle visited Hamburg, five years later, he met the German poet, Klopstock. The great author said, "You are a terrible man, M. de Lisle. You have killed 50,000 brave Germans." Yet the Marseillaise was not destined to be the song most frequently heard during the awful events of the revolution in Paris. This "honor" was reserved for two songs of more than questionable merit—"Carmagnole" and "Ca ira." The former, a dance and song, dates from 1792, most probably, and is said to have originated after the conquest of Carmagnola in Piedmont. This song is principally a satire on the court, and begins with the words, "*Madame veto avait promis*," with the

refrain "*Dansons la Carmagnole, vive le son du canon.*"

"Ca ira" derives its name from the refrain, "*Ah, ca ira, ca ira, ca ira! Les aristocrats a la lanterne.*" The melody of this latter song is said to have been the favorite melody of the unhappy Marie Antoinette.

That Rouget de Lisle composed the melody of the "Marseillaise" is hardly credible. Most likely it is of earlier origin and may have been changed somewhat by him. Not a few authorities believe that the melody is founded on an old German choral. If this is true, it is a singular coincidence that the place of its birth, Strassbourg, today is a German city. The latest researches, however, would show that it is taken from an oratorio called "Esther," composed by Grison, of St. Ome, and thus of French origin. Of Rouget de Lisle it is known that he took part in the battle at Guiberson, under Hoche. After his liberation from prison through the death of Robespierre he was dangerously wounded and retired to private life. From that time on the name of Rouget de Lisle was seldom heard. During the first empire and the restoration, the Marseillaise was prohibited. With the revolution of July it came into fame once more, and its author was offered a pension of 6,000 fr. which, however, was refused. Rouget de Lisle died in 1836, at Choisy le Roi, where later a statue was erected to his memory.

The authorship of Rouget de Lisle includes a comedy, *L'Ecole des Meres*, a tragedy, *Macbeth*, an idyl, *La Matinee*, some *Sonveniese de Guiberson*, and also published a volume of poems.

But all these have long been forgotten—only the Marseillaise survives and will forever preserve the name of the author from oblivion. Last year the Marseillaise celebrated its 99th anniversary by being played before the Czar in Kronstadt harbor, an occurence the author could not have dreamed of when he wrote it, almost a hundred years previously, as a war song against despots.

Strangely enough, it was first in 1879 that the Marseillaise was elevated to a national song. During the empires and monarchies it gave way to the "*Vive Henri Quatre*"

of the Bourbonnai, and the "*Partout ur pour Lyric*" of Queen Hortense. The latter was the especial song of the second empire. After 1830 it was for a time superseded by "*La Parisilave*," by Delavigue. As a poem the Marseillaise does not hold a very high rank. It is principally a rather pathetic song of war, full of wild enthusiasm in places, and with a peculiar swing to it. Undoubtedly its popularity is owing to the melody, and also to the fact that it became the song and symbol of the revolution. The radicals of the whole world have sung it during these hundred years; it has been howled on the streets and at the barricades by a frenzied mob; it has been echoed on the variety stage by Chansonette with the tricolor in their hands. From the moment it was first sung by the armies of the first republic and the citizens of Marseilles down to our day, when it was echoed in the harbor of Kronstadt, a sign of allegiance between the "great republic and the greater absolute monarchy, it has been a power in history.

Translations of the "Marseillaise" abound in all civilized languages. It would be difficult to point out any other song which has reached the masses in the same manner as has the "Marseillaise." In Europe, at least, there must be few who have not heard it and cannot hum the melody. Its only competitor for popularity is its absolute contrast—the English "God save the Queen."

In these two melodies lie hidden a great part of the history of the 19th century.

As an illustration of the irony of history it may be mentioned that on the very day the strains of the Marseillaise for the first time were heard on the market place in Strassbourg, another symbol of the great revolution was dedicated in one of the cemeteries of Paris—the guillotine. The song of the revolution and theinstrument of death of the revolution, celebrate their centennial on the same day.

JOHN KOREN.

THE RELATION OF SPEECH TO SONG.

In all the various interests connected with human endeavor, the close observer will find some relation.

All culture, in any form, must be the direct result of the working out of the idea, as proceeding from the mind. Thought is impressed upon every movement that is influenced by mankind.

In observing the changes that have taken place in any department of human enterprise as they are marked by the history of a country or race, we find ourselves brought in direct contact with the thought of the people who have lived and worked upon the world.

Differences of opinion and conflicting notions have so influenced the thoughtful that they have been led to make great efforts to arrive at the truth of whatever subject has been under investigation. There is but one thing that possesses eternal life, and that is truth. But one thing has any real or lasting value to man, and that, again, is this very truth.

Every honest investigator who works in the sciences, art, or any department of human endeavor, must have but one great aim, and that is to find out the truth.

Let us then, for a few moments, reflect upon the relation between the man and his thought as represented in his speech, and see if it has any connection between the condition of the man as presented in his song.

In the first place, it may be well to inquire what speech is, that we may have a starting point for our consideration. Speech, may be termed the utterance of sound—representatives of the idea. In this definition the idea is pre-supposed, yet for consistency I may state that by idea I mean the pure or true thought.

The world was given to man for his human home, and also that in it and by means of the various earthly powers

and truths open to him, he might enrich his soul with knowledge, and work out for himself not only the problems of nature, but also advance himself by the proper development of his spiritual or mental being.

The great mass of humanity have seemed only to live and die, and yet when we observe the constant advancement that is being made, and that has been brought about in past ages, we also perceive that it did more than this, for it benefitted not only itself, but the generations now upon the earth.

The medium for the exchange of ideas in all peoples and at all times, has been that of articulate sounds. Sound became vocal with meaning as the lips of man gave out the breath of life, laden with the very thought of his soul. It is a wonderful creation, that of our language, and as we trace its growth through all the long centuries that have passed since man came to dwell on the earth, we find in its development indication of the rapid unfolding of the mental powers of man.

As new ideas were gained, word-pictures came into the language to represent them, until wide indeed was the great expanse of knowledge that these little sound-tokens reflected. Sometimes there were sad histories lurking in them, and at others, a dark cloud seemed to press upon the happiness of a people, yet their true story has been left to us in the living word.

□ Nothing that has happened in the past, nothing that may appear in the future, but will be treasured in the universal history by some simple word. The greatest of all things is the word. In the word is the everlasting truth.

Following the history of language from the present back as far as there is any trace, we find still but variations of the word.

Some languages have made more development than others according to the state of culture of the people who speak or have spoken them. When ideas are few ard groveling, words are few, unmusical and inflxible. All the higher thoughts are without symbols.

In the word itself what have we? Take a common

sound as "oh." We find in it a simple but a vibrating sound, of a somewhat open and free character. We note that it may be varied in pitch. We also observe that it may take a coloring, and express something besides that, for it may be made plaintive or cheerful according to the wishes of the speaker. It may denote surprise, pain, or mirth, and even scorn. And what do we derive from this lesson?

In what does "Oh" (expressing pain) differ from "Oh" (expressing joy.) The difference is in the coloring that is imparted to the sound. We see that the mind uses these simple indications to express to the listener its thought and feeling. In the sound itself are but simple vibrations, but in the colored form is the very impression of the soul itself, so filled with life does it become.

Variations of pitch in speech do not depend upon the taste of the speaker, so much as upon the truthfulness of the emotion expressed. Perfect freedom of vocal delivery in speech, will also bring with it an honest utterance of feeling. Nature loves to arrest herself, and when left free, does so with an earnest purpose. The variation of pitch in conversation may be but that of a few tones. But allow the subject to be an animated one, and the conversation to digress to a discussion, and there will be greater changes. The variations of pitch in speech depend upon the emotional condition of the speaker. From a few simple sounds many combinations may come which will be productive of more extended expression. The growth of language is only a variation of a few simple sounds which are made to take new forms to express different ideas. So also the scale of passion as expressed by the variations of pitch and intensity of the human voice is reducible to a few simple notes, and a small number of primitive sounds.

In these simple sounds, however, may be found the whole expression of human feeling. Reason gives a calmness to language which takes it away from the mere sphere of the emotions, and transforms it into the ever-living expression of pure thought. It is only when the reason acts with most logical exactness that the highest efforts of the mind are possible.

Thus in the language of the ancients we find the sounds used in words to express their ideas to be those of a most positive and rude character. They are rude combinations which show more vigor of expression, than reflective intent. Yet there is an honest ring in the word that denotes strength, and a beauty that comes from power. Even that power was great because it had capabilities. The beauty of strength unrestrained; strength at liberty.

The emotional side of character is always the first to respond to the *influences* of nature, and thus we observe the early peoples of the world were more fully under the control of mysticism, than the later generations. Reason deals with the reflective, and thus calms the emotional nature by the very deliberation with which it investigates a fact or a relation. The early races were more impulsive, and stamped their deeds with a vigor of purpose which, while not always direct in its aim, or intent, was nevertheless invested with power. So in the formation of language, the oldest words denoting the beginning of man's thought in regard to the material world, were expressed by sounds of a strong character.

It is stated by many scholars that the early languages were monosyllabic. It is a very natural inference that the human race would, at the beginning of its development, express itself in the simplest or most convenient way. We find the greatest words of a language to be those of the most simple construction; what greater word is there in the English language than the little monosyllable—all—which holds the totality of the universe in its grasp. What we call our most common words are often our strongest.

When we analyze the little words, we find them composed of what we term vocal sounds, being so called from their musical quality. To these are added certain consonant elements which give to the word its exactness of form. It is these which enable us to distinguish one word from another. The same vowel, or vocal element, may be used in many words, while the consonants may be altered in their

relation. Upon this simple ground—that of vocal utterance—seems to rest the beginning of music. Language gives us a medium for the expression of ideas. The emotional coloring that is imparted to words in speech, expresses to the listener the feelings of the speaker. Emotional elements join then with the thought, and the soul that thinks, also makes manifest a heart that feels.

The God-made man, is but as the thought mated to feeling.

The various passions that mankind expressed in language have about them a certain kind of movement which is like that given to music. An excited man will often deliver his words with great rapidity. The emotion of pleasure, excited by some sudden and surprising good fortune, will impart to the utterance of the speaker a rapidity of movement that will indicate his joy as plainly as his quickened heart beats. When sorrow comes, and the mind is darkened by great suffering, the utterances are like lingering moans, so depressed is the whole man. With love, comes tenderness of feeling. Religious supplication takes a more dignified form, for the mind is almost awed to silence by the thought of God, and the Eternity that is just beyond. When in haste, the man shows his animal propensities, and gives vent to his rage with more power than dignity.

Patriotism calls out the better feelings of a true man, and his love for the land of his birth gives a manly eloquence to his speech that fills it with beauty.

All these various forms of expression will show movement. The slow, stately utterances of the philosopher, the sweet words of the maiden to her lover, the reverential tones of the man of God, the merry ring of the school-boy at his play, and the hearty greettng of the father to his family at the evening home-coming, all have a movement as expressive as the words that are uttered. The man acts as a whole. His words do duty for his heart and his mind. There is a centre for both the idea and the feeling, and it reaches out in manifestation in one form the word.

To consider the word apart from its true signification is to lose the exactness of its truth. We must know what we hear.

The mind of the poet finds its best expression in the most flowing rhythms. He not only sees the beauty of nature, but he hears its murmuring songs, and interprets the meaning to the listening world in his harmonious verses. He catches the accent of unknown words, and fills them with life from his own tongue. Poetry and music are twin-brothers. Poetry united with music fills the sound with the glowing beauty of eternal thought. It is sound made radiant with life.

But in our investigation of the word, have we not found the song?

As we look at any interest connected with mankind, we can but come to the all-centre—the mind—to find its beginning, for whatever of truth there is connected with the man, is found in his thought. Music finds its home not only in the heart, but in the mind. Music gives to language its beauty. Language gave to music its very being. The voice of the first man was vocal with thought. He sang of the created world in his first utterances.

The development of music, from a simple beginning, has reached grand forms, until now it is one of the great glories of man's accomplishment. Music as an art and music in its rude form are but significations of man's ever reaching desire for the beautiful. Music is beauty in utterance.

Looking at the song from its musical standpoint we perceive that it is composed of melody. I will not state that a melody may be divided into motives, or that it may be constructed from a number of fragments called phrases. These subjects belong to musical composition, yet all musical persons have realized that a certain flow of harmonious tones, bound together by a continuous idea, form what we term in one word a melody.

A song, then, in common parlance, is a poem melodically expressed. All sentiments which come from the mind of man reach their highest form of expression, judged from an art stand point, in rhythm. When poetry is connected with music in a perfect unison, art has reached the mountain top in its attainment. Painting, sculpture and poetry have thus been as three graces, giving to man most bountifully of the

beautiful. But painting represents, and sculpture embodies, while poetry speaks in glowing words. When the poet sings out his ideas in sweet flowing melodies, thought and feeling combine to make a perfect whole, and art is ennobled.

I know many great minds would differ with me, should I state that the song—or vocal music—was the highest expression of art in any form. While every interest connected with the man is dear to his heart, and while every department of mental attainment has its full value, in the great classification of human accomplishment, yet differences of importance will be realized by thinkers, as they reflect upon the merits of each. Music, to the musician, comes close to his heart, and yet, in painting, he sees a loveliness that incites in him ideas of the beautiful. He fills the dumb lips of some noble statue with a gracious song, as he contemplates what sculpture has done to add to the various forms of the beautiful.

But when the poet sings, his heart pulsates in a happy union with the flowing rhyme, until a tender melody holds forever the song in sweet embrace, and the two are made a happy one. A complete mating is this union of the poem with the melody, and they both live on forever as one in the minds of all who know them.

Is there a person who can grasp music at all with any understanding, that can divide the words of a song from the music, if his memory recalls them in a silent moment? Will not his mind give to him the melody and words at the same time, if he is familiar with the song? They seem to come into the daylight of memory as one glowing image, breathing out its everlasting life in words and melody. The unison of verse and song, simply made it what it is—a one—complete with a double beauty.

But passing the poetical side of this truth, let us view its logical bearing. A flow of harmonious sounds makes melodic thoughts. They express the sentiment of the mind which gave them being. That sentiment may be different according to the suggestion or idea that called it out. The

thought of home, of mother and the dear ones that cluster around the association of the birthplace, will incite a burning love in every human heart, and the sentiment that follows becomes wide in its meaning, and deep in its truth. Every shade of feeling may be expressed in the various forms of the song. All sentiments may be made manifest through the medium of melodic form. Art comes into the common order of ideas and gives them beauty.

A careful consideration of the different modes of human feeling which may find expression in fear, joy, grief, awe, anger, admiration, calmness, courageousness, impetuousness, hatred and love will prove the truth of my statements.

It may well be said that it would be more natural to manifest the passions in speech than in song. No one will dispute this statement, and in like manner it would be as natural to give vocal utterance to some emotions.

I used to observe a gentleman of my acquaintance, who was very fond of flowers, and whenever he was in the garden gathering a bouquet, almost unconsciously to himself, he would be singing some sweet melody. So fixed was this habit, that it would always manifest itself on such occasions. The pleasure that the floral offerings of nature incited in his mind, made vocal expressions of delight a perfectly natural outcome.

Then too, the many pretty serenades that lovers delight to sing in the quiet hours of a beautiful night, proclaim in a most positive manner that the heart will express itself in song. The very timidity of feeling loses itself when engrossed in the beautiful sentiments that find expression in some tender song. The religious sentiment, which is common to nearly every heart, finds its best manifestation in some grand hymn.

It has been noted by reflective minds that when a large congregation joins in singing some fine sacred song, in which the sentiment is one that will be dear to every heart, there is an agreement of feeling that makes each soul in harmony with the others, until the whole body is in perfect concord. It is much more easy for a speaker to claim the attention of his audience, after they have been singing

some old song, or hymn. For there is a concentration of the various minds upon one thing and it is much easier for them all to follow the speaker after such a concord of feeling, than it was before. It is attention concentrated, and a feeling incited that makes them one in sympathy. These common sentiments of an ennobling character make the people of a nation brothers in love and sympathy.

Patriotism is incited in every noble heart when some national song draws a multitude into concord. In times of political excitement or national danger, what will draw a multitude together into a unison of feeling, as quickly as a patriotic song, with which every mind has dear associations? The warm blood will flow to every manly cheek, and strong hands will grasp each other, with a fixed determination to be one in protecting the country that furnishes a common home to all.

Many a hard battle has been won by the inspiring influence that a national song has incited in the hearts of an army.

In times of great grief, no influence is as gentle in its sympathy as the soft strains of music. The very funeral march has a ray of comfort in it, for its calm movement seems to foretell immortality. The onward movement solemn, and yet beautiful, proclaims the peace and serenity of heaven. Every heart beat of the suffering ones, will be more calm, as the gentle murmurs of music fill the mind with a holy influence.

Such, in part, are some of the influences that touch the heart of humanity in the song.

It will be perceived that the real side of this question is lso its logical one; for the truth of the matter does not rest on opinion, but on the thing itself. Truth is always its own witness.

Emotion and reason are so near each other, that with reflection for a solvent, they become one. The emotion is but the first stage of a waking consciousness, and soon rises into reason by the agency of reflection. Thus, while we find in the song an expression of the emotional feelings

of mankind, we also see in it, the very reason for the state itself.

In speaking of the song, I mean a musical composition that is worthy of the name, and not one of those wretched productions that are made by unskilled persons in the hope of receiving gain. We have too many of these latter pieces, which defame the very name of song. They are mostly written in the purposes of trade, and seek to win a certain kind of popularity by lowering music to a base, or vulgar position. Such songs, most fortunately for the welfare of music, are not often successful, and it is not one in a thousand that pays for even the cost of its production.

By the word song, I mean that agreement of music and verse, that possesses both purity and beauty.

In the song we have a manifestation of the idea in a beautiful form. Every state of the mind, and each idea, is transformed into an expression that is fixed in form and content. It tells its own meaning in the most truthful way. There can be no doubt of its intent, for it is the open truth itself, always pure, and ever beautiful. Speech and song become a one, when wedded by the holy power of music.

C. H. Brittan

THE TEACHER OF PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC.*

There is no profession so little understood as that of the teacher of public school music. These teachers are not understood by those outside of their work, and to a great extent they do not understand themselves.

Conscientious, sometimes to a painful degree, in the prosecution of their work, with this non-appreciation of the great public on the one hand, and their own mistaken ideas as to the demands upon them upon the other, they go along from year to year producing results satisfactory only in part, and failing to reach that high standard which all teachers desire to attain. In their efforts to do better, they reach out, and without thought grasp at whatever presents itself to help along their work. All sorts of methods and devices are seized upon as so many aids toward solving the problem; this, without any attempt at an orderly arrangement of the material thus employed, a little of this thing here, a dash of one system there, an interpolation of a part of another time, all without sequential progression, and thus building up a structure lop-sided, incongruous, no harmonious unification, simply a pile of material thrown together in a jumble, producing in many cases but a heap of rubbish.

Let us delve into this confused mass. We turn it over and over, and cull from it here and there many a gem, many a beautiful thought, which in its proper place might have added its humble contribution to the raising of a magnificent structure, but here deprived of its power because of its misplacement.

Do you understand me, teachers? I do not intend any unjust reflections upon the great body of co-workers in this department of teaching, and that you may rest quite easy upon this point, I will frankly state that in what I have

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*A Lecture delivered at the close of the National Summer Music Schools at Detroit and Boston. July 17 and 31, 1891

said I had in mind myself, years ago, when, not being firmly established in the truths of the course I here represent*, I was a type of the class referred to, and against whom I launch this diatribe. I had been through this ordeal of fire, laboring with incessant zeal for the good of my pupils, failing of a complete realization of my hopes because of ignorance of my own needs, because of ignorance of the true needs of the children! Did they, the children, not work for me? Did not my faithful allies the regular teachers work for me? Was it any fault of either? Were not our annual Commencement exercises, testimony of the hard labors of the year? Yet in spite of all these encouraging signs, there was in my own heart a feeling of defeat; there was a missing link in the chain, and in my despair I looked about me groping blindly, seizing upon whatever seemed to be of use. I had a good system, this same course; I believed in it, and, though I was not satisfied with my work, I felt that it was not the fault of the system, but of myself.

With all the extraneous aids derived from various sources, I gained no great help, there still remained a something wanting.

What was that something? Merely this, *Conviction.*

But conviction could not come until I should become satisfied that I was on the road to success. The National Course seemed to me like a large stretch of beautiful country, filled with delightful landscapes; at the far horizon towered a lofty mountain, its heights bathed in the sunlight of eternal truth; roads innumerable upon every side, which one would lead me to its summit? There was but one, straight and true, a road broad and spacious, bordered with foliage rich in its manfold tints, and redolent with the aroma of its flowering, its feathered denizens filling the air with the music of their joyous carolings. "You are poetic" I hear you say. Ah! if you could feel the thrill of joy which came to me when my feet at last struck upon this road, could experience the feeling of relief which was mine when the burden of unrest was thrown off, and I was sure that I was

*The National Music Course.

in the broad, broad path of Truth, you would be filled with that exuberance of emotion which was mine, which is the possession at once of all who will sacrifice selfish ambition in a greater a lesser degree, to the common cause of the dear children who are entrusted to us that we may enrich them, gladden them, fill their lives full of the sweet sounds that belong to a better, a purer world. Every sweet song is an, echo from heaven, a glimpse of the celestial universe. Can we not see this in the brightened eyes of the children as they sing?

Does not the soul of each child speak through the eye? What more radiant sunshine than the constellation of bright glances evoked from the eyes of our happy little ones in their songs.

Are you discouraged? Ask yourself this question: Am I on the right path? How will I know if I am on the true road to success in my teaching? Shall I endeavor to aid you by asking you a few questions?

1st. Are you following a method prescribed by Nature?

2d. Have you the patience demanded of an educator?

3d. Is the material you use suitable for the children whom you teach?

4th. Are you sure that you are giving them food which is adapted to their needs?

5th. Are you not in too great haste and thereby forcing the children in their studies?

6th. Are you using good models in your work?

7th. Are you giving good examples with your own voice?

8th. Are you requiring pure speech, pure tone in song?

9th. Are you encouraging the love for the beautiful in children, recognizing the fact that ugly things are to them unlovable?

10th. Are you not too pedantic in your teaching?

11th. And finally, are you willing to sacrifice all pet hobbies of your own, such as are not in accord with the teachings of the best thinkers and writers, (experienced laborers in our field of work,) in the interest of the noble cause we represent?

I will try and answer the fore-going questions and in doing so I shall quote largely from a celebrated work on "Method in Education,"* merely transposing the phraseology to apply it to our particular work.

If you can bring yourselves to follow the course indicated in these answers, I am sure that you may congratulate yourselves upon being on the road which leads to the mountain-top.

1st. The human mind follows in its development a method prescribed by nature; it must proceed by that method and no other. If the teacher uses a method opposed to this law, though he may fancy that he is successful, he is simply misled, from the fact that the children, at the cost of infinite trouble and annoyance, set the things right for themselves before they can understand what is taught.

The labor thus imposed on children, by teaching them things in the wrong order, not only makes their learning very slow, but very arduous and wearisome, as opposed to the natural laws of their intelligence.

In music the method prescribed by nature would seem to be in this order: Song in its simplest forms proceeding by degrees to the more complex; then the mechanics of song as follows: First, *Tune*, the scale in simple diatonic succession ascending and descending, then undulating, then in harmonic skips, and lastly, a skillfull but pleasing combination of the three movements. Second, *Time*, the simple forms of two-part measure so constructed as to respond to the innate rhythmical sense of the child, progressing carefully into three-part and four-part measure with the presentation of staff notation.

Care must be taken that in both *Time* and *Tune* there shall be nothing to disappoint the natural demands of the child-nature. Staff Notation, Part Singing, Choir Studies and advanced Chorus Singing follow in due course at the proper periods, and always with a due regard to the age and capabilities of the pupil.

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*Rosmini's Methods in Education, D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, permission.

The educator must have great patience, and good service is demanded in all this. He, an adult, must apply himself to petty details which have lost their interest for him, though indeed, if he have the right heart and mind, he will soon recover a fresh and larger interest in them.

This is a gift wanting in a great many educators, and their want of wisdom is shown in trying to turn the attention of the pupils to work fitted only for adults, in which they, the teachers, find pleasure, and which they consider of importance.

Because I find pleasure in singing an aria from some grand-opera, it does not follow that it would be fitting to teach it to a class of children; or because we may enjoy listening to the Choral Symphony of Beethoven,* it by no means follows that we may teach its choruses to our little students.

Patience, teachers, in all that you do. Wait! and let these young buds expand naturally, and not by hot house forcing cause them to blossom prematurely and thereby lose the rich boon of a grand fruition.

3rd. Your method of teaching approximates to perfection, only when you are able to determine accurately what instruction is proper to each period of childhood.

If you have the requisite knowledge in this direction, it will always suggest the proper material to be used in each particular grade of school work.

4th. The musical intelligence of the pupil must not be given food unadapted to it; in other words it must not be called upon to perform music of a higher order than it has yet attained to.

5th. There must not be haste on the part of the teacher, passing from one thing to another without the assurance that the first thing is well understood by the children, whether it be in the early rote work, scale work, time work or in the later work of notation in all its various departments. There should be no forcing; nothing should be attempted

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*Here our educator proves too much. The choral melody in Beethoven's ninth symphony is a true folksong. ED. MUSIC.

which goes beyond the stage of development in the progress of the pupil.

6th. The pupil should study only the best models, in both song and exercise work.

7th. The teacher should be able by his own voice to give correct examples of pure tone both in speech and song.

It is of the highest importance, that the two preceding rules be carefully observed.

8th. The true teacher will realize that what a child really loves is the beautiful. It gives a soul to the shining button, and it not only admires it, but loves it, just the same as all other things which in its eyes are attractive, it loves that which it has at first admired.

In child language, pretty means lovable, and ugly, unlovable.

Therefore in music, in order that the children may be early lifted to a plane which shall draw them to love music, they must have first presented to them songs, not exercises? something that will cause them to say: "This is pretty" and of course the song, in order to produce this result, must be a model, symmetrical, beautiful; simple as you please, but always orderly and in good form, appealing directly to this innate sense of appreciation for the beautiful in all things, which is the possession of every child. Pedantic exercises, in which there is no music, but merely mechanical arrangement, a technique, have their place in due time, but in the early lessons of these tender little singers just out of babyhood such compositions will but appear to them ugly, unlovable, depreciating what natural fondness there may be lying dormant within them, and failing to awaken any response, while one sweet song would bid to instant life the slumb'ring chords, and fill the heart and soul of the child with joy-entrancing melody.

Love for what is beautiful and its development is the foundation of all moral advancement; it has its source in the spiritual nature of the child, the foundation of all true progress. Touch but this spring, and the child nature is beginning to grow aright. When the child, the youth, the man has learned to love the beautiful in all things, by hav-

ing in his early lessons models of beauty always before him, he will never be drawn towards the unlovable, and all wrong will be repulsive where ever it may be. His ideal will always be high, and though he may fail of its full attainment, yet he is always reaching up towards it. So much for the ethical side of the question.

What a glorious office then, has music to perform if properly presented, in encouraging a love for the beautiful? Give the children, first of all, songs, things in music; but always good songs, models in tone, form and literature, so that both music and words as combined in each song shall be to them a thing of beauty, lovable, something the child can take with it to its home, such a song as it can sing to its parents and hear their response in accord with its own feeling, "Is not that pretty?"

One of my teachers, not long since, said to me "When I first entered your schools, and you told me I was to drill the pupils daily in your lessons, (this was on the first year's, or rote work) I could not see the good of it." Having never before taught music in the schools where I had been previously located, I had no appreciation of the work, and looked upon it as something rather ornamental and of little value practically, but my ideas underwent a radical change when, after a few months, I would meet some of the parents in the humbler walks of life, hard working men and women, both father and mother obliged to be out from morn till night laboring to procure sustenance, raiment and shelter for the family, and they would say to me, "O! teacher, if you could only know the rest and comfort we get after our hard day's work from hearing our children sing the sweet little songs you teach them in school! How it makes us forget our cares, our memories; how it rests and refreshes us."

Tell me students, tell me teachers, is there any study in the school-curricula throughout the land that can be put into practice in the homes thus early, thus beneficently? Think of it! the little singer of five or six years of age as a helper in its humble way to his hard working parents.

"*And a little child shall lead them*" yes, lead them to forget the hard lines of their lives, and to dream of happier days somewhere.

What exercise work could do this? Only song, beautiful song,—*Music*, is capable of conferring such benediction.

Yes! Music *first* and plenty of it, analysis afterwards, and a little at a time.

Music trivial, merely tickling the ear with its meretricious tintinnabulations, and especially when coupled with words as meaningless as the music, or worse still being of a low order of literature, should never be given to children.

The help of music should not be sought as a mere pleasure to the sense.

The child, himself, frivolous as he seems, and swayed by his sensations, requires more than that.

He is intelligent, and seeks first, intelligence in all things, even in his sensations; and afterwards emotion and delight of the purest kind which spring from them.

Music can therefore be made a most useful instrument of education, if so applied as to touch with emotion those moral representations which the child already knows and understands.

Music will then become a sweet and tender interpreter of the noblest conceptions his soul has yet attained, but which has hitherto lain there without life or color.

But where shall we find such Music?

Who shall use it with the self-sacrificing courage to put into it neither the beauty which is purely sensual, nor the beauty above the child's comprehension?

Who shall understand and value Music expressing only childish thoughts, clothed in childish words, and which shall yet be upon the high plane of the beautiful and true, lovable music to the children?

10th. Pedantry in teaching singing in the public school is always to be avoided.

The pupils of pedants will answer questions by the score, but will have less knowledge of singing, and the time lost in pedantic work, brain-stuffing, will have been an insuperable obstacle in the way of acquiring more.

Vocal practice is what is needed, with just enough theory to bind the work firmly, and no more.

Finally, make up your minds definitely upon this point, the selection of a course of study in school music which shall agree with the propositions herein stated, but assuredly under conviction that they are tenable, and then teach the course for all it is worth.

Sacrifice every feeling of prejudice, immolate all your desires for fame in inventing something new (which is perhaps not new) upon the altar of unselfishness, and filled with a love for the cause broad and sweeping, push forward and win success for the glorious case of school music.

Need I say that the *course we are studying here** is in full accord with every proposition I have numbered, because:

1st. It follows a method prescribed by Nature.

2d. Its easy and progessive steps from the simple to the more difficult, from the known to the unknown, will serve to endow the teacher with patience and the children with zeal.

3d. Its material is in its every department always adapted to the needs of the pupils, whatever their age.

4th. The food drawn from its exhaustless larders is aways the proper sustenance for the children to whom it is fed, from the youngest to the eldest; heavy food is not given to the younger nor baby food to the older; for every age are the songs carefully chosen.

5th. The teacher with this course cannot hurry, for the moment he moves too quickly he is at once tripped up by the pupils who are unable to proceed properly from the known to the unknown by skips in the dark. Therefore must the course be carefully followed, with due regard to its sequential and symmetrical arrangement, and without haste.

The course presents only good models in tone, form and literature.

7th. You *must* give good examples with your voice, implicitly follow the directions given in the national Music

*The National Music Course by Luther Whiting Mason, Ginn & Co., Publishers.

Teacher, the fundamental book of the course.

8th. The same book emphasizes the importance of pure speech from both teacher and pupil, and also of pure voice in song.

9th. The Course, through the medium of its rich and varied selections from the best composers the world has known, encourages in the child the love for the beautiful, awakening and continually fostering an appreciation for the best in song, lovable music.

10th. Teaching this course according to the principles laid down in its books and charts, and as given here in our lessons, relieves one of all inclination toward pedantic instruction, all the work being upon the line of Nature, and therefore in the line of a natural healthy growth of true development.

Finally, a faithful study of the National Music Course will bring conviction with it: it will tend towards weeding out all selfish ambition; it will awaken a love for the work of teaching school music, such as never before dwelt within you; it will win success for your pupils, for yourself, for the cause.

And now, teachers, pupils, we are on the road to the mountain-top, we have many days of travel before us, many weary months of labor, but there is beauty on every side to hcuer.se

As we turn with the path, we are greeted by the sweet voices of the younger children singing their beautiful songs, learned naturally, without cost to their delicate brain fibre their infantile voices full of the exuberance of child-life float upon the air in melodious strains.

Anon, a lull in the song-singing, and we hear a little light mechanical work with the scale, just enough to keep them busy awhile, and then song, glorious song, again all the more enjoyed because of the short season of labor. And now we meet a troop of children a little older than the first party, they are gazing at some chants upon which in clear bold type, are the songs sung by the first group, and with eager eyes they read, and recognize as they read their old tunes, now in the printed form.

How proud they seem to be; "We can read music" they say. Well! let them think so, they are full of happiness in the thought.

Another group still older. Ah! they are making motions with their hands, and with military precision and exactness *beating time*, and song and exercise follow in succession, in perfect tune and time.

"We can read music in many keys," they say, but we know that they are merely at the gate, yet they are full of joy and eager in their work. The air is laden with the perfume of sweet things, and the children are happy. Sing then children with hearts and voices accordant!

And now, another group, yes! they are reading music, simple, very simple, but at sight, rendering the mechanical work with precision, and afterwards singing the songs with due expression Yes, they are *reading* their music. Another group! Singing two-part songs in various keys still reading, studying by note until the piece is learned, and then under the baton of their teacher filling the air with the rich harmonies of their beautiful songs.

We pass on through another gate; still older children, boys and girls studying intervals, chords, two-part and three-part song, minor keys, what rapturous sounds, what entrancing harmonies.

Listen to the boys as their rich alto voices bring out the melody of their part, distinct thoughout. See their eyes glisten with pride, with self-conscious power in their work.

Yes! both boys and girls are enriched beyond compare in the possession of this knowledge, enabling them to participate intelligently in such a season of song.

Again we pass on, and now the youths, many of them tall and manly looking, have the voices of *men*, and full four-part song rings out in grand concordance.

The stately choral, the majestic oratorio chorus are given with a volume of tone that bespeaks hearty enjoyment of the work.

Youths and maidens all hand in hand have reached the summit of the mountain, not without labor, but always in

pleasant path. Their guide and teacher turns to them and says: "Beloved pupils, at the foot of the hill where years ago we started upon our journey, we sang a simple song built upon one sound of the scale the *tonic*, that sound which represents, Repose; We started upon our journey toward the mountain height, the ascending scale motion; with toil enlivened and enriched by sweet songs we have reached the mountain top, the octave of the tonic, Repose. You have won the right now to rest upon this lovely hill, and from its summit to drink in your fill of all the beauties of the musical land-scape; there is no limit to the view, for as long as life shall last you have but to turn in any direction and new beauties will appear. Song is yours forever, in this life and in the life eternal; the music of your voices will be a benediction upon all listening ears, and many a sore heart will forget its misery, many a dark home be filled with sunshine, many an erring child turned from the path of wrong through the ministry of your singing."

"Go then, fill the world with music, sing the anthems of the church, the songs of the nation, the melodies of the home; enrich, beautify, expand and ennoble yourselves and those around you young and old, with sweet songs; Song! the only expression which needs no language, but which is a type of the divine harmonies of the world beyond, breathing always the spirit of Him, whose life and death are comprehended in the one word, Love."

Boston. GEO. A. VEAZIE, JR.

GUARANTEE FUNDS AND GAURANTORS.

No great enterprise can hope for success or for stability in this age of financial absolutism unless it has back of it reliable financial support. Temporary schemes may seemingly prosper without this, but a few days or months, or at most a few years, are the lengths of their endurance and continuence. To this rule musical enterprises offer no exception. The only really great musical undertakings—great in their success—are those which have rested heavily somewhere for their maintainance. Until popular taste, desire and appreciation are developed and become a power with a considerable percentage of the masses, such undertakings cannot be self-supporting. Unless they are either self-supporting or supported by some external agency they cannot exist or be perpetuated. Furthermore, unless they do come into existence and unless they are persistent, the required development can never be accomplished, and they can, therefore, never become self-supporting. The giving of financial aid, by those who can afford it, and can afford it without hope of remuneration at any future time, is the chief point under consideration in this article. It is seemingly a necessity that the burden comprised in the maintainance of musical enterprises such as concerts and opera performances shall be borne by a few whose shoulders are broad and whose hearts are willing. It is seemingly a fact that unless we as a nation possess men and women thus happily constituted, we shall never have a national music and a popular taste and appreciation sufficient to entitle us to be called a musical nation. In Europe all such efforts in art-development are supported by the state, and constant endeavor is made by those in authority to advance popular taste at the expense of the public treasury. Here nothing of the kind is either possible or desirable. For this many reasons might be advanced—some of them not altogether

creditable to the machinery of our national, state and municipal administrations.

Since the state cannot officially help in the development of music and musical taste, it becomes necessary for the individuals who in reality constitute the state, to take its place and forward the good cause. Let me not be misunderstood in this connection: I do not refer to the men holding offices, but instead, to the men who make offices and officials possible: to the men who constitute the people, the nation; and as the nation could not be without its women, of course they are included. In Europe the people are obliged to supply the treasury with funds, and when these are used for the support of music it is readily seen that they are obliged to support music, although indirectly. I believe that when a man supports any form of art voluntarily it does him more good than if he does it even under indirect compulsion, and therefore I believe that we as a nation will profit more in developing our musical art because we, as a nation considered as individuals, will do it voluntarily.

To give form, to give definite shape, to the financial basis of musical enterprises, the guarantee fund is in common use. Guarantors are found who will give enough to constitute such a fund as will in case of need meet the expenses of the undertaking should it fail to realize for itself the required amount.

I am able at the present time to think of five kinds of guarantors.

The first is the man who signs for the amount, but neither desires nor expects nor intends to pay. He heads the list on the basis that the best comes last. He is the pit-fall into which so many fond hopes and bright dreams have fallen. He is the mire and the clay that ensnares and defiles the feet of innocent art as it tries to find its way into the hearts of the people. He is the most to be shunned by all who hope for a glorious future in music. He is the one who has to be sued before he will pay, and who stands behind his social influence and warns the musician of the danger of exciting his anger and of trying to brave his antagonism. He is the coward who, with a white feather and a little sweet

oil, would try to heal up the unsavory sore of an empty purse.

The second kind of guarantor is the man who gives because of pressure. It is for him the easiest way out of what may be to him an embarrasing position. He cares nothing for the art or for its possible benefit to his fellowmen: he does not desire that its public performances shall occur, he begrudges the money which he may be obliged to give up, but which he trusts he will not be called upon to pay, and to save himself further bother, he subscribes for the smallest amount that he dares to have his name appear beside, and thrusting his head into the desert sand of his selfish aims, frees himself from the irritation of the whole matter. His manner to those who solicit his aid is that of one outraged and bored to death. He affects surprise that he should be called upon so frequently—the real frequency of such calls is rather hypothetical, thanks to his manner when approached—and consequently can afford little time and less money for the cause. He turns his bucket of cold water over the enterprise by humiliating those who, in their enthusiasm, have ventured to undertake it. He does so purposely, for he hopes never to be bothered in the future. His money is his only value to the enterprise, and his ungracious manner almost, if not entirely, counterbalances its worth. Musicians are generally possessed of sensitive natures. They are capable of great enthusiasm and of great depression. Encouragment indeed encourages them, but constant and needless difficulties thrown in their way tend to develop a mercenary spirit quite at variance with what was in the beginning the natural trend of their aspirations. If every one around them is scrambling for money, their necessities press them on in the same direction, for to compete in the struggle for existence they must occupy practically the same plane. The humiliation of being received as a beggar, treated as a beggar, feed as a beggar, dismissed as a beggar, embitters one's nature, lowers one's standard of judgment of men, belittles in one's own heart the pure art he loves and desires to develop, and discourages further undertakings with that end in view. Thus does the second

order of guarantor hang a millstone about the neck of the musical enterprise he seems to be assisting.

The third kind is he who subscribes for the social credit and good name it will give him. He cares nothing for art himself; he knows little or nothing about it, and does not care to increase his knowledge. He will appear at the performance and listen very wisely, applaud when others applaud, smile when others smile, scowl when others scowl, fidget in his seat when others seem restless, look involuntarily toward the door at frequent intervals during the last number, readily accept an invitation to meet in the green-room the principal lady performer, compliment her on the magnificence of her execution—he having fully realized it himself in its effects on himself—hint at her grace and appearance, hope to hear her again, and enthuse over his delight at becoming personally acquainted with her. He goes home feeling that he bought all this distinction, pats his purse on one of its fat sides—emblem perhaps of his own general contour—and wonders who and how many saw him in his box or his chair, and who and how many saw him receive and accept the invitation to meet the prima donna. So long as he is seen and envied he is happy, and he pays his subscription without a word. But let him be neglected, let the singer be in a hurry to catch a train and not stop to listen to his compliments; or, worse yet, let her leave before the performance is all over or before he can publically receive and accept an invitation to just step behind the scenes, and cents are as big as dollars when he has to pay them. He must have ocular demonstration that he is recognized by the public as its benefactor. For that he pays his money, and if he doesn't get it he has been swindled. He does not come out and say so, but he has any amount of fault to find. The concerts were not up to the standard, the prima donna—whom he did not meet—was a conspicuous failure; the programmes were too long, full of chestnuts—not one of which he could have named from hearing it; the orchestra played out of tune—so the papers said the next morning the chorus was weak, etc., *ad infinitum*. Thus he pours cold water on the enterprise and

impresses the fact that he must have more attentions in the future. Musicians, therefore, consult him upon subjects concerning which his opinion has no value; they inflict his presence upon tired and bored artists; they talk to his friends of his generosity, that they may in turn pour it into his eager ears at some future time. Thus the third kind of guarantor assists art, at the expense of art as such, for his social aggrandizement.

The fourth kind is he who, having little knowledge or appreciation himself for the art, yet believes its general effect to be a good one and beneficial to the public at large; so he will assist in its support. He attends some of the performances, pays reasonable attention to the programme as it is rendered, generally takes a cigar in the smoking room with some of his friends, calls upon the ladies in their boxes, and seems pretty well pleased with everything. He is sincere in all he does, and enjoys the pleasure of others He may even wish that in his younger days he had given time enough to music to have become able to understand it and appreciate it in its highest forms. But now he confesses that "Home, Sweet Home" suits him better than an aria from "Lucia" or "William Tell." He does not see much to admire in Wagner, but he is honest enough and sensible enough to believe that the fault is his and not Wagner's. He feels that the people are better off at a grand concert or opera than at a variety performance, and that if they hear symphonies often enough they will find tne merit in them which musicians say they contain. He cannot see much to rave about in a symphony, but since those best qualified to know say it is good, he concludes that it must be, and he wants everybody that can perceive its goodness to have the opportunity of doing so. Therefore he subscribes, pays willingly, gives the best advice he is able when he is asked for it, encourages the performances by his presence and feels fully repaid in the knowledge that he is assisting in the good work. He is the main standby of musical undertakings, for the man of means in this country is generally rich from his own hard work. He has had in the past neither time nor opportunity to cultivate music; what he knows of

it is simply the result of accident in the form of a daughter's studies, in which he has taken a fatherly interest, or in the public performances which he has attended. But he is great enough in his heart, he is noble enough in his regard for humanity, to get out of himself and look at a great cause from the standpoint of those who are great in it. He is the hero of the class who make music possible.

Of the fifth class is the one who understands the art, loves it for itself, and desires that it shall attain the position in public estimation which he feels it deserves. He is working more for music than for men, more for art than for humanity. He is generally an amateur performer or singer. He reads books and articles on music, loves to read over new scores, has a friendly interest in native composers and helps them to bring out their works. If he is a church member he takes special interest in the music of his church, and often pays liberally for it. He will not only subscribe to worthy musical enterprises, but he will make a personal matter of it and influence his friends to do likewise. He is always at the performances; the artists are always anxious to meet him and to be entertained at his house, he takes great pride in his music room and is ready to place it at the disposal of any commendable cause. He is a rare plant in this cold climate, and only thrives because of the exuberant musical vitality of his nature. He seldom begets his kind, and when he dies the world suffers a positive loss.

Thus, out of the five kinds of guarantors, the first two are an actual injury to the development of musical art. The third, taken all in all, does neither harm nor good—he is a nonentity. The last two make musical art possible as a public institution for the benefit of the public. The load which they are obliged to carry is often needlessly increased by the lack of business skill on the part of the musicians, and yet more often by the childish jealousies and contentions among them. The short-sightedness of the average musician is proverbial, and the man of means is often discouraged and disgusted by the pettiness of spirit and unendurable selfishness and egotism so frequently displayed by those who are, after all is said and done, the most benefited

by any successful musical undertaking. Consequently the man who does put his shoulder to the wheel and carry forward any such enterprise is worthy of unqualified public commendation and admiration. Deplorable it is that he is so often blamed, accused of false motives and inferior judgment, even by those most directly benefited by his endeavors; and it certainly is creditable to human nature that in spite of all the disadvantageous conditions that obtain, the grand art of music is constantly carrying the world higher and higher, nearer and nearer, to the Walhalla of its greatest heroes.

HOMER MOORE.

THE STORY OF AN ARTIST.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS.

CHAHTER XXXIII.

Huldah's was not a self-justifying nature with a retentive memory for its own grievances. To have spoken a harsh word was of far greater moment to her than to have received one. She had vexed David, she told herself upbraidingly, as reflection made his speech more unbearable. Hurrying into her bed-room for her wraps, she found it in great disorder. Her husband had opened his satchel and flung its contents about quite as if order came of itself, or at least from sources as outside of human control and effort, as the rain. The sight sent her thoughts in a new direction. She was glad not to see him for a time. She would go out, but not to the meeting. Perhaps quiet would come when out of sight of everything belonging to her present life.

Once in the street, she walked rapidly away from the city. The human imagination has both magnifying and minifying powers which it turns upon the troubles one must bear alone. To give much and require little, above all not to expect perfection from one's dearest, is what each one of us must accept as a recipe for taking comfort. Happiness we must relegate to the lost Paradise. We may have peeps at it, but no more. But Huldah was young, and had not learned this difficult lesson. To that troublesome yearning, she called "self" art, her work, and all it held of endeavor and achievement were the most important things in life. And to the new world she had entered and which centered about her husband, art and her work were folly. Life seemed to stretch on and on before her, bleak and barren, as the gray road stretched

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on before her eyes till it was lost in the gray coldness of the horizon. Self-absorbed she noted with vivid interest the peculiar wintry blue of the sky, the fantastic eddies the wind had made in the snow, and the busy chattering to the sparrows huddling in the evergreens. She paused that a party of discontented ducks waddling across the street, and carefully toeing in, might pass her, and smiled as they grumbled "weeb, weeb, weeb," in watery sounding protest against the weather.

A sewing machine was noisily clicking before an open window. A man was stitching shoes. At his side was a pretty young woman. "Damn it!" Shut up!" he suddenly hissed to his companion who had been speaking to him in a low voice. "You shall, I tell you! You are my wife!" Huldah looked intently at the two. "Is wifehood, then, for all women a sort of bondage?" she asked herself with quick prejudgment of the case. The swiftly descending window recalled her to herself. It was the woman who closed it, looking meanwhile at Huldah reproachfully. A moment later a hand was laid upon her arm and a pale old face peered into hers. "Whyee!!! Lord a, mighty! I know you!" muttered a querulous old voice. The old man was much the worse for liquor. His breath came faint and horrible with brandy upon Huldah as she braced herself to support his weight.

"Who are you, anyhow," he went on, "an' who be I? Lord, a, mighty! I know who my dater is, but who be I?"

"You are Mr. Fuller," said Huldah gently. "How came you so far from East Ephesus and home? And is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Fuller?—Yes, Fuller!" The drowsiness of intoxication overcame him an instant, then smouldering resentment roused him. "Home! I hain't got no home! It's gone, I tell you! Gone to the devil! Do for me? Yes! You can help me crush his heart out!" He shook his shriveled first above his head and fairly screamed with fury. Then as if waking from a sort of trance he turned to her again. "I've forgotten you now. Who are you?"

"I—am Mr. March's wife."

"Oh, ah," he muttered looking blank. It was evident that this name conveyed no impression to his mind. "I don't remember. I've lost, you know, everything. I'm an old man. A dreadful old man with a cursed dater. That's what I am. And she—damn her!" He reeled away, and started down toward the town, intent upon his own thoughts.

Sympathy made Huldah gaze after him till the sound of approaching sleigh bells caused her to hurry on. She felt sure that old man had been a great light in the church at East Ephesus. He had drunk brandy to forget his troubles. To forget must be to the soul, as a bed of down to tired muscles. There are more potent and subtle drugs than brandy, a voice seemed to whisper to her as she struggled on through the snow-cumbered path. The tall white gates of the burying-ground were just ahead of her, and with an instinct of concealment she slipped past them and into an enclosure made by some tapering cedars and low-growing, lusty pines. Deep among the evergreens was a broad vault, covered with a white slab. She sat down upon it, trying to think. Some rule must be found, she told herself by which to order her life amidst the conflicting claims thrust upon her. But David's words rang in her ears, excluding all suggestions. She was, then, to his world, and perhaps to him, 'a fool.' To yield to what his world, and he seemed to demand, would be an utter engulfing of all she had called life. To hold to her own course might bring upon him failure. Ministers, she now realized with pity, are, though called embassadors of Christ, in reality a helplessly dependent class of men. But true self-abnegation comes from an inner impulse, not from without, compelled by stripes and bitter commands. David had made it difficult to consider his claims by insisting upon them. Innumerable men and women were at that very moment making the discovery, that the beings for whom they had given up all they hoped to be, were mall-minded, selfish and harsh of temper, and were very

human instead of creatures angelic. But how could she think of that? Oh the dreariness of sorrow to youth! "He does not love me! My life is spoiled! I do not want to live!" she whispered over and over to herself till a strange quiet came upon her storm-tossed mind and shivering body. Music began to play itself over in her ears; enchanting dreams of song, heart-thrilling polonaises danced by feet waiting for battle, and webs of melody that sparkled as with a thousand lights an instant, and then vanished to give place to hymns of sorrow. The sun crept down the west. The sighing pines cast long shadows, and the cold grew more bitter. But she heeded it not, sitting with her elbows on her knees, her face hidden in her hands, crouched upon the tomb in the snow. At last a tall figure darted through the enclosure, and catching her in his arms, mercilessly shook her. "Great God!" He groaned with passion. "Are you dead! Oh my darling! My darling!"

"She be n't dead!" cried Johnny Hulett, his voice shrill with grief. "Don't say she be dead, doctor! I seed her a coming in here, and I runned for you, but you was gone! Don't say she be dead! Nothin' can be changed, Doctor Forbes, when fo'wks is dead!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As Smith cannot tell why he does not like codfish, nor Jones why he finds the odor of musk intolerable, nor Robinson why he dislikes red, so Mrs. Podd could not tell wny she fairly hated the sight of Mrs. March. But she did. In fact she confided to Mrs. Dulcimer five minutes after that momentous first visit upon the pastor, and his bride that she "hadn't any use for *her*." And as Mrs. Podd was inclined to impress her views of people upon her husband, who on his own account was suspicious always, and prone to see shadows where other people saw light, he came to echo his wife's sentiment, and criticised the pastor's wife unsparingly. Twice since her coming to Chester, he had contrived to bring together in his florid parlor certain of the male members of the church, and the fortunes of that body had been discussed as it had seemed

casually, but in fact by carefully prepared planning. The day after the paragraph from the *St. Louis Gossip* appeared in the *Mound City Trumpet*, he boldly sent notes to a select number upon whose discretion he thought he could rely, asking them to come to his house for the express purpose of considering "the situation of the Orthodox Zion."

The Praying band had come from Wollerton, and in consequence the Methodist people had enjoyed a great revival. Moreover they had captured Silas Fox, whom Mr. Dulcimer had long yearned to entice into the Orthodox fold. Mr. Fox had frankly admired Mr. March, and had subscribed liberally (for an outsider) to the repairs, but as he never could understand the differences between the creeds of the sects, and nothing would induce him to sign church notes, he had chosen to ally himself purposely to an organization without financial incumbrance. Mr. Dulcimer, secretly very angry, had shaken his head and sighed much behind his hand. Mr. Gregg said openly hat Mr. March had not done his duty or such a valuable man would not have slipped through his fingers. As for Mr. Podd, he declared with emphasis, and much animated gesticulation, "Mr. March aire a tee-total failure as a pastor, you know."

"Fox was too cunning to get under our mortgage," said Mr. Fultz when he was appealed to. "He hasn't any mind to come in and help pay for water that ran by the mill years ago. The Methodists are free from debt, and we might be, had you listened to reason."

"That's easy to say!" snapped Mr. Podd, much exasperated. "But it's March's business to git folks into the church to help pay it, now it's on us. Don't the new folks have the comfort of the meetin' house jest as well as we, ye know? I should say so! And the longer we keep such a man, the wuss we are going to be off. What we want is, an—re-organizer—an' a man with-er—plans and go, ye know. And we ought to have a man who'll do somethin' for us in a social way. Give a tea party now and then, ye know, and bring us around him. Look at

the Prisbeteern man! Why, he knows everybody in town. So does the Baptiss man. Run a church on business principles, I say, and look out fer number one, you know." And he slapped his hands upon his capacious pockets.

Mr. Funnel, a noted evangelist, had stirred up the Baptists, and the additions to the church had been considerable. "They need revivin' bad enough," "Deacon" Yates had said dispassionately at the beginning of the meetings. "The Lord hain't ben anigh 'em these ten years!" But when Mr. Funnel's exertions captured the Nettleberrys, the deacon's complacence gave way, and he fairly gnashed his teeth. The whole family sang like thrushes, and had been accustomed to attend the South Mission. Now that they had transferred their services to the Baptists, and the Mission praise—meetings languished, the deacon casting about him for some one to blame, fell upon Mrs. March, and declared that her indifference to his appeals, and her frequent absences from home were not only in themselves unchristian, but were an affront to him and the church.

A popular lecturer whose glib sophistries had delighted the unthinking, had appeared in Chester at the opening of the winter, and had gone his way with a full pocket-book. Young men quoted his opinions, and naughty old men declared him with a wink, "the greatest man of his age." The hearts of two of the pastors had kindled into righteous indignation, and one of them had established himself in a shop just opposite the opera-house upon the afternoon of the lecture, and had made a memorandum of the persons he had seen buying tickets. Before the week was over he had invited each one to be present at his meeting-house the next Sunday, when they would behold the destruction of the scorner.

Another pastor advertised between double leads, "that he would pulverize the lecturer's arguments, and overwhelm him with confusion." The results were large crowds to hear those two gentlemen, and a scanty audience at the Orthodox. There was much grumbling that Mr. March had remained silent when speech had suddenly

become golden. Even Adam Hollis, whose common sense was seldom at fault, thought secretly that his pastor had failed to make the most of a great opportunity.

But as the weeks had rounded into months, Mrs. March, with the disaffected, had become the crowning grievance. From the nature of things the most fault was found by the cradle-rocking half of the church, and at some tea-tribunals she was discussed with a lack of comprehension and a lack of charity that would have shocked the toughest gossip of them all, had she understood its enormity, and had it been directed toward a South Sea Islander. Close quarters are often destructive to benevolence, sometimes causing it to wither, and too often to disappear altogether. Mr. Fultz was unraveling some very tangled law business at Wollerton. Dr. Forbes was in Mound City assisting at a capital operation. Adam Hollis's wife was ill and engaged all his attention, and others, who, had they been invited, might have brought sympathy for the pastor into the company, were diplomatically forgotten in the distribution of Mr. Podd's little notes.

"We've had a dreadful back'ard year," said Mr. Podd, twirling his fat thnmbs and stretching out his stumpy legs when his little party had assembled. "You know my mind, you know. I don't believe in runnin' a mill 'thout I git some sort o' a grist outen it. Ain't no use in wearin' out machinery jest to hear clatter, you know."

"Bein' at the tail end is rather tejus," said Mr. Gregg, putting out his thick under lip, as his habit was when meditating. "We ain't so very fur behind,—but we are behind, and the question does arise,—as you may say, who now is to blame? I take it somebody is. Don't you see it so, brother Dulcimer?"

Mr. Dulcimer started uneasily. He did not like to be directly appealed to, and hesitated as was habitual with him. "Yes," he said reluctantly after a few seconds. "Mr. March preaches excellent sermons, but there seems to be something lacking. Something, vital I should say." He quoted an oft-repeated assertion of his wife, which was a little more comfortable than giving his opinion in

his own words, nevertheless he felt extremely anxious, and his mind retreated into its most retired hiding place.

"I think it's vital, not to be a pastor," whistled Mr. Yates. "He has always been at some study or other to take up his time. And now he's married, he's worse'n ever about a,—er connecting himself with outside enterprises,—as you may say that build up the Cause at large."

"He's never subscribed a cent to our debt," grumbled Mr. Gregg, quite forgetful that the interest on that incumberance had been met more than once, by appropriating the pew-rents unsuspecting members had supposed were kept sacred to the payment of the pastor's salary, while that worthy gentleman was left to live as best he could. "His wife must earn a consid'able sum of money, but we never see the color of it. I hate to see a minister tighter'n the bark to a tree."

"I've been told he's been a inquirin' about the Stanwix place." Mr. Podd wagged his head up and down with much reprobation, and as if he were disclosing a very damaging fact. "It's wuth a cool five thousand spot cash. A pretty bit of prop'ty. An' if he should buy it, —why there he is, as you may say, fixed here."

Mr. Dulcimer nodded, but Mr. Gregg, who was careful to be perfectly exact when he spoke of money, believing that to be careless in that respect is not only dangerous, but very nearly criminal, said with a frown that he knew the place had been offered for four-thousand-five hundred cash, or five thousand on time. "However," he added, "I don't think there's any danger from that quarter, for Mr. March has told me that he has no fortune save the money due him from the church,"

"You've only got his word for it," snapped Mr. Yates, showing his unpleasant long teeth. "He's mighty sly about his affairs, March is. He never told a soul he was a-going to be married till the wedding day was set. It came off the week I heard on it. He never made a confidant of nobody, unless it is Fultz."

"He ain't cramped for money," said Mr. Barnes, twisting his head about in his old-fashioned stock. "Dry goods cost something."

"His wife has spent a pretty penny with you, I s'pose," said Mr. Dulcimer with a sharp look at the deacon.

"She hain't spent a cent," replied that officer angrily. "Emporium ain't good enough for her. Buys all her things at Chicago, I s'pose."

"I guess she hain't bought much," said Tarbox dispassionately, dusting off his trouser legs as his, way was when committing himself to an opinion. "She hasn't been married such an awful spell, and I had a Chicago paper describin' the wedding. Had a great lot of things to start with. I don't care what he does, or what *she* does, if,—there'd be more comfort in the choir. I don't like to be raked up for singing flat, when it's nothin' but a notion of some-body,—I sung a consid'able spell afore she struck this town, and I've about made up my mind that I shan't sing no more till she moves out of it."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Podd decisively, "the nib of this meetin', if it's got any, you know is, to consider if it's for the intrusts of all concerned that Mr. March continue on. That's the question before us, shall he continue on?"

Mr. Yates nodded, turning fiery red with excitement. Just then he ranked his pastor with the evil powers of the universe against whom it was the duty of all good Christians to battle.

"He might continue on for all me, if he didn't take just the stand he does on temperance," lisped Mr. Shaw, whose lymphatic temper had been slowly warmed by the peppery heat about him. "He makes me tired with his everlasting idees about liquor. Wants it all done away with by law. I don't quarrel with my victuals, and I don't believe in running principles into the ground."

Mr. Yates, who for all his zeal in the temperance cause saw no reason in giving up such a safe source of private revenue as malting, and adapted his convictions to

circumstances, echoed this sentiment. He said running principles into the ground showed small sense.

The discussion lasted till mid-night, and towardthe end the men drew their chairs together, and spoke in whispers.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Lord save ye,Paddy Ryan! Don't ye know it stands to rason a man can't cut a body up, and put him togither again widout runnin' the risk av puttin' him togither wrong, an' spilin' the inside av him intoirly? Didn't me b'y John tell me, as how Tim O'Kald's Mike tauld him, as how auld Forbes cut inty the very stummick av Mrs. Tompsing, an she as dead as the stuns in the road, jist to find out what kilt her, whin he as a doctor should know without looking, and it too late to do a hand's turn for her, poor craytur. I tell ye if ye let that bloody thafe av the worruld cut inty yer auld woman's inside, she may lie abed forever like Mike Shannon's granny, as has to be fed loike a babby, an' him jist loike you a-livin' on starwation, an' loike to live on it, till yees foind a better master 'n auld Podd." And James O Harra, constable, waited for the assent which was sure to follow any assertion of his at Doubly Dodge's "Place," and took a sharp look at the wild-eyed old man sitting by himself near the tall stove.

"That's true for you," murmured several voices, "Dom auld Podd for a skinflint!"

But Paddy Ryan, though he had a vast respect for his old crony from county Clare who had gone steadily up in the world, while his own fortunes had taken an opposite direction, since whiskey had to be reckoned with in his case, was disposed to be argumentative. "But Jim, me b'y, she's abed this very minute," he said, "an' the doctor sez as how 'tis a foine chance she has of risin' as smart as onybody, an' 'twas him set me arrum, an' tuck me through me trouble wid the whisky fits lasht fall, as foine as a fiddle without a pinny av charge, an' bedad, doctherin' is his business, an' he ought e' know."

"That he had," said old Doubly who being of a talkative turn found it difficult to be discreetly silent as a man with trade to solicit and keep should, unless he can in the same breath say yes and no, to the same thing. "But he don't give enough physic, my 'pinion. If a mon can cure himsilf, why should he sind for a dochter, and like as not spind a day's wages for nothin' at all but a bit of adwice?"

Everybody assented to this proposition. "'Twas mysilf had a bod cold," continued Doubly, "an' sez I to him, matin' 'im in the strate whir in conscience he couldn't charge me anything, sez I, "Docther,' sez I, 'what's the curin' av a cold?' An' sez he, 'Goin' without victuals,' sez he, wid a wink." There was a subdued chuckle, for Doubly's dimensions were of vast diameter. "Ivery auld granny knows better than thot," he went on, unconscious that he had received the last result of science. "If iver a mon wants atin' an' drinkin' av the bist, its whin he's sick, an' whin I'm struck wid a misery now I calls in Garlock, or elst auld Lummis. He can fall aslape an' drame out your complaint as plain as printin', an' all his physic is roots an' wades, an' sich loike."

"Takin, physic is wan thing, and bein' cut up wid knives is another," said O'Harra, buttoning up his coat. "There was Pat Mc Tammera's leg cut off to cure a sore, and then the sore broke out all over him loike, and kilt him dead." Then bending close to Doubly's ear he asked in a whisper the name of the old man by the fire.

"It's not mesilf that knows it," said Doubly with a shake of the head, "He comes in here afther dinner and took the last taste in loife av brandy, an' it made him that drunk, Lord! ye'd think his head was impty intoirly, an' I jist suggisted that he stip out a bit, an' take the air, which he did."

"He'll bear watchin," said O'Harrah judicially. "I must go to the matin' av the committee that's arrangin' the Hibernian ball, or I'd come in occasionally an' take a look at 'im. Mind 'im, Doubly, and give him no more to drink."

Each glass of grog added fuel to the fever of fear and combativeness rising in Paddy Ryan, but as all his emotion frothed over in speech, till there was nothing left to influence action, no one believed Dr. Forbes in danger. Save at election time Paddy led a purely ornamental existence, and he was very anxious that his Biddy should be sufficiently restored to health to again become his bread provider. "I'll buy a gun an' kill him," he threatened over his tumbler in confidence to Mike McPhail. "I'd like nothing better than to drink the heart's blood av 'im." "Ye'r a fool, that's what ye be!" exclaimed Mike, who was out of humor. The docther is a good mon. May the Heavens be his bid for what he's done for me! But I'd rather brake auld Podd's dirty back than to ate a male av victuals."

The old man by the stove drew his coat together and went out. No one noticed him, not even the lynx-eyed Doubly, at that instant engaged in watching a game of penuckle quietly in progress in the little room behind the bar.

The old man fumbled in his pockets. They were empty. He hurried on and on. There was a strange sound in his ears as of knives sharpening against each other. Sometimes all the world looked red. Before the barbed wire factory a load of bricks had been dumped, A chimney needed repairing, and Mr. Dulcimer always took time by the forelock. The old man paused and picked up a brick. "A stone killed Goliath!" he cackled to himself under his breath, a terrible excitement shaking his whole body. "I see 'ema watching me! But they hate him too! I wish I had a knife and a gun! They talked about lots of knives, but this brick 'll do me!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The news went down the street like the smell of fire. Women came out in the cold twilight, huddled in shawls, and men stood in groups talking in awe-struck whispers. Dr. Forbes dead? There must be some mistake. Almost every wrist in the city knew the fine touch of his fingers.

His kind eyes had carried hope into almost every family Dead! There was a chill in the word deeper than the cold of winter. No one had seen a brick fly out of the darkness just beyond the barbed wire factory, and hit Wildfire full on the neck. They said he ran away because he was young and had never been properly broken, and much more, out of their ignorance. Mrs. March had been picked up unconscious. It was a relief that one could ask if she was seriously hurt, and why she was with the doctor.

One thing only was known for certain, and that was that the doctor had been flung upon the flamboyant horse-block before the Orthodox church, and instantly killed. It was Dr. Garlock who had seen that final act, and in spite of past rancors, the old man had sobbed when he had laid his hand, with a physician's instinct, upon the quiet heart.

Sunday morning dawned clear and cold and brought a thrill of expectation to the majority of the Orthodox flock. With Dr. Forbes shrouded for burial on the morrow, and Mrs. March not only suffering from the shock of her fall, but from a mysterious and terrible attack of pneumonia, it was felt, even by the most cantankerous (with one exception) an inopportune time for an expression of dissatisfaction. Nevertheless, as they went to meeting the people felt pervaded by a vague excitement, and expectation that something unusual would happen. Though looking worn and ill, the pastor preached with more than his usual fire, and more than one grumbler began to question his own wisdom, and to reflect that it would be far easier to drive such a man away than to replace him. Even Mr. Yates found himself assailed by unanticipated regrets, while Mr. Dulcimer forgot himself and sighed openly. Mr. Shaw stroked his fat cheeks, disturbed by the price of grain and the indications that the new temperance notions had a tremendous hold on the minds of the masses; and Jonas Tarbox, who had found himself terribly put out by Alice Garnett's forte playing, told himself that an organist who kept the choir up to the

mark and knew her business was a luxury after all. But Mr. Podd, sitting very upright in his pew, looked what indeed he was, a pouncing creature about to pounce. Dr. Forbes had never been his physician, and if the pasr'sot wife was sick, it was no concern of his. When the closing hymn had been sung, he intended to walk down the broad aisle and to present to the pastor a certain yellow nvelope with which his breast pocket was now bulginge. But when Mr. March was reading the closing hymn, a boy's noisy step sounded in the vestibule, and in a momen a curious, soft voice cut across the measured cadences.

"'Ee be a-dyin' Missis Podd," said Johnny Hulett in what he intended to be a whisper, but which was perfectly audible to every quick ear in the church, "'Ee 'ave come to 'isself, 'ee 'ave, that old Mr. Fuller, an' 'ee do say you is 'is own dater."

Mr. and Mrs. Podd sat staring straight before them in a sort of frozen stillness, and Johnny raised his voice a note higher in expostulation: "You do 'ear me, I know you does, an' 'ee be a dyin, Miss Weeks sent me, for she took 'im in, a-thinking' as 'ee war an ole beggar."

Mr. Podd bounced up as if stung, and caught the arm of his wife. Mr. March made an imperative gesture toward the choir, and as the singers began to sing,

> "How shall the sons of men appear,
> Great God, before thine awful bar?

to themajestic counter point of Windram given with the full effect of the great organ, and craned their necks with ravenous curiosity over their books, the two went out, Johnny Hulett walking heavily after.

Seven days later the Podd family left Chester forever. The old fashioned fifth commandment had suddenly asserted its claim to the respect of the world, and Mr. Podd felt it was providential that business called him suddenly to Leadville.

"I do s'pose I treated you kinder bad years ago, Liza Ann," he said sheepishly to Miss Weeks, the evening of his departure. He had vainly attempted to make her a present for the care she had given his delirious father-in-

law. "We was engaged a pretty long spell, an' some women would a raised a dreadful breeze. I've allus admired the way you've kep' still about our old acquaintance since I came here to live."

Miss Weeks, who had accepted only the bare cost the old man's illness had been to her, stood up very straight. Her pale face glowed. Her faded eyes were blue once more. She was a pretty woman.

"You did treat me bad, Josephus," she said, with quiet solemnity; "but I've always thanked my Maker you did show out, and I was kept from marrying you. I'm one that is thankful for troubles missed. You needn't worry. I shan't speak of our bein' engaged any more than I have. 'Tain't anything I'm proud of."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

All the roses were in blossom, and the syringa bushes were as white as milk, while the wisteria that shaded one of the windows of Mrs. March's little parlor hung thick with purple clusters full of honey for the bees and the humming birds. Out on the prairies were glowing expanses of Indian pinks and orange puccoon, and the vacant fields by the shabby railway station were blue with spider-wort, for it was early June. Mrs. Tompkins' wide front yard was thronged with people. The pavement was crowded, The road was choked with carriages.

"It's a dreadful pretty time o' year –for–" Jonas Tarbox paused, sighed and shut his mouth with a snap to check the trembling of his lips. He was leaning against the bole of a lusty water maple near the gate, and beside him stood Mr. Dulcimer, Mr. Yates and Mr. Gregg, who like himself had given up their places in the house to women. Mr. Dulcimer nodded, and drew his hat down as if the sunshine was too bright. "It's sing'lar not having music," said Mr. Gregg, pulling himself up with a jerk. "My Mattie, now, had an idea of doing something beautiful. But he was dreadful set about it."

"I know just how he feels. He couldn't stand it!" burst out Mr. Yates impulsively, and wiping his

with no effort at concealment. "I never felt so sorry for anything out of my own family. If Forbes had lived, he might 'a' done somethin,' perhaps. But I dunno.—Of course some things have to be. I kep a hopin' an a hopin' till the last, but my wife, she says to me at first, ays she, "Caleb, I'm afraid somethin's a goin to appen." "My! My!" Again the little man was compelled to wipe his eyes. "It's a comfort we could do anything. I like to think we didn't have to stand around, an' just look on. My wife cooked every morsel she ate the last month."

"Under the circumstances," said Mr. Dulcimer, moved to unusual self expression, "I think that call to Oxford is a good thing. If this hadn't happened I should feel that he hadn't any right to leave the pulpit for a professorship. But as she is to be—er—near Chicago, it will be a comfort to him to be near, and teaching. I understand his work will be mostly lectures. It will divert his mind. He's always read a good deal of Greek, and I'm told this professorship is a great honor, but what I look at is, it will divert his mind. It is a great thing in a case like this to divert the mind."

A stir began near the door. Women came out with handkerchiefs to their faces. The men removed their hats. An oriole that had been flashing in and out among the swaying elms called lovingly to his mate. The south wind gently lapped the lush green leaves. David March, standing alone in the doorway, for an instant was conscious of nothing but the bird's song, and the voice of the wind. A great wave of pity swept up to him from the hearts about him. "He loved her," whispered the women to each other, feeling an unreasonable joy in the knowledge, as if the existence of love were again demonstrated. Even Mr. Gregg's shrewd, middle-aged eyes became misty. "I've heard she was very patient," he said to Mr. Dulcimer as they walked side by side to the station in the long procession. "I always thought he a lovely woman to look at." "She was," assedent Mr. Dulcimer with unequivocal directness. He had told his wife that morning he wa glad that circumstances hados

shaped themselves that Mr. March in leaving Chester, would cause no hard feelings. If there was anything he could not endure, it was to have hard feelings in the church, "on his heart." No twinge of retrospective regret, pricked his self-satisfaction. That his fingers had any part in fashioning the burden now borne by his late pastor, he would have denied as stoutly as he would have denied, that he had taken part in upbuilding the Pyramids. Only warm-hearted, hot tempered Mrs. Tompkins had secret stings of contrition. "I never really knew her till she took sick," she acknowledged to Miss Weeks in the retirement of one of the carriages. "I might 'a' made it pleasanter for her. I see it now." "She was always a plannin' what she'd do when she got well," sobbed the little seamstress, "but perhaps she'll do something better than anything she ever planned where she has gone. Who knows?"

David March sat alone in a single coupe. He had requested the privilege of solitude. In his hand he held a a strange ticket that would take Huldah to Chicago Governor Rawlinson had assured him an hour before that he had arranged everything. He could not bring himself to think what it was that had been so carefully arranged.

Shrill whistles were sounding at the station. The clock in the Orthodox tower struck one. Two days before, Huldah's golden head had lain upon his shoulder and at that solemn stroke, he suddenly knew he was alone. "I shall always love you," she had whispered just before she fell into the slumber which became the last sleep. "I shall always love you." The words repeated themselves over and over in her tender alto, with the refrain of a little song she loved,

> "O happy day,
> O day so dear,
> How far thou art, and yet so near!"

Alas! the bitterness of wisdom came too late! Now as his hot eyes gazed upon the glowing fields so soon to be left behind, he knew he had missed the finest possibility of his life, and had never been quite in touch with

the highest qualities of the soul, that had dwelt so near his own for a time, in this world, but never of it. "Gone!" his heart wailed. "Gone!" He stretched his arms into the empty air. Again an oriole's song smote his ears. Life, radiant life glowed in upon him at either hand. "I shall always love you, always." Always! Oh, what balm of comfort in that promise out of the eternal silence!

THE END.

TWO SONNETS.

I.

TO THE ART OF MUSIC.

Throughout the dismal depths of Chaos, sound
Still elemental moved, still from the yoke
Of silence was not freed. No rhythm broke
The passive monotone, no theme unwound
It's linked chain of Melody nor bound
Itself to harmony's sweet laws. Then spoke
The spirit of Art: "My soul shall Nature choke
With her unmodulated pulseless round?"
"Unfolded be a beauty none yet knows;
Crude Nature shall no longer hold sole sway,
Fit place shall silence find, and sound be free
To climb in melody until it grows
Music, thence guided by the quickening play
Of rhythm, and crowned by charmful harmony."

II.

TO NATURE'S MUSIC.

It breathes in Summer's softly sighing breeze,
In windy Winter's blustering rush and roar,
'Tis heard when wavelets whisper on the shore
Or when in joyous spring the rustling leaves
Together frolic in the wind swept trees.
And hark! how mating birds their tender lore
Of love in welling rills of tone out pour
Thus Nature all her heart in Music frees.
Can Art despite her boasted property
In beauty match the rapture Nature sings
Untrammelled by the stilled rhythmic phrase
Unchained by arbitrary "harmony"
Her varying passions free to soar on wings
To scaleless heights? O Nature, thee I praise.

HELEN A. CLARKE.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE APOLLO CLUB IN HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

As a rule MUSIC does not undertake to comment upon musical performances, but the case of the coming Apollo performance of the "Messiah," Dec. 22, in the Auditorium, is of sufficient interest to require an exception. Handel's "Messiah" is one of the few master-works able to stand the changes of fashion and taste incident to a century and a half of the busiest time our world has ever known; a time of progress, moreover, in which the advances of a millennium have been concentrated into a century. The fifteen years during which the Apollo Club has given this work annually have sufficed to render its text familiar to nearly every member, so that it is the most familiar work they sing. Hence in the running passages there is a lightness and neatness which will generally be found lacking in other performances of choirs exceeding one hundred singers. There is also an exactness of attack, such as one rarely finds equalled. But the great point of the Apollo "Messiah" is the feeling, the imagination and spirituality they put into it. Everybody knows that the general rule of oratorio performances is that the great solo artists retain the interest of the audience. Arias which had seemed dry in private reading came out with beauty and impressiveness when read into life by the personality and voice of a great artist. In contrast with this part of the performance the chorus work sounds massive, but unimpressive—like a photograph where the focus is not sharp. Now in the Apollo performance this is changed. The chorus is the star. The thrill goes down the listening spine, and the heart stirs when the chorus sings, but the solo almost always sounds ineffective beside it. The reason of this is to be found in Mr. Tomlin's peculiar system of training, whereby the singers become

embued with the feeling of the work. They put their souls into it. When the chorus, "And the glory of the Lord" closes with the mighty affirmation "For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it," there is a general outburst of the hearers, which is not mere applause but that spontaneous and irrepressible manifestation of pleasure needed to relieve the overcharged feelings of the hearers. This is not all on account of the mere mass of tone. It is the personality of the tone, the spiritual quality, by which it addresses every hearer personally, as an artist addresses his hearers. In the grand numbers later it is the same, only more so. The custom of standing during the "Hallelujah" tends to diminish the effect rather than to augment it, because the change from a sitting to a standing posture in itself works off a part of the thrill upon which the applause depends. But in the choruses commonly shunned as ineffective, especially the beautiful "Surely he has borne our griefs," deep feeling and a truly artistic modulation of tone combine to make this chorus more impressive than any solo.

And so by reason of the wholly exceptional character of this performance (or act of devotion—for it is this as much as concert) MUSIC urges its readers who have not happened to hear a great oratorio given in this way, to avail themselves of the opportunity. The seats of the Apollo concerts are sold for the season in advance, but generally there are a few seats for individual concerts offered for sale by subscribers not able to use them. Such are usually turned over to the secretary of the Club, Mr. Wessels, who may be addressed in care of Lyon & Potter., 174 Wabash Ave,. Chicago.

THE Music Bureau of the World's Fair announces, in addition two festivals to take place in the month of May, one or perhaps two festivals in the month of August, at which selections from the great oratorios will be performed by a choir made up of smaller societies trained at home for the purpose. There is a circular now issued, which may be had by writing to headquarters, giving particulars. It reaches us too late for this issue.

PROF. ZAHM'S "SOUND AND MUSIC."

"Sound and Music," by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. E. Chicago, 1892, A. C. McClurg and Company. Octavo pp. 45.

This extremely clear and comprehensive treatise is founded upon Helmholtz's monumental work, "The Doctrine of Tone-Perception," (or "Sensations of Tone," as the English translator inelegantly has it) but supplemented largely from Dr. Rudolph Koenig's "Quelques Experience d'Acoutique," which contains much important matter of recent acquisition. Dr. Zahm's work is in the form of lectures, re-written and enlarged from certain discourses delivered in Washington, D. C., a year ago. In the ten chapters he covers the whole field of the musical acoustics, as the following list of topics will show: "Production and Transmission of Sound—Loudness and Pitch—Velocity, Reflection and Refraction of Sound—Musical Strings—Vibration of Rods, Plates and Bells—Sonorous Tubes—Resonance and Interference—Beats and Beat-Tones—Quality of Sound—Musical Intervals and Temperament. The illustrations consist of engravings of all the chief demonstrative instruments, together with figures of vibrations diagrams, etc., according to the original discoveries of Chlandni and others. Helmholtz's resonators are fully figured and explained. The doctrine and phenomena of beats and beat-tones are more satisfactorily explained than in Helmholtz, but this is too long a question for present use.

The chapter on musical intervals and temperament touches upon a question which deserves to be thoroughly taken up by musicians of the highest class—since from its nature it can never be settled by any other. The point is this: Granted that our present musical scale consists of intervals more or less equivocal, whereby upon our keyed instruments, no one interval except the octave is quite true, are we to regard this as final? Or are we to look forward to a time when means will be found for producing all intervals with scientific accuracy? As it is at present the thirds and

and sixths, the very intervals upon which the purity of a chord and its sentimental effect most depend, are among the least accurate of all that our instruments give us. Moreover, when we come to the use of dissonances our present system is still more inaccurate, whereby not only are many intervals alike upon our instruments which in mathematics ought to differ, but our theory of them is as yet unsettled—different theorists deriving a certain given dissonance from widely differing sources. Just as soon as a student makes a beginning in musical acoustics he immediately jumps to the conclusion that we are all wrong, and that what we have to expect is a future in which not only all our musical consonances will be correctly produced, but our dissonances carefully defined and classified, used by composers as accurately as colors by a masterly colorist. This is the view maintained by Helmholtz, and the musical success of the Tonic Sol-Fa is largely dependent upon its forming the ear to true harmony, and its practice of singing without dependence upon the tempered instrument.

But there is something to be said upon the other side. In the first place there has always been a hiatus between theory and practice. This was the case with the ancients including the most advanced of them—the Greeks. But practically they had no means of accurate determination. They set their diapason by guess. Aristoxenus directs the singer to tune his highest string according to the most convenient tone of his voice. Having thus arrived at a keynote, he could tune the remaining intervals more or less accurately according to the genus he happened to desire to use.

The trouble is, we are not yet settled as to the fundamental intervals our music ought to include. Everybody now agrees that the octave, fifth, fourth, third, sixth, second and seventh, should be employed. But when it comes to the intervals derived from the prime number 7, our theory is silent—as Mr. Jean Paul White ably showed in these pages a few months ago. So long as we remain within the key and confine ourselves to the diatonic intervals, theory is fairly definite. When we propose to modulate, however, theory requires of us one set of additional tones, while our

practical instruments afford but half the number. Moreover, it is very usual nowadays for a composer to practice in modulation the figure which in some forms of writing would be called "historical allusion"—he "alludes" to a foreign key, introduces one chord from it without actually forsaking the original key of the movement or period. In this way it is very common to find the chord of A flat, for example, introduced passingly in the key of C major, without unsettling the key. Again, Liszt often divides the octave into three major thirds, as when he makes a sort of cadence in the E flat concerto, by passing from the chord of E flat to that of B major, G major, E flat. Now as matter of fact there will never be a system in which the octave will consist of three pure major thirds, and never can be, for the reason that the fraction 5-4 (the ratio the third) multiplied into itself three times can never produce a power 2. 4-5x4-5x4x5 equals 64-125, whereas if the three thirds equalled an octave the fractions would have to come out 64-128. Many harmonic falsities of this kind are to be found in our music, and if we had pure-toned instruments they would have to give place. Moreover the precise status of passing tones with reference to the key is by no means certain. Such as what a composer means by an appoggiatura A flat. In short all our music is committed to the tempered scale, with twelve supposedly equal intervals in the octave.

Now the question as to the permanence or mutability of the tempered scale is not to be settled by an appeal to nature. Nature does not give us our music. She gives us merely the tone and its partials, running from unity to as high a subdivision as we choose to carry it. Theory stops at the present time with the derivatives of the first five partials. Actual musicianship probably uses or intends to use the seventh, ninth, and very likely, in some cases, the eleventh partials. But as yet only empirically. Our ears are so constituted or, to say it more truthfully, music is so purely a psychological product, that we are able to make a great deal of allowance between the intervals our instruments give us and the effects we have in mind. Thus even a very good musician can use a piano quite severely out of tune, and play

upon it compositions of the most poetic composers, without being very seriously annoyed after the first start—unless, indeed, a friend should come in; in this case the piano seems to him to go to pieces all at once.

When nature has given us the common chord, and when art has made a selection of three common chords which will go together as tonic, dominant and subdominant, the story is far from complete. Art uses the minors—indeed finds them out before she does the major chords. Yet musicians are not yet agreed with regard to their essential nature, and so discriminative a theorist as Mr. Klauser interprets the relative minor as a compound of tonic and subdominant elements, and similarly of the two other minor harmonies of the key. Then when art proposes to modulate into an adjacent key, we come upon the question of truth. To go from the key of C to that of G requires not only a new F sharp, but also a new A, higher than the A in the key of C by exactly 81-80. Yet the piano knows nothing of this, and it is very doubtful whether our violinists make the distinction. Indeed, it is altogether probable that the orchestral violinists do not, for they devote all their efforts to playing the tempered scale, in order that they may not disagree with the wood-wind and the other instruments of fixed scale.

And so the question remains for the higher kind of musical intuitions to determine—intuitions suchas those of the great composers, who give us new harmonies, and who bring far away keys close,—whether they really mean perfect intonation in each separate step of the progress, or whether the tempered keyboard, with its suggestive proximity of keys, appears to them sufficiently ideal.

Moreover, it is not certain what kind of intervals we really get in most of our musical performances. When a piano solo is played, it is certain that if the instrument was in the condition called "in tune" the tempered scale was the be-all and end-all; but as soon as we come to string quartettes, with the sliding fingers of the modern violinist, it would require a harmonic microscope of more than Sam Weller's "forty million magnifying power" to catch the fleeting shades of intonation.

No doubt this will all be settled sometime—or rather, it will be settled as to the precise point which had really been reached in our days. But by the time the theory has reached the point where it can determine the precise status which our music of to-day had reached, the bounds of harmony will have been still farther enlarged, and new combinations will have been introduced by composers, merely from the empirical standpoint of musical desire and instinct, concerning which musical science will be as much at sea as it is in this day.

Meanwhile it is of great value to learn something about the theory, and to do what one can to justify it in comparison with the great element of uncertainty which still underlies all our musical practices. And for such a purpose there is no other so good work in English, known to the reviewer, as this of Dr. Zahm.

SOCIETY OF MUSICAL-LITERARY CLUBS.

Mr. W. M. Derthick, of this city, author of the well-known "Manual of Music," is now engaged in an enterprise which deserves the good wishes of all lovers of music. The work, in fact, is essentially that of Music Extension, but confined to a certain province—namely the organization of local clubs, or circles, devoted to the study of musical history and literature, the cultivation of musical intelligence and taste. His plans contemplate the organization of amateurs and students into clubs meeting once a week. The history exercises are carried on by means of the educational game, concerning which there was something said in MUSIC some months ago. The manner of playing the game, it is said, has been cleared up, and the course systematized, so that it now takes twenty evenings to fully cover the information contained in his ninety-six cards of musical history.

But the game is only a part of the proposed proceedings. He contemplates that an evening will be given to each of the great composers. An essay is read, selections of his works played by members of the club, and a biographical sketch presented. Then the course includes the series of recitals

and the like, all of which will be engineered by the parent society. All the local clubs are members of the parent society—of which Mr. Derthick is president and manager.

Among other incidents of these Musical-Literary clubs will be readings from MUSIC, which from this time forward will give each month more or less matter related to that upon the historical cards of Mr. Derthick, and supplementary to that. In fact for several months there have been in these columns historical sketches particularly well adapted for use in this manner. Among these were the sketches of the organ and piano, Mr. Carpe's articles, and that upon "The Ancient and Modern art of Singing," in the present number. Next month it is expected to include an article on the "Antiquities of Music."

Testimonials have been shown from nearly all the members of several Musical-Literary circles which have been formed, showing that the plans offered for their course prove acceptable and interesting in actual use. The bureau feature is as yet in its infancy, but there is no doubt that by co-operating several towns near each other might have educational recitals by strong artists upon terms within their means, especially when they begin by massing their influence as in forming one of these local clubs.

In reply to many inquries the announcement is made that the administration of Music Extension work to students in instrumental music is going on to a limited extent only. The movement is awaiting the completion of the graded courses of the different writers, works. As soon as these are done the work will be push more diligently. Meanwhile there is great opportunity for the organization of local circles for study, and especially for the study of musical literature. in which the works of leading composers will be properly illustrated by semi-professional reacers, or by artists. In the January number of MUSIC there will be more to be said.

THE Musical Congresses of the Word's Fair Auxiliary are being arranged. It is as yet too soon to say exactly what form they will take. But probably there will be two days of the National Music Teacher's Association, perhaps one day of the American College of Musicians, and Congresses of those interested in musical education in several grades, such as, (1) common schools, (2) those engaged in equalizing musical studies with those of a literary character as equivalents for university degrees (as at present obtains at Ann Arbor, and elsewhere) congresses (3) of heads of conservatories and institutions for the higher musical education. Whether anything will be done of an international character will depend upon the possibility of securing the attendance of a few eminent foreign professors, such as Reinecke, F. A. Gevaert of Brussels, Leschetitzki, Rheinberger, Sgambati from Rome, etc. It is hoped to have the scheme sufficiently far along for publication early in January.

STABLE ELEMENTS OF MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

It is not so generally known by musical students as it ought to be, that in musical expression there are certain stable elements, which, when once mastered by the student enable him to arrive at the correct expression of any legitimately constructed piece of music without the aid of any marks of forte, piano, etc. A truly radical discussion of musical expression still remains to be made. In spite of the pamphlets of Lussy and others, there is nothing systematic and radical as yet available for the student. Our systems of musical education, moreover, are very defective at this point, as will appear later in the present discussion, or as appears, perhaps, plainly enough in the helplessness of the average amateur in undertaking a new piece.

The peculiar value of music in our time consists in its so exactly expressing soul life, which it does by means of its manifold motion in pitch and time, accompanied with ever varying shades of intensity. All the modes of motion, whether light, heat, electricity, or that of music, have in them something of the spiritual. They all differentiate themselves from matter in its inert state, and so ally themselves to the great centers of light and power, under whose administration our universe, both material and spiritual, moves and has its being.

All the motion in music takes place in what we might call two planes, or three, if we were to make a distinct plane of intensity or

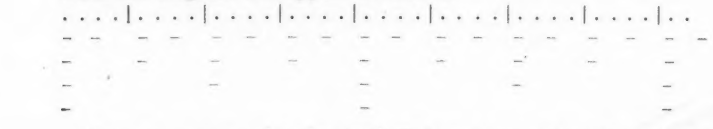
dynamic; but this, as we will see later, is not needed. The melody and the harmony are modes of motion in pitch; the rhythm is motion in time. Both of these departments are susceptible of reduction to approximate laws, even in the present state of our knowledge, whereby music becomes elevated out of the accident of the well or evil sounding into the plane of the significant and intuitively apprehensible.

Take any well made piece of music, such as, for instance, the Bach gavotte in E major, out of the violin sonata. We have at the beginning what is called a signature, and the piece is in a certain key. This means that out of the infinite gradations of pitch possible within the four octaves compass of the piece, as arranged for piano, the composer selected certain ones, making what we call the key of E. All the melody and all the harmony moves itself in the key of E, or when modulating into some foreign key it still retains its relation to the key of E, as if the key of E had a string tied to everything in the whole piece. Now in a key there is exactly one point of complete repose—the tonic chord. There is one point of what we might call half repose—the dominant. All other chords in the key have in them something which appeals, and which requires to be followed by something else, until a full repose is reached in the tonic. Hence the melodic and harmonic emphasis throughout will depend upon the place of the given chord in key; those farthest from the tonic, measuring upon the scale of harmonic relationship, will require the most emphasis, because they indicate greater intensity of feeling on the part of the composer. All of these gradations in appealing quality are modified more or less according to the time motion and the place of the particular chord in rhythm. This is another question, which will presently receive attention. Moreover, melody and harmony are one. The melody tone has its character in the harmonic concept. Another question needing fuller comprehension among musical students is that of key. The concept of key as consisting of the three chords of tonic, dominant and subdominant, is insufficient. The scale tones may be derived in this way, and there was a time in musical history (not very long ago) when many composers regarded these as the limits of key. The best recent statement of key doctrine is that of Klauser in the "Septonate," for in that he includes all the by-tones, and prepares an expectancy of all possible passing modulations and harmonic allusions, such as formerly rendered the music of Wagner unintelligible to many musicians even. It was the same with Schumann; his music had to wait a long time for recognition, because his harmonic motion was so much more vigorous and racy than that of his predecessors or contemporaries.

So also in rhythm. All the motion in time takes place against a background of measure, accent and rate of pulsation. In place of the infinite gradation of rate and ratio which mathematics would permit, a musical piece begins its rhythmic development by making a selection of a certain rate of pulsation, a certain group-

ing of pulsations into measure, by means of accents. All the rhythmic organization of the piece takes place against this background, which is felt rather than consciously experienced. By rhythm we mean the motion of a piece in time, as rendered intelligible by means of meter. Hence the first necessity for a student in undertaking a new piece is to form an idea of its measure and rate of movement. Everything in the piece turns upon these two elements. Besides the grand accentuation marking the measures (or the meter, as we now say it), there is a manifold detail of small accentuation within the measure, concerning which students in general have the most hazy ideas. This will appear more plainly if we make an example. Let the following row of dots represent tones, or tone times, if you choose. Suppose, then, that the series be subdivided into groups of two, by means of an accent upon every alternate one, as illustrated by the first row of straight lines. We will then have a series of small unities each composed of two tones. Suppose now that we combine two of these unities into a larger one of four tones. In this case the first rhythmic place in the group will take an additional accent, defining its relation to the larger unity. The second row of straight marks shows this.

Suppose, now, that these unities of four be involved again to unities of eight. We then have an additional accent defining the larger unity. Again, if a still larger unity of sixteen be made we will have still another grade of accent defining the larger group. Thus the diagram will appear as follows:



Let me not be misunderstood; I do not mean that the student must attempt to measure out in his touch precisely these degrees of force; but I do mean that the intelligibility of any legitimately constructed music turns upon this kind of minute rhythmic differentiation, which the player will make instinctively when he once has a true feeling of rhythm, and clearly perceives in any particular piece its complete rhythmic organization. Take, for example, the first of the two part inventions of Bach. The average pupil plays the first three tones like a triplet, whereas the second tone must be stronger rhythmically than the first. In short, it is only necessary to get a clear idea of the rhythmic detail of a piece in order to have definite means of determining the relative strength of every tone in a phrase—in so far it as depends upon the rhythmic position it occupies.

Moreover, I have several times used the term "legitimately constructed piece of music." What does this mean? It means, I answer, that the composer seeks to express something by means of his music. That something is soul life—idealized soul life, if you choose. He has practically three elements, which admit of being combined in a variety of ways. Those elements are rhythm, mel-

ody and harmony. Now if his soul intensities come to expression upon strong key moments and strong rhythmic moments, his intensity will be legitimately represented, and educated listeners will feel the intensity without being reminded by expression marks. In other words, expression marks are just as unnecessary in music as in language. When one understands the idea of a piece, he knows which words are the emphatic ones. So it would be in music if studonts understood music in this sense. All there is of greatness in one composer more than another turns upon the greatness of soul life coming to expression in his music. This turns upon his own depth and greatness, and upon his technic, his intuition, whereby he sets the strong moments of his feeling in the strong moments of his material—his rhythm, harmony and melody. Hence a melodico-harmonic education has in it much more than the mere ability to take musical dictation by ear—the mere recognition of key places; it means a continuation of this exercise and a study of music by the best writers until the deeper intuitions are awakened, so that one feels the music without conscious following of the pitch or rhythm places composing it. Nevertheless the intelligibility of the interpretation depends upon the clear definition of all these places, so that the listener may surely find them if he happens to need them.

Of all composers who have ever lived, the greatest musician must have been John Sebastian Bach. He had the whole story. Take almost anything of his and you will find first of all a rhythmic organization fle, clear and inspirng. Merely as rhythmis anything of his is interesting, and I am not sure but that Bach fugues might be made interesting upon snare drums, one to each voice, so clever are the rhythmic motions which there go on together and mutually intensify each other. Then his harmonic sense was masterly to the last degree, and his imagination so free and far reaching in its flight that he hates to come to a full stop anywhere, but takes you along with him in his flight to the distant goal upon which his noble eye had been fixed from the beginning.

Bach's intuition was never at fault. When he had strong feeling to express he knew where to place his points of emphasis. He did this so cleverly that now after more than a century and a half, and the work of all the great geniuses since, there is hardly a line in his works which sounds weak. He is always fresh, vigorous and full of life. This is the reason that the practice of his pieces (in the right manner) develops musicianship in the student. It does this in the best possible manner—namely, unconsciously, but none the less surely.

Some one has written lately in some periodical (the name of which I have forgotten) that music is not mere vibrations of the air, but a mental product—which is true cnough, only not in the sense that he means. He intended to deny it any sound-wave qualities whatever. This, of course, is absurd. Physics lays claim to place as a science, and tone has its physical side; but there is something in music greater and more personal—spiritual—than any-

thing that can be accounted for in the laboratory. It is mind. Call it feeling or intelligence, one or both—it is more than either. It is soul life. It has in it something better than mere feeling, something clearer than logic, and something deeper. It comes from the soul and reaches the soul. And that which we ought to desire for pupils is first to secure for them an entrance into the outer courts of the temple, where the elements are found of which I have been speaking above, and then to bring them as soon as possible into the inner sanctuaries where they walk by inspiration rather than by definitely ordered paths. Then would be developed first a sound and growing musical taste, wherein the best would assume its appropriate eminence; and, second, we would ultimately get composers, full of force, originality and lasting quality.

W. S. B. M.

THE MALE QUARTETTE AS A BROTHERS' KEEPER.

The passenger attended a lecture not long ago where there was a male quartette. One of the voices was very well cultivated, all above the average, and they sang with sympathy and good tone. The first selection was Dudley Buck's arrangement of "Annie Laurie," a very well made piece for the voices. This was all right. The audience being pleased (and a church audience knowing no method of signifying approval of the goods but by demanding double the contract portion,) the singers came back and sang "Tom, Tom, the Piper'r son," to a very frisky and elaborate setting. When the minister was half throug his lecture he afforded the quartette another inning. That time they sang "The Owl and the Pussy Cat went to sea." For their fourth number they gave a "rendition" of "There was a tack, there was a boy," etc. Out of four selections offered a serious audience three were nonsense. Why?

This sort of thing is done under the impresssion that it adds to popularity. Perhaps it does under certain circumstances. There are cases of dry theological discussion when something of this sort would enliven the proceedings to a degree, and impart a racy flavor too often missing in them. But think of the wasted opportunity. The literature of the male quartette contains some very beautiful songs, full of sentiment and beauty, and delightfully written for voices. The singers upon the present occasion had sufficient technic to have performed such things with fine effect. In that case there would have been pleasing and beautiful peotry, sweet melody and that sympathy of tone which is peculiar to the male quartette, and the many in thr audience would have received a new impression to the possibilities of music.

One of the most hopeless features of the existing state of musi-

cal taste in small towns is the apathetic attitude of the church toward all forms of music except that employed in their ritual.

Of course it is not the province of the church to educate mnsical taste—either with their own membership or in the community at large. But in the nature of the case the church naturally selects to itself in any small community the greater proportion of those who are disposed to take life seriously, and who are in sympathy with idealistic and spiritualistic ideas. These are those who ought also to be musical. The merely sensously musical are very few in the smaller t0wns, for the very essential reason that the incitements are too few there to develope latent aptitudes of this kind. But in point of fact there is very little done which might be done towards a better state of things. All the churches are too small for their desires. Money comes hard, and their absurd restrictions regarding what they choose to call "wordly amusements" tend constantly to repel from their influence the more enterprising of the youug people. Hence the winter is divided off with a course of entertainments of the most ad captandum character possible, in the double desire of retaining the young people and of raising money.

Occasionally we find this different. A music-loving minister, or a music-loving minister's wife after a few years gathers a circle of real music lovers. The sealed books of real music are opened to them by degrees, and through their leavening influence the attitude of the whole community undergoes a change, wherein the art of music begins to be more trully understood.

IN RE DE KOVEN.

Early in November the Chicago Times published an article in which it was suggested that Mr. Reginald De Koven had boldly cribbed a Spanish melody for a finale in one of his operas, and that certain Chicago musicians, Messrs Janotta and Seeboeck had scored his opera and written much of the music. The next stage in the development was an interview, printed in the same paper, wherein Signor Janotta was hastily passed over, but Mr. Seeboeck was represeuted as saying that he had indeed scored parts of an opera for Mr. De Koven, and perhaps might have written a few melodies. But that if he had it was no body's business, since he had been well paid for the work. The next stage of the game was the republication of the matter in the Indicator, Musical Courier, and other musical papers, with individualities of treatment, the intention being to pillory the indiscreet composer before the gaze of his fellow countrymen. Up to this point it was very sad for Mr. De Koven, even if it did serve him right. For this talented young man had laid himself open as a target by succeeding in a profession in which the average musician would regard him as an amateur—just as they used to regard John Ruskin in art circles.

It takes truth some time to get its boots on. After about two weeks it appeared over Mr. De Koven's signature that he had never had any assistance whatever in his published opeas. And that he would cheerfully turn over his royalties to any one who could prove ciaim to any of the material in them. Later a letter from Mr. Seeboeck was printed, denying the interview in toto.

I have since interviewed Mr. Seeboeck myself, and he tells me that ten years ago, perhaps, when Mr. De Koven was just beginning in the larger forms of composition, he did did some scoring for him in an opera which never came to publication. But that he had never done any work whatever upon his later operas, and never to his knowledge had he written melodies for De Koven. Moreover, he declared that he had never made any statements of the kinds alleged in the interview, but had stated exactly the contrary, as he could prove by his secretary who was present during the whole interview. Not content with this he had written a denial and carried it himself to the managing night editor of the Times, demanding its publication as a matter of justice. The reporter being in a journalistic corner between the devil and the deep sea, necessarily stuch to his story; the managing editor, perhaps having regard to some kind of a "pull," choose to take the view that the reporter had probably told the truth, but that the smudge stirred up, in consequence of the influential connections of Mr. De Koven, had induced Seeboeck to make a denial. Signor Janotta not only denied the story, but stated that no reporter had even spoken to him on the subject, snd that as a matter of fact he had never been introduced to Mr. De Koven, and did not know him personally. In spite of which the great majority of fools will go on believing that Mr. Reginald De Koven has acquired his musical celebrity commercially, instead of working for it honestly by many years of hard study—as all who know him know to have been the case.

The moral of this is that a native of the country has no right to go on and achieve distiection by mere hard work and talent. And if he does succeed in doing this, the daily Nemesis will be after him, hot blocks, and the musical Nemcsises will join in the cry until truth overtakes them, when they will gracefully and sweetly appologize, and join in beratiag the unprincipled scamps who originated the mistake.

The discussion was originally started by the Alibi Club, of Washington, D. C., which having adopted a Spanish melody as a club song, chose to take Mr. De Koven to task for using it later as foundation for a finale, in which Spanish incidents were in question. Of course the Club had no ground to stand upon, the use of folks songs in opera, when local color is desired, being one of the established principles of manufacture. W. S. B. M.

Rules for Expression

IN SPEECH, SONG, AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

WITH ESPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PIANO.

By Richard Welton, F. C. M.

Here begins the publication in serial form of a new treatise upon the principles of Musical Expression, by Mr. Richard Welton, Fellow of the American College of Musicians, Member of the London Tonic Sol-Fa College, etc. In this elaborate and important work Mr. Welton begins with the rules of expression in speech, intending to find in these a foundation for much that will come later in music. In his second part he treats of "Expression in Songs with Words." Part III, "Expression in Song without Words." Part IV, "Dances." Part V, "Cyclical Forms." It is expected to include one of these parts in each successive issue of Music. When the publication is completed, the book will be published by this office in complete form.—[Ed. Music.]

PART FIRST.

EXPRESSION IN SPEECH.

I. Word Grouping.

1. The eye sees four words in the sentence, "The man is strong," but the ear perceives only two. "The" and "man" are spoken with one impulse; so also are "is" and "strong." Similarly there are only two groups, one of five words and one of three, in the following; "The-belle-of-the-town" "rides a-wheel." Such a group of words is called by elocutionists an **oratorical word**. If the elements of an oratorical word are connected by hyphens, as above, the eye can see what the ear hears.

The-man is-strong.
The-belle-of-the-town rides-a-wheel.

2. Rules for the Formation of Oratorical Words in Quiet Discourse.

a. General rule.

In short simple sentences the subject and its adjuncts usually form one word—the predicate and its adjuncts forming another;—as

The-brightest-stars-of-heaven
May-be-obscured-by-clouds.

b. Special rules.

(1.) Connect articles "a," "an" and "the" to the following words; as "a-child," "an-angel," "the-least."

(2.) Connect article, adjective (if only one) and noun; as "a-red-rose," "the-sweetest-song."

(3.) Connect the elements of prepositional phrases, as "from-the--blue--mountains," "to--the--verdant--plains," "of-the-valley."

(4.) Connect Prepositional phrases with the nouns they modify; as "the-belle-of-the-town," "the-brightest-stars-of-heaven."

(5.) Connect the verb "to be" (in any of its forms) with its predicate; as "is-at-rest," "to-be-at-peace," "will-be-the-man's-first-thought."

(6.) Connect transitive verbs with their objects, and intransitive and passive verbs with their complements; as "saved-her-money," "bought--a--wheel," "falls--into--a-ditch," "seems-to-be-happy."

(7.) Connect auxiliary verbs, principal verbs and adverbs (if only one) or adverbial phrases; as "can-clearly-be-seen," "may-be-obscured-by-clouds," "shall-fall-from-the-skies."

(8.) Connect participles with modifying words or phrases; as "shining-on-the-hills" "blowing-gently."

(9.) Connect personal and relative pronouns with verbs; as "I-speak-the-truth," "He-uttered-the-prophetic-words" "He-who-works-for-liberty is-the-worthiest-man."

(10.) Connect all the elements of dependent sentences; as- "They-also-serve who-stand-and-wait." "The-one-who-said-it told-the-truth." "The-ambitious-youth-that-fired-the-Ephesian-dome outlives-in-fame the-pious-fool-that-reared-it."

II. Phrase Separating.

3. The term "oratorical word" is used to designate a group of words because it suggests the method of utterance. It is now proposed to use in its place the term **phrase**. The formation of phrases (oratorical words,) by grouping their elements, involves the idea of separating the phrases. The place of separation may be indicated by the "greater reading mark," (‖). As the connection of words is the primary method in quiet discourse, it may be understood that words not thus marked must be grouped; therefore hyphens are omitted in subsequent examples.

"The belle of the town ‖ is growing brown." "The brightest stars of heaven ‖ may be obscured by clouds."

4. Rules for Phrasing in Quiet Discourse.

(1.) Separate in principal sentences, the subject from the predicate and its adjuncts, using the greater reading mark; as "True love ‖ does not need its return."

(2.) Separate the elements of compound subjects and

compound predicates; as

"The natives shouted ||| sang ||| and danced ||| to show their joy."

"Earth ||| sea ||| and sky ||| were tinged by the sun's last glow."

(3.) Separate dependent sentences, not necessary to complete the sense, from principal sentences, using the greater reading mark; as "When land ||| is free ||| as the air is free ||| poverty will disappear."

(4.) Separate dependent sentences, not necessary to complete the sense, from the words they modify using the "lesser reading mark ‖; as "The artist ‖ that sang, last night ‖ was a stranger."

(5.) Separate two or more adjectives qualifying the same word, (involving an ellipsis) using the lesser reading mark; as "the low ‖ sweet song," "the old ‖ sad memories."

(6.) Separate two or more adverbs qualifying the same word using the lesser reading mark; as "Fiercely ‖ passionately ‖ he uttered the prophetic words."

(7.) Separate the members of sentences that are transposed from the usual order, using the lesser reading mark; as "achieved, ‖ is the glorious work," "Justice he asked; ‖ charity ‖ he was given."

NOTE.—The office of the reading marks is to indicate the logical divisions of sentences, carrying a step farther the principle of separation to which are due the period, comma and other common punctuation marks. When the latter are present, the reading marks may be omitted.

III. Pauses.

5. At the point of separation between phrases a **pause** of longer or shorter duration is made, whose object is to bring ideas into relief, thus making them emphatic.

6. A pause *after* a phrase makes it emphatic by giving the mind time to dwell on it; a pause *before* a phrase makes it emphatic (*a*) by the mind acquiring force to grasp the idea, (*b*) and arousing the attention by an unexpected interruption.

IV. Climax.

7. Every phrase has its climacteric point, its principal

word. Emphasizing the climax by pausing after it, emphasizes the whole phrase; as "A lion ‖ in council; ‖ a lamb ‖ in the field."

8. The reading marks indicate the pauses sufficiently well. In the following examples the accented sylables of the climax will be printed in heavier type as "The **teach**-er's life, though **ard**-uous; has its compensations." "A-**chiev**-ed is the glorious work." **Il**-lu-sory, and de-**cep**-tive are his hopes. The student in his later exercises is expected to mark two emphathic syllable of the climacteric word with a single circumplex accent. Very emphatic words, mark with two circumflex accents.

9. Which word of a phrase is the climax must be determined by the judgment, rather than by rule. Usually a noun or a verb (perhaps more frequently a verb, since it is the heaviest part of speech); it may be an adjective, an auxiliary verb or other weak part of speech, if antithesis is expressed or implied; as "A **wise** man heedeth counsel, but a **fool**-ish man despiseth it;" "A **red** sky at night is the **sail**-or's delight. **Red** in the morning, sailors take warning."

10. In repetition of phrases, though no new element appears, a new aspect can and (to avoid monotony) must be given to them by emphasizing a different element. as "**turn** from darkness to light, turn **from** darkness, turn from **dark**-ness," or by giving increased emphasis to the same element (the sign for which may be a "capital initial letter" "**turn** from darkness, "**Turn**" from darkness."

(**11**.) In every principal sentence there are at least two phrases. (If the sentence is long, there may be many.) The climax of the most important phrase—therefore the "chief climax" of the sentence, may here be indicated by full face caps as "The **PRIDE** of wealth." "the *pomp* power, seem **baubles** to the philosopher."

12 An appeal must be made to the judgment rather than rule to decide which word is the chief climax. The presumption is in favor of the verb rather than a noun, because a heavier part of speech; in favor of a noun rather than an adjective for a similiar reason. But it may be a preposition, disjunctive particle or the copulative "and;" as "The eagle

soared **above** the clouds;" "**he** sought to allure her with visions of **wealth** and power, **but** she was **true** to her **for**mer, lover;" "Her lips **par**ted, she sighed **so** gently his **name**, her eyelids trembled, **AND** she awoke."

13. The duration of pauses is relative to the degree of feeling and the importance of the idea. In quiet discource the pause at the greater reading mark and the doubled emphases should be somewhat more than at most commas—long enough to take a short breath. The pause at the lesser reading mark and at the single emphases should be somewhat less than at the comma—usually the briefest possible break in the continuity—less a pause than a hiatus.

14. Emphatic discourse may require the lengthening of all pauses or even the disjunction of all the words of a sentence; as "Give ‖ me ‖ liberty ‖ or ‖ give ‖ me ‖ death."

V. Force.

15. To shout a tender declaration is a palpable incongruity; as also to whisper to arms; or to utter didactic commonplaces or simple narrative with extreme degrees of force, for, bold and spirited sentiments require loud tones (forte); tender and gentle sentimeuts, soft tones (piano); didactic and ordinary cheerful discourses, medium force (mezzo).

16. Seven degrees of force may be specified:

Fortisimo	(sign ff)	As loud as possible.
Forte	(sign f)	Loud.
Mezzoforte	(sign mf)	Medium loud.
Mezzo	(sign m)	Medium.
Mezzopiano	(sign mp)	Medium soft.
Piano	(sign p)	Soft.
Pianissimo	(sign pp)	As soft as possible.

17. Each sentiment has its appropriate degree of force—its dynamic level. In the following table an attempt is made to classify the more characteristic sentiments and styles, and indicate the appropriate dynmaic levels:

Sentiments and Styles.	Emotional Class.	Appropriate Dynamic Level.
Bold and spirited Triumphantly joyful Grandiose Animated description	Forcible	Forte
Simple narative Meditative Didactic Descriptive Cheerful Neutral Variable	Moderate	Mezzo
Tender and gentle Pathetic Solemn Pensive Reposeful	Mild	Piano

18. The "fortissimo" is not available as a dynamic level for there must be a reserve of force for passages above the level. The "pianissimo" is not available, for passages below that level would be inaudible. Doubtless the "mezzo piano" and "mezzoforte" may be used if the sentiment is not distinctly within the forcible, moderate or mild classes.

19 To mark the short passages within stanzas of poetry, or within paragraphs of prose, that require softer delivery than the dynamic level, a single line may be drawn beneath them—a double line may be used to indicate a louder delivery. These marks signify only one degree (see par. 17) louder or softer than the dynamic level. Successive stanzas of poems, or paragraphs in prose, with stronger contrasted sentiment, may require different levels.

20. Examples of Analysis for Degrees of Force: Example First:

Sentiment.	Class.	Dynamic Level
VARIABLE.	MODERATE.	MEZZO.

The minstrel **fell**, but the foeman's **chains**
Could not bring his proud **soul** under;

The harps he loved **ne'er** spoke again,
He tore its **chords** asunder:

And **said**, no chains shall sully **THEE**,

Thou soul of love and bravery,
Thy songs were made for the brave and **free;**
They shall never sound in **Slav**ery.

Example Second:

Sentiment.	**Class.**	**Dynamic Level.**
BOLD AND SPIRITED.	FORCIBLE.	FORTE.

I care not what others may say, but,
as for **me**, give me **lib**erty, or give me **DEATH.**

Example Third.

Sentiment.	**Class.**	**Dynamic Level.**
MEDITATIVE AND GENTLE.	MODERATE AND MILD.	MEZZO PIANO.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes **so** fair,
What was **THY** delighted measure?
Still, it whispered promised **pleasures,**
And bade the **love**ly scenes, at distence, Hail!
Still, would her touch the strains, prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale
She called on **echo** still through all her song.
And, where her **Sweetest** theme' she chose
A soft **RESPONSIVE** voice was heard at every close.
And hope, enchanted, smiled and waved her golden hair.

20. An exception to the rules just given, is the reduction of the voiee to a whisper at scme strong passage or word; as (dynamic level, *forte.*)

The proper punishment ||| *for* **such** *a crime is Death—*

whispered. The abrupt change makes the word "death" emphatic. Effective when seldom used, this expedient, if used too frequently loses its potency.

VI. Speed.

21. Rapid or slow utterances are characteristic respectively of strong or weak feeling. Degrees of force and speed have in general the following relation to the chief emotional classes.

Emotional Class.	**Dynamic Level.**	**Normal Tempo.**
FORCIBLE.	FORTE.	QUICK.
MODERATE.	MEZZO.	LEISURELY.
MILD.	PIANO.	SLOW.

Passages above or below the dynamic level are correspondingly accelerated or retarded. A relation so close obviates any necessity for special signs for time.

(22.) An apparent exception is furnished by those strange passages in which there is emphatic disjunction of words and, by reason of the pauses, a consequent retardation of time. The lesser reading marks written in such passages are a sufficient indication of the exception. A real exception is noted by Bell. "Subordinate clauses and sentences, parentheses, etc., are generally but not always pronounced with less force and in quicker time than principal members."

23. Though in works on elocution speed rightly receives extended treatment, such is unnecessary in this work, where expression in speech is chiefly considered as an introduction to and an elucidation of the problem of expression in song and words.

VII. Pitch.

24. The general relation is, that forcible emotions use extremes of pitch; moderate and mild emotions use medium pitch. Further consideration of this subject is unnecessary inasmuch as the notation of music leaves nothing to the discretion of the singer.

VII. Expressive Quality.

25. Joy and sorrow—the pleasure of the emotions—require the clear or the sombre qualities of tone for their least manifestation. By "clear" is meant a free emission of the voice, checked as little as possible by the lips or the palate or any constriction of the throat. By "sombre" is meant a veiled quality, effected by a partial closure of the lips; a relaxation of the palate; a constriction of the throat, or all of these at once, in varying degrees.

(26). The clear quality is suited to the expression of "courage," "confidence," "self-reliance," "sublimity," "hopeful love," "joy," "pleasure," etc. Sombre quality is suited to the expression of opposite sentiments: as "fear," "diffidence," "anxiety," "despair," suffering," "sorrow," etc. Varying shades of these qualities are the *brilliantly clear* in "See! the conquering hero comes;" the *clear* in "Music in the lovers' voices;" the *gently clear* in

"Give, O Love, one little token;" the *mildly sombre* in "Sweet and peaceful be thy dreaming." The *sombre* in "Night's dark shadows hover o'er me;" the *deeply sombre* in "Hark! the voice of Rachel weeping."

27. Intense feeling may add the "tremor" to either "clear" or "sombre" quality.

28. Of the many elements of expressive quality distinguished by elocutionists, some, as "whisper," "panting," "hem," need not be considered here as they have little place in music. Others at "stacatto," "smooth," (legato), "monotone," etc., have a special notation in music that leaves no choice to the singer. But tne free use of the "clear" and "sombre" qualities with an occassional use of the "tremor" is earnestly urged.

29. In the following verses the appropriate places for the last named qualities are marked by "cl," "som," "tr."

"TIT FOR TAT."

Style. NARRATIVE. **Class.** MODERATE. **Dynamic level.** MEZZO.

Clear.
If you cross the **hill**, (by my father's mill),
And walk along the **fields** ‖ about a mile;
By the willow copse, where the **pathway stops**,
You'll find a very **high** and awkard **stile**.

Mildly sombre.
It has **four** ‖ high ‖ steps, so widely ‖ set,
To cross it by **myself**, I am **Afraid**;
I never **dare** ‖ that way ‖ repair,
Unless at hand ‖ I've strong ‖ and friendly **aid**.

Clear.
T'was **there** ‖ one day, in the month of May,
I met a loving lad ‖ and in my **sweetest** tones,
I asked him, "would he **mind**, would he be so **very** kind?
As to help me ‖ **o'er** those four most awkward stones.

He helped me, "one;" he helped me, "two,"
And **then** ‖ to my surprise ‖ he paused ‖ and said:

Sombre. Clear.
"Rose, I **love** you." I only **laughed**.

Sombre. Clear. Bril. clear.
"Rose, do you love me?" I said, "not I."

Clear.
"Then stay where you **are**, sweetheart," said he,
And turned **away** without another word.
Sombre.
I could not get **up** or get **down**, in my fright;
What was I to **do**, in such a sad and sorry plight?

Sombre tremor.
"Come back! come back!" I **wildly** cried,
Come back! come back! I want to go to **town**.

Clear.
If you'll help me o'er the stile,
You'll gain my sweetest smile,
And perhaps ‖ I'll ‖ tell you ‖ **more** ‖ when ‖ I ‖ am ‖ **down**.

Sombre.
He helped me, "three." He helped me, "four."
Then, with a **Laugh**, I bounded lightly **o'er**.
Sombre tremor. Clear.
"Rose, what **say** you?" I only **laughed**.
Sombre. Clear, Bril. Clear.
"Rose, you **promised**." I said not I.

Clear.
I told him to **stay** ‖ where he was ‖ just **then**,
And tripped away ‖ without **another** word,
And if you'll cross the **hill** and walk about a mile,
Bril. Clear.
I think you'll find **him** ‖ sitting on that ‖ self ‖ same ‖ style.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE ONE PRICE IDEA AS IT LOOKS IN THE EAST.

While in Boston recently, a representative of MUSIC called upon several of the manufacturers with reference to obtaining their views in relation to the one price question. Mr. Henry F. Miller said that it was a question which had troubled him personally many years. His idea as well as that of his father had always been that it was the most satisfactory way of doing business. But that in the piano trade they had never yet been able to carry it out strictly, although they believed they had done so to an extent which would surprise some of their competitors. There was no difficulty, he said, in making one price upon a piano, any more than upon any other article of merchandise, provided we could eliminate the liability of being obliged to adhere to the one price in face of the customer's determination to turn in some sort of dicker in the way of an old piano at double value, in part payment for a new piano, priced at its honest valus, cash upon delivery. In the present state of piano manufacture it is possible to buy a common instrument direct from the dealer at no more than the cash selling price of an old piano, which when new may have cost the customer several hundred of dollars. But when the dealer attempts to place upon a family heirloom of this kind its value in cold cash to an unsympathizing outside world, the customer will invariably leave him in favor of the more appreciative dealer who has been careful to price his own instrument one or two hundred dollars above what he is willing to take for it, in order to allow a very high price for the old instrument.

From another source we find that the commission question also, was a feature requiring consideration in a one price system. If a customer comes in and finds a piano marked at its actual price for cash, the profit already made small in order to promote trade, and then brings in a teacher to select him a choice instrument, the teacher, if a friend of the house, expects to receive a recognition of his work in the premises. In this case the dealer is obliged to make his choice between losing his legitimnte profit on the trade or offending a teacher who later may be able to influence many sales to a more judicious competitor. "These difficulties," said Mr. Miller, "have hitherto prevented my carrying out the one price idea. As to the objection commonly made that one price means the same price to the ordinary buyer and to the agent—this is preposterous. The man who buys to sell again is entitled to a profit, and a different price from the of straight retail price of the instrument. You may say in general that in our house we seek to reduce all the business to a cash basis, and to sell to the customer

at the lowest possible price compatible with business success, and to treat all customers alike when they belong to the same class. That is we mean to sell a piano of a given style at exactly the same rate to every retail customer who buys and pays cash.

"In regard to commissions, however," continued Mr. Miller, 'I, beg that you will not misunderstand me. Our house has always held that a teacher using his professional experience and skill in ensuring the customer a good instrument at a fair price, is entitled to a proper compensation for his services; this compensation, moreover, must not be a beggarly five dollars, such as a customer sometimes supposes a fair equivalent for the time actually consumed in making the selection. When an honest teacher is asked to select a piano for a customer, he brings to the task something very different from a mere passing hour of leisure time. He is asked to place at the service of the customer a skill and professional knowledge which t may have cost him years to acquire. Moreover, strict honesty is expected of him, as between a good instrument and a pretentious one, which it might be more to his advantage to recommend.

The only point is that the transaction ought to be perfectly open and above board. If the teacher acts as the agent of the piano house, when the customer supposes that he is acting in *his* interest, the teacher is in a false position. The cusiomer may receive value in the way of preference between the instruments actually on hand for selection. Yet it is the piano house which should make the compensation in this case, and it should come out of the profits of the sale. But when the teacher acts honestly as the agent of the customer, using his professional knowledge and skill to obtain favorable prices and choice selection, it is the *customer* who should compensate the teacher, in addition to paying for the instrument. In this way there will be no flavor of dishonesty in the transaction at any point of its course. Moreover, the customer can well afford to pay a proper commission for a service of this kind, ranging from twenty-five dollars in an ordinary case to a hundred dollars for selecting a concert grand. For the higher the grade of the instrument, the more need of the professional skill in securing the very best possible results

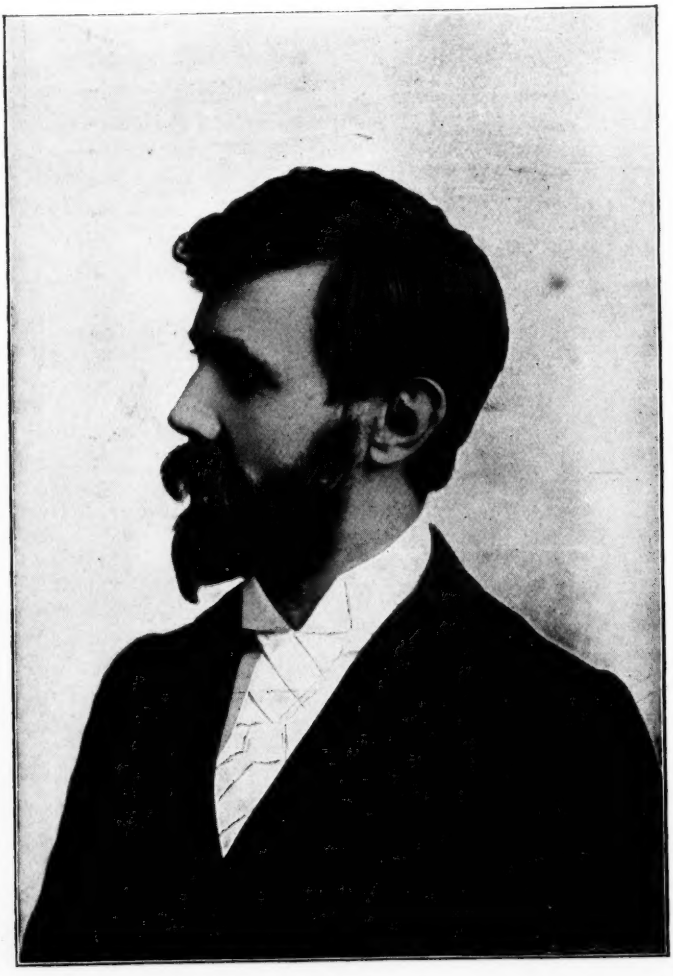
"We have always held it to be for the advantage of the customer and of ourselves as well, to have the services of a teacher in any important trade. The customer is better satisfied and we are better satisfied; and since the present state of public opinion will not warrant the teacher in depending upon the customer direct for his remuneration, we have made it a rule to see that he is properly compensated, even when we have had to diminish our own profit unjustly.

Then, too, as to profit there is a mistaken idea abroad, which, if you will pardon me, some statements of yours have perhaps helped into currency. You sometimes speak as if a dealer might sell to the general public at a rate but a small percentage above the actual mechanical cost of manufacture. Now it takes a great deal of money to make a good piano; and it takes more to inform the pub-

lic effectively that you *do* make a good one. There is also the manufacturer's profit. Speaking for myself, I may say that I do not intend to sell pianos at cost. I have acquired skill in the art of piano making by years of study and experiment. I have sought to bring the piano to the utmost perfection in every respect. Our success in this line you yourself have often praised. Now, why should I not have my profit for this, as well as for the actual maple spruce, steel, felt, and what not, that I have bought to put in the instrument? While we aim to make a fair price, we count our professional skill a part of our capital, and we are entitled to a profit on that—and we intend to have it.

There is also a mistaken idea as to the difference in cost between a first class piano and a common commercial one. I have seen it stated that one hundred dollars will cover the cost. This is not the case. The bare material in a first class piano costs about double that in an ordinary commercial piano. This is due to selection and to the rejection of two-thirds of the stock which would go into a commercial piano without question; but in addition to this difference there is also the difference in labor. The labor cost of a really artistic pianoforte is twice or three times what it is on a commercial piano, so that the facts will justify me in saying that no really first-class pianoforte can be made and sold at a profit, for less than from $200 to $400 more than the price of a commercial piano of the same apparent style, and the higher you go in the scale or grade, the greater this difference becomes. Hence the first class maker has to content himself with selling fewer instruments (because there are few who can pay a high price), and this in turn brings all his incidental expenses higher per instrument. This is the reason why you find the first class makers listing their pianos at such prices.

"You are right in thinking the catalogue prices too high. In fact, it has occured to me as strange that such makers as the Steinways, for instance, do not see that in keeping the impression that their instruments cost about what the catalogue says they cost, they are standing in their own light and playing into the hands of the cheap makers; for there are many customers who now buy a medium grade piano, who would take a first class one without hesitation if they knew the prices which are actually obtained for them. The piano which looks impossible in the catalogue at $1,600, the customer might get, if he only knew it, at about $1,200. This is a difference which even millionaires will consider. The $1,200 instrument one can buy for, perhaps, $800, and so on. All this, however, will be changed some time. Meanwhile you can say for us that we are in favor of straight one-price dealing. And we make the very best piano we know how."



MR. W. C. E. SEEBOECK.

MUSIC.

JANUARY, 1893.

MUSIC IN THE POETS.

FROM MILTON TO BROWNING.

"Ah, Music, would'st thou help! Words struggle with the weight,
So feebly, of the false, thick element between
Our soul, the True and Truth,"

"Fifine at the Fair,"—BROWNING.

Like a brilliant after sunset glow, the genius of Milton lit up the departing splendors of the Elizabethan Age. He was, as Taine aptly puts it, "the heir of a poetical age, the precursor of an austere age, holding his place between the epoch of unbiased dreamland and the epoch of practical action; like his own Adam, who, entering a hostile earth, heard behind him in the closed Eden the dying strains of heaven." And surely he brought the echoes of the heavenly strains with him, reflected not only in the grand metrical music of his verse, but in his frequent and beautiful musical allusions.

His father, John Milton, had been an excellent musician, and besides contributing to the famous book of madrigals, "The Triumphs of Oriana," dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, had accomplished one of those feats in contrapuntal writing which redounded so to the credit of the age—a composition in forty parts, for which it was said he received a gold medal and chain from a Polish Prince, to whom he presented it.

With such a musical influence behind him, Milton was saved from rushing into that fanaticism against any form of

music but psalm singing which characterized the attitude of the Round Heads. His Janus-like aspect with one face, his artistic one, turned toward Paganism, and one face, his moral one, turned toward Christianity, is illustrated as completely as anywhere in his musical allusions. The harps and cymbals of the Hebrews, the various modes of the Greeks, their lyres and the organ of his own day, all contribute to the generally musical atmosphere of his poetry.

When he would choose melancholy for his companion he would have

> "the pealing organ blow
> To the full voiced quire below,
> In service high, and anthems clear,
> As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
> Dissolve me into ecstasies."

But he could be equally happy with L'Allegro lapped "in soft Lydian airs," to which, no doubt with a lively recollection of his father's contrapuntal exploits, he adds

> "Notes with many a winding bout
> Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
> With wanton heed and giddy cunning.
> The melting voice through mazes running,
> Untwisting all the chains that tie
> The hidden soul of harmony."

A dainty description which would fit well enough with some of the lovely madrigals of the time.

In "Paradise Regained," Satan has an argument with the Saviour as to the respective merits of Greek and Hebrew music. When Satan is tempting him with the gift of all knowledge, he says of Greece,

> "There thou shall hear and learn the secret power
> Of harmony in tones and numbers hit
> By voice or hand, various measured verse,
> Æolian charms, and Dorian lyric odes."

But he is thus answered:

> "If I would delight my private hours
> With music or with poem, where so soon
> As in our native language can I find
> That solace? All our law and story strewed
> With hymns, our psalms with artful terms inscribed,
> Our Hebrew songs and harps in Babylon
> That pleased so well our victor's ear declare
> That rather Greece from us these arts derived,

Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities and their own
In fable, hymn or song."

With admirable consistency Milton never represents the good angels singing or playing any of the Greek modes. When marching to battle, they moved to the sound of instrumental harmony, but the fallen angels proceed

"In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mode
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old."

The Dorian mode Plato eloquently describes as the one "to sound the word or note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger or stern resolve, or when his cause is failing and he is going to death." Yet even the fallen angels retain some skill in the music of their former glorious state, for the less aggressive ones occupied themselves while Satan was on his journey by singing

"With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroic deeds and hapless fall.

* * * *

Their song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when spirits immortal sing)
Suspended hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience."

The Sabbath day music of the adoring angels in heaven could hardly produce a greater effect.

It is thus described in Book VII of "Paradise Lost:"

"the harp
Had work and rested not, the solemn pipe,
And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
Tempered soft tunings intermixed with voice,
Choral or unison."

The angels of Adam's day, according to Milton, had evidently reached a high state of musical culture. They were not under the necessity of waiting until the harp and the organ were invented by Jubal, and with angelic prevision were able to compose their music in the tempered scale, "tempered soft tunings," a knowledge of which man was only painfully to attain unto through the centuries.

Such a passage as this, as well as many others in Milton's poetry, indicate that Milton could have had

no sympathy with the ordinance which passed the House of Lords in 1664, abolishing every form of church music, except the congregational singing of psalms, for, as Sir Edward Deering, who had the merit of bringing in the bill, said, "one single groan of the Spirit is worth the diapason of all the church music in the world." Nor can we imagine his looking on with calmness at the iconoclastic fury which at that time destroyed some of the finest organs in England.

The contest as to the fit form of church music had been raging for years. Before the end of Elizabeth's reign, the religious fanatics had vied with each other in the choice epithets which they hurled against church music.

One of the most amusing of the objectors was Thomas Becon, who wrote:

"As for the divine service and common prayer it is so chanted and minced and mangled of our costly, hired, curious and nice musicians that it may justly seem not to be a noise made of men, but rather a bleating of brute beasts, while the choristers neigh a descant, as it were a sort of colts; others bellow a tenor, as it were a company of oxen; others bark a counterpoint, as it were a kennel of dogs; others roar out a treble, like a sort of bulls; others grunt out base, as it were a number of hogs."

Thomas Cartwright, however, went so far as to lay the popularity of such church music at the door of the Devil, who, according to him "had gone about to get it so great authority" by making "the world believe that it came from heaven, and that the angels were made to sing after this ort." These objections were refuted by the learned Hooker (in his "Ecclesiastical Polity") who could not see what benefit it would be to the devil to account this manner of singing an invention of the angels. Only when Cromwell took the reins of government did the faction disgruntled on church music gain its point, though be it said to the honor of Cromwell himself, he had a soft place in his heart for the organ.

If the music of Milton's angels was elaborate enough to have horrified a Puritan, the music of the Garden of Eden was simple enough to suit the most orthodox taste. Occa-

sionally, strains from the heavenly choir reached them, but for themselves, they poured forth their songs of praise "unmeditated" and they were more tuneable than needed lute or harp to add more sweetness. If they were accompanied at all it was by the "shrill matin song of birds on every bough." It is a little curious, perhaps, that this simple pair should be conversant with the Pythagorean idea of the music of the spheres, as they seem to be when they address the planets as

> "Ye five other wandering fires that move
> In mystic dance not without song."

Milton has only two poems which deal especially with music. "At a Solemn Music," a beautiful little poem in which he bids music and verse with their wedded power present a vision of heavenly music "that undisturbed song of pure content," that man may be able to join in it as once did he

> 'till disproportioned sin
> Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din,
> Broke the fair music that all creatures made
> To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed,
> In perfect diapason.

The other is a sonnet to "Mr. H. Lawes on His Airs." If we took Milton's word for it Lawes ought to be one of the most famed of musicians. He wrote the music for Milton's Masque, "Comus," a not arduous task, for it appears that only the two songs "Echo" and "Sabrina Fair," with three other passages were set. More interesting to us now than his music is a change which he, with the audacity of a contemporary, made in the last line of the "Echo" song.

> "So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
> And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

he changed to

> "So mayest thou be translated to the skies,
> And hold a counterpoint to all Heaven's harmonies."

In comparing Milton's use of musical allusions with Shakespeare's, it is at once evident that while Shakespeare brings up the most vivid pictures of every variety of secular music, Milton gives us, especially in his angel music, glimpses of the developed state of religious music, and,

furthermore, Milton, with his intensely earnest nature, never places music in the whimsical light that Shakespeare does. Music, in Milton's mind, was hedged about with a sort of divinity, and he was quite lacking in that quality of humor which laughs at what is loved in the very ecstasy of love.

After Milton, there is no English poet until the nineteenth century whose musical allusions are worth dwelling upon. Mr. Edmund Gosse says, "In 1660 it seemed as though all use of the physical eye had been abandoned" and apparently the same was true of the physical ear.

Classicism then had her innings, and when the poets do speak of music, it is not because it has appealed powerfully to their sensibilities, but because music is one of the arts patronized by the highly respectable community of the Muses and is therefore entitled to a due amount of respect.

Yet does not a whole brood of odes to St. Cecilia claim our attention during this period as musical poems? These odes, however, could not in the nature of the case be spontaneous, as they were all written for the special occasion of the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Cecilia, a festival which, from the time of the Restoration, was annually celebrated at Stationer's Hall. The performances upon these occasions were of an elaborate description, and all the distinguished poets of the time contributed odes to be set to music—Dryden, Addison, Pope, Shadwell, Yalden and Congreve.

As would be expected, all these odes have a striking family resemblance to each other. The power of music to arouse the passions is the prevailing key note, and Orpheus is, of course, made to do full duty as an example of this power. Jubal is another musical personage, who, with his chorded shell, figures in one or two of these odes.

The most original on the whole are Dryden's two odes, the second of which is the famous "Alexander's Feast." The theme of this is unhackneyed, none of the others having touched upon the power of the music of Timotheus, but for a real flash of poetic fancy the first verse of his first song is to my mind away above anything in any of the other poems in honor of St. Cecilia.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began,
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head.
The tuneful voice was heard from high;
Arise ye more than dead;
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began.
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

Addison certainly shakes one's faith in his musical appreciation when he says:

"Let echo too perform her part,
Prolonging every note with art;
And in a low expiring strain,
Play all the concert o'er again."

Nor would it be altogether delightful to listen to a choir

"Whose quick divisions
Run their rounds.
A thousand trills and quivering sounds
In airy circles o'er us fly."

Truth to say, the writers of all these odes show little but an external knowledge of music. They have all conscientiously looked up some musical myths with which to adorn their tales, and conscientiously dwelt upon the varying effects of the violins, flutes, organ and so on, and being more or less masters of poetic expression the result is a pleasing series of poems, but destitute of any true appreciation of the transcendent qualities of music.

The next great cycle in English poetry is that of the nature poets. This return to nature, first manifesting itself strongly in Thomson and Young, reaches its highest point in Wordsworth. The power of the "physical eye" was fully regained, but the physical ear still remains deaf, at least as far as the higher forms of music are concerned. The birds, of course, do their full share of warbling, neither is Orpheus forgotten, and there are frequent references to music in a general way, well illustrated in this passage from Keat's "Endymion:"

"Nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which ev'n then
Filled out its voice and died again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings with a gentle wave
To light hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking
Through copse-clad valleys, ere their death o'ertaking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea."

The poetry of the Victorian era is richer in musical allusions than that of the preceding century. No more beautiful poem upon the origin of music could be conceived than George Eliot's "The Legend of Jubal." It is eminently scientific, for she makes rhythm the corner stone of music, and above all she is alive to the fact that music is in its origin not a product of nature, but of the artistic faculty of man, and as such is subject to artistic laws:

"Jubal must dare as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter crude and bare,
And yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre
He made it and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight,
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense
And all desire tends toward obedience."

Mrs. Browning and Tennyson indulge occasionally in imagery drawn from music, but the first of all English poets to truly and thoroughly recognize music for what it is, was Robert Browning. There is no confusing in his mind of the functions of music and poetry. Each stands out as a distinct and separate entity, with its own part to perform in world influences, and what that part is for music no student of the philosophy of music can afford to overlook. Possessing a knowledge not only of the names great and small in music, but of its historical development and of its technical intricacies, seldom the heritage of any but the professional musician, joined to a marvellous poetic insight, its depths have been revealed to him, and not only its depths, but also its shallows; not only its divineness, but its humanness.

While the bulk of Browning's poetry is rich in imagery drawn from music, he has written several poems which are

always dubbed "Browning's musical poems." These are: "A Toccata of Galuppi's," "Master Hugues of Saxe Gotha," "Abt Vogler, after He has been Extemporizing on a Musical Instrument of His Own Invention," and among the "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day," that "With Charles Avison." Each of these emphasizes a different point of view in regard to musical art. In "A Toccata" there is portrayed the effect on a listener of an old-fashioned toccata. In "Hugues" we are given a glimpse into the feelings of an organist wrestling with a "mountainous fugue"; in "Abt Vogler," the inspired thoughts of a composer; in "Charles Avison," the wisdom of a profound musical critic.

The musicians who figure in these poems have been long almost forgotten; in fact, to the world at large they were unknown until Browning brought them forth from the mists of oblivion and drew their portraits with his powerful pen, since when Browning students have ransacked every musical authority for facts about them, and too often, it is to be feared, in their biographical enthusiasm have failed to grasp what lies in the poems themselves. Galuppi interests us mainly now for his part in the development of the opera. He has the doubtful distinction of being considered the father of comic opera, but where are the fifty-four or so of his operas, comic and otherwise, which were crowned with such brilliant success in his lifetime? Whether Abt Vogler was a genius or a charlatan has always been a subject of contention. If he had not much claim to greatness himself, he was, at least, the teacher of great pupils—Weber and Meyerbeer—and for his organ playing he was known all over Europe. Hugues is an entirely imaginary person—a sort of composite photograph of the old fugue writers, and Avison was, as the poem tells us, once an organist at Newcastle-on-Tyne. He was more than this, however, for he wrote a book on musical expression, which, in spite of its flavor of antiquity, contains much good sense, although one of his contemporaries, supposedly John Blow, saw fit to pick it to pieces most mercilessly. Such are the heroes Browning has chosen for his musical poems, not by any means the great ones in the art, but none the less fitted for his purpose.

In "A Toccata of Galuppi's" the sole interest aroused in the listener (also player) of the Toccata is an historical one. As the old-fashioned music is heard it makes no direct appeal to his emotional nature. If his emotions are aroused at all it is only through the vision which is conjured up of the Venice with its gay life of the time of Galuppi. He sees in his mind's eye Galuppi seated at the clavichord playing his Toccata to the cavaliers and beauties of Venice, who can "always leave off talking when they hear a master play," although they are in the swim of the delights of a midnight ball. Then he goes on to imagine what Galuppi's music means to these shallow butterflies of a day.

"What? Those lesser thirds so plaintive, sixths diminished sigh on sigh,
Told them something? Those suspensions, those solutions—'Must we die?'
Those commiserating sevenths—'Life might last! We can but try!'

"'Were you happy?'—'Yes.'—'And are you still as happy?"
'Yes. And you?"
—'Then, more kisses!"—'Did *I* stop them, when a million seemed so few?'
Hark, the dominant's persistence till it must be answered to
So an octave struck the answer."

The picturesque and symbolic use of purely technical terms in these lines is a fine example of this poet's skill in drawing his imagery from any realm of knowledge. Their beauty and fitness will be perfectly evident to the musician, but not so, perhaps, to the uninitiated, and for the benefit of any such who may read this I venture to quote from a former paper of mine* explaining these allusions:

"These are all to be found in the seventh, eighth and ninth verses. The lesser thirds are of course minor thirds, and are of common occurrence, but the diminished sixth is an interval rarely used. So rare is it that I have seen it stated by good authorities that it is never used harmonically. Ordinarily a diminished sixth (seven semitones), exactly the same interval as a perfect fifth, instead of giving a plaintive, mournful, or minor impression, would suggest a feeling of rest and satisfaction. As I have said, however, there is one way in which it can be used,—as a suspension, in which the root of the chord on the *lowered* super-tonic of the scale is

suspended from above into the chord, with added seventh on the super-tonic, making a diminished sixth between the root of the first and the third of the second chord. The effect of this progression is most dismal, and possibly Browning had it in mind, though it is doubtful almost to certainty if Galuppi knew anything of it. Whether it be an anachronism or not, or whether it is used in a scientifically accurate way or not, the figure is true enough poetically, for a diminished interval—namely, something less than normal—would naturally suggest an effect of sadness.

"*Suspensions*, as may already have been guessed by the preceding example, are notes which are held over from one chord into another, and must be made according to certain musical rules as strict as the laws of the Medes and Persians. This holding over of a note always produces a dissonance, and must be followed by a concord—in other words, a *solution*. Sevenths are very important dissonances in music, and a commiserating seventh is most likely the variety called a minor seventh. Being a somewhat less mournful interval than the lesser thirds and the diminished sixths, whether real or imaginary, yet not so final as "those solutions" which seem to put an end to all uncertainty, and therefore to life, they arouse in the listeners to Galuppi's playing a hope that life may last, although in a sort of dissonantal, Wagnerian fashion. The 'commiserating sevenths' are closely connected with the 'dominant's persistence' in the next verse.

"The dominant chord in music is the chord written on the fifth degree of the scale, and it almost always has a seventh added to it, and in a large percentage of cases is followed by the tonic, the chord on the first degree of the scale. Now, in fugue form a theme is first presented in the tonic key, then the same theme is repeated in the dominant key, the latter being called the answer; after further contrapuntal wanderings of the theme, the fugue comes to what is called an episode, after which the theme is presented first, in the dominant. 'Hark! the dominant's persistence' alludes to this musical fact; but according to rule this dominant must be answered in the tonic an octave above the first presentation of the theme, and 'So an octave struck the answer.' Thus the inexorable solution comes in after the dominant's persistence. Although life seemed possible with commiserating sevenths, the tonic, a resistless fate, strikes the answer that all must end,—an answer which the frivolous people of Venice failed to perceive, and went on with their kissing."

Somewhat dreary is this picture, which the worthy Galuppi's music shadows forth, and no matter how the lis-

tener tries to reason away the odor of mortality in it, in again comes Galuppi with his cold music till he creeps in every nerve, creaking out like a ghostly cricket.

> "Dust and ashes, dead and done with, Venice spent
> what Venice earned:
> The soul doubtless is immortal where a soul can
> be discerned."

Then for the first time the music makes a direct appeal to him:

> "Yours for instance, you know physics, something of
> geology,
> Mathematics are your pastime; souls shall rise in their
> degree;
> Butterflies may dread extinction—you'll not die, it
> cannot be!"

A doubtful sort of comfort which makes the immortality of the soul depend upon a knowledge of mathematics, yet such is the cold and by-gone air of Galuppi's music that that is the best it has to suggest to a modern listener.

In "Hugues of Saxe Gotha" we have portrayed the feelings of an organist who is trying to catch the drift of an old fugue. The description of the ponderous fugue in five parts shows a thorough knowledge of fugue form, and is brought out with the most exquisite humor. It is evidently one of those over-developed productions which flourished during that period in musical history when music had been degraded to the rank of mathematical puzzles.

The organist, being of a philosophical turn of mind, cannot be content with such a stupendous piece of labor unless it contains some underlying thread of meaning; but in spite of repeated attempts he fails to catch its intent, and can only draw his own moral, which is certainly not very complimentary to Hugues, since it insinuates that his music is a web of such utterly uninspired thoughts that it completely shuts out heaven. "God's gold" is "palled beneath man's usurpature."

> "So we o'er shroud stars and roses,
> Cherub and trophy and garland;
> Nothings grow something which quietly closes
> Heaven's earnest eye: not a glimpse of the far land
> Gets through our comments and glozes."

The organist in this poem seems to lack the historical sense; he cannot throw himself into the spirit of the time as the listener in the previous poem, and so get at least intellectual enjoyment from it; since it moves him personally in no way he will have none of it and turns his attention to Palestrina.

In "Abt Vogler," we reach the very soul of the musician himself, and what is his first thought after he has been extemporizing? Almost as if he were aware of the fleeting influences of Galuppi and Hugues his desire is that his music may tarry. He is the direct opposite of the musician of the Hugues type. He is little occupied with form, he does not consciously fashion his music, but the thoughts of his soul become visible, as it were, in music,

> "All through my keys that gave their sounds to a
> wish of my soul,
> All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed
> visibly forth,
> All through music and me!"

So transfigured is he with his musical inspiration, that he regards himself as little more than an instrument in God's hands. He compares his art with that of painting and poetry, to the advantage of music, for in painting and poetry,

> "Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale
> is told;
> It is all triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws,
> Painter and poet are proud in the artist list enrolled:—
> "But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that
> can,
> Existent behind all laws, that made them, and, lo, they
> are!"

These remarks of the Abbe might serve as a text of a lengthened controversy. When it is remembered that music is governed by laws of art as distinct as those of painting or poetry—in fact that of all human art developments it owes most to the ingenuity of man, it seems as if the Abbe were carried away a little by his enthusiasm for his own art, and forgot for the moment that his extemporizing must follow the rules of chord progressions, or else, he was the charlatan he has been called, and extemporized as the child does,

"out of his head." Nor does it seem quite fair to declare that we can analyze the beauty of either painting or poetry. Our words may hover around beauty, but do they ever alight on the very heart of the rose?

But the Abbe, like Galuppi or the type for which Hugues stands, was the fruitage of his time. He flourished during the rising tide of Romanticism in music, at a time when composers, through the awakening power of their own genius, might well think that the gates of heaven were open to them.

The Abbe, however, is not cast down by the thought that his music must perish. It has been to him as a revelation of beauty that can never die, failure on earth is only an earnest of eternal, imperishable beauty in the future.

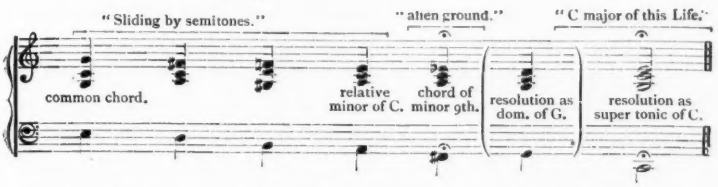
> "All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist;
> Not its semblance, but itself: no beauty, nor good, nor power
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,
> When eternity confirms the conception of an hour."

The especial point to be noted in this poem is the paramount worth of artistic expression to the artist himself. Music may lose its power to move others, but the effect upon the inner development of the artist when he conceives of an ideal of beauty, no matter how far short it may fall of the absolute ideal of beauty, can never for him be lost, nor for eternity, because he has contributed his jot to the sum of beauty which will one day be completed. In the eleventh verse the poet makes a little slip from the musician's point of view, when he compares evil to discords in music, exclaiming, "Why rushed the discords in but that harmony should be prized?" for, technically speaking, discords are as much a part of the harmony as concords, and just as much to be prized. For a moment Browning forgot to be a musician, and used the terms discord and harmony in a general, unspecialized sense, but he quite makes up for this lapse in the last verse, which contains the only example I know in English literature of a complete modulation in music expressed poetically.

> "Give me the keys. I feel for the common chord again,
> Sliding by semitones till I sink to the minor, —yes,
> And I blunt it into a ninth, and I stand on alien ground,
> Surveying awhile the heights I rolled from into the deep,

Which, hark! I have dared and done, for my resting place
is found."

This is the progression:—



Of all Browning's musical poems "Charles Avison" appeals most to the thoughtful musician. Having premised that "there is no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of music," he proceeds to examine what the nature of that truth is. The cogitations of the poet are aroused by the memory of a march of Charles Avison which was in his day styled "grand." Like the Toccata of Galuppi, this march calls up a picture in the poet's mind of those who had marched to it:—

"Dream-marchers marched, kept marching slow and sure
In time to tune unchangeably the same,
From nowhere into nowhere, out they came,
Onward they passed and in they went."

Though the march from the modern point of view was a thinnish air of small range, and unadorned by novel modulation, yet, somehow, as he dwells upon it, coldness gathers warmth; he is just getting himself thoroughly into the spirit of the time when the march was written, fifes are shrieking, cymbals clashing, trumpets blaring and drums beating, the marchers are striding along in fine style when he is recalled to his own sober self, and falls to philosophizing over the fact that music and musicians have their day and are forgotten, what once absorbed heart and soul can no longer do it:

"Hear Avison. He tenders evidence
That music in his day as much absorbed
Heart and soul then as Wagner's music now,
Perfect from centre to circumference,
Orbed to the full can be but fully orbed:
And yet—and yet—whence comes it that "O thou"—
Sighed by the soul at eve to Hesperus—
Will not again take wing and fly away
(Since fatal Wagner fixed it fast for us

In some unmodulated minor? Nay,
Even by Handel's help!"

The next point he considers is the relative power of music when compared with the other arts for giving permanent expression to the feelings, but though he concludes that music, the "most attains thereto," there is a "hitch that balks her of full triumph, else to boast." This hitch the poet conceives to arise from the fact that the office of art is not to create, but merely, through the welding together of forms—already known by the intellectual perception—to give expression to the creative impulse of the soul, or to paraphrase Goethe's world spirit, art is the garment by which feeling is seen; and though with increase of knowledge this expression must expand, it can never be more than an approach to the underlying verity. As different eras, then, in the development of knowledge, are reached, art is expressed in forms commensurate with that knowledge, but knowledge passing on to new eras of development, the outward form of art, the only means by which we known its changes, and thus phases of feeling cannot be made immortal by an ever developing medium of expression.

"As well expect the rainbow now to pass!
Praise "Radaminta"—love attains therein
To perfect utterance!—Pity—what shall win
Thy secret like " Rinaldo?"—So men said
Once all was perfume—now, the flower is dead."

Here his mood changes, he would let others note the ever new invasion, while he in fancy tries the experiment of resuscitating the dead music by dressing it up in more modern contrivances of modulation, yet such a method he justly feels to be an irreverent innovation, and he is on the point of making the only conclusion which seems tenable, namely. that

"Music's throne seats somebody whom somebody unseats,
And whom in turn—by who knows what new feats"
Of strength—shall somebody as sure push down

when a truer principle for the enlivening of music that is past presents itself. With the sudden insight of an Abt Vogler, he exclaims, "Never dream that what once lived shall ever die," but his point of view is different. Not only for its creator is music destined to live forever, but for the re-

cipient of the music, of whatever age, provided only they "bring then life to kindle" it afresh, not by wedding with the form, but by throwing themselves into the life and spirit of the time that produced it. What then is this truest truth obtainable by man that comes of music? Simply that since music comes nearest to translating the deepest emotions of man into palpable form, and through its affinity with the ever changing, developing nature of all art, it is the most perfect symbol of human development,

> "As Hope,
> Fear, Joy, and Grief though ampler stretch and scope
> They seek and find in novel rythm, fresh phrase,—
> Of Music's dim beginning—even so,
> Were equally distant in far days,
> Truth was at full within the long ago,
> Alive as now it takes what latest shape
> May startle thee by strangeness."

Since this is so, we cannot afford to forget Handel for Wagner, we must cultivate that historical sense and perception of relative artistic value which will lead us to appreciate every great musician in relation to his time, a sense which the literateur possesses to a high degree in the enjoyment of his Chaucer or his Spenser. We must extend the range also of our own emotions so that our hearts may beat in sympathy with the aspirations of the seventeenth century as with those of the nineteenth, with the work of Hucbald and his consecutive fifths as with Wagner and his consecutive sevenths.

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DEVELOPMENT AND CHARACTER IN PIANO LITERATURE.

II.

The principles of pianoforte style introduced in the sonatas of Ph. Em. Bach mark the beginning of a new era in piano literature. The innovations, daring and reckless as they must have appeared to the scions of the old school, and striking as they are in comparison to the severe style of organ compositions of the time, are beginning to show now and then in the works of contemporary writers for the clavier, who have worked energetically though not with equal success, in the same direction. The great composers of the second period, Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven, are fully occupied with the further development of this typical style, while the efforts to formulate the ideas first applied to the sonata movement by Scarlatti bring about finally the perfected great art form, the sonata.

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) received a thorough practical education in music as one of the choristers of St. Stephens at Vienna; engaged as accompanist to one of Porpora's pupils. In 1751, he became attached to the distinguished singing master and composer as "famulus" and remained with him until 1754, and, having great facility in acquisition, picked up much of the master's method of composition. His first symphony was produced in 1760, and as orchestra conductor to Prince Esterhazy (1761-1790) he composed a long line of similar works for orchestra and ensemble. Two visits to England brought him many honors and pecuniary benefit.

Haydn, who seems to have been but an indifferent piano player, began to compose at a time when the clavecin was still a very imperfect instrument, and when Ph. Em. Bach was beginning to become famous, while towards the end of his long career as a composer the piano had arrived at a

comparatively high grade of perfection, and piano technic and piano music had developed in an astonishing manner. It is a matter of small surprise, therefore, that some of his sonatas show a sort of primitive style, while others are of considerable value and importance; and, since there is no successive opus number, it may be taken for granted that the better works are of later date.

Haydn, who is honored with the distinction of being the "father of modern instrumental music," has during a long lifetime, chiefly devoted to orchestra and ensemble works, composed some thirty sonatas for the piano alone. These sonatas show a marked improvement over those of Ph. Em. Bach inasmuch as Haydn gives each movement a rounder form; the motives are carried out with greater consequence, the different parts of the movements are clearer defined, the second theme—which is wanting in the sonatas of Ph. Em. Bach and in Haydn's, very probably due to his early relation to Porpora and his consequent intimate acquaintance with the Italian method of composition—is well developed, claims considerable attention and gives the movement some dramatic force and musical importance. On the other hand the number of movements and their co-relation and import are still arbitrary; some sonatas have two, others three move ments, as though without pressing reasons one or the other movement had been left out; the different movements are not always of the same artistic and musical merit, and few are the sonatas in which the movements appear somewhat evenly graded according to their inner value and to their effect.

The melodies are more euphonious and accompanied at random; two, three, or more parts, sometimes in strictly independent development, change from measure to measure; a given number of voices is nowhere carried out, full harmonies in close position or wide range change with rhythmic or harmonic figuration, and as the musical essence adapts itself more to the peculiar character of the instrument it gains in expressive power. Though Haydn's ideas are neither of great weight musically nor in expressive quality of great depth and variety, their character, unaffected and of a childlike simplicity, is of a youthful, vigorous spirit which

is enhanced by a graceful musical exposition and a genial contrast in the themes.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791) born in Salzburg, the son of one of the ablest musicians of his time, gave early proof of the most extraordinary gifts, which were developed with loving care. The little genius became known to the musical world in an extended concert tour (1762-1766) and created the greatest enthusiasm everywhere. A prolific composer, he published his first sonatas in Paris, 1765, and at the age of twenty had written over two hundred compositions, including operas, masses, symphonies, quartettes, sonatas and concertos.

Mozart, undoubtedly one of the most gifted of our great composers, was of a genial tenderness and nobility of feeling which not only prevailed his character, but is the dominating essence of his works. Admired and all but spoiled by enthusiastic lovers of art when a precocious child, his matured genius failed to receive the ready recognition, and in the bitter fight for existence this loving disposition and loftiness of character appear to have been the safeguard of his artistic self. A never failing beauty of sound which seems to penetrate all his harmonious combinations, a refinement in musical characteristics and a superior power of formation lend a charm to his works which is ever fresh and entrancing.

Among his operas, symphonies and quartettes are master works of musical art, works of perennial beauty. Piano literature claims a large number of sonatas, concertos, variations, ensemble and smaller works of undisputable merit. One of the greatest pianists of his time he was much more qualified to promote the new clavier style than his contemporary and friend, Haydn. The grace and elegant ease of his playing is manifest in the brilliant figures in his concertos, which show a rich and varied development of technic. A refined musical idea prevails in all his works, and as the noble, heart-winning melodies gain in importance, the passages become more subordinate, so as to better carry the ideas and to impart their spirit to them. As the piano gains in volume of tone, the melody gains in breadth, the embel-

lishments are scarcer and less given to mannerism; greater clearness and distinction in melody and passages make the construction more interesting and as the different parts assume more definite relation to each other, their meaning is better defined.

The sonatas are not always of the same perfect type. Some of them may have been written for pupils, and the sonatas of later date are certainly maturer than the earlier ones. The number (three) of movements is uniform in the sonatas and concertos. In the construction nothing is indistinct or doubtful; each part has its fixed place and is properly carried out, though capable of greater development. The first movement is more elaborate; the second in form of the "lied," and the last mostly the rondo. Asthe cantilne e in the middle movement begins to spread itself more, the two other movements assume a more decidedly lively character. In the concertos a general musical idea establishes organic connection between the piano and orchestra, the technical display, more varied and brilliant, seems to carry out the musical spirit without predominating.

A number of smaller compositions, the gigue, the rondos in A minor and F major, and the fantasies in C minor and C major (with fugue) are of great artistic beauty and in poetical sentiment, originality of invention and beauty of form, true children of Mozart's genius; as they have retained a certain freshness, even in outward style, they may be found occasionally on the artist's repertoire. The sonatas and concertos, though full of beauty, have been superseded by more elaborate works of the same order, but offer a variety of matter to the student, which is of the very highest value.

Mozart's great rival at the piano, Muzio Clementi (1752-1832) the greatest piano virtuoso of his time, superior in execution and finish, but lacking much of Mozart's genial nobility and grace of expression, is as a composer of sonatas much more prolific than the latter. In his hundred sonatas there is no material change in the form, but the improvement in the clavier style is very marked, and Clementi's influence on the further development of piano music is much greater even than Mozart's. A thoroughly systematized fin-

gering and wider position of the hand enabled Clementi to play chords and passages which had not been attempted before; greater independence in finger and wrist movement made it easy for him to play thirds, sixths and octaves with great smoothness and rapidity. His sonatas have beauty of form and elegance of style and are pleasing and effective, yet they often make the impression of elegant studies, since he uses them for the display of his new and brilliant passages. His allegro movements at least are based on some prominent piano figure, and even the melodious parts serve more as an offset to the passages than as expositions of a musical idea. This gives Clementi's sonatas something dry and pedantic; and even in his adagios, which are at times of remarkable breadth and artistic conception, he never rises to the power of truly poetic expression.

Of infinitely greater value than the sonatas is his "Gradus ad Parnassum," a collection of etudes, which has no equal in piano literature and almost rivals in importance Bach's "Well Tempered Clavecin." The experience of a long and very successful career as virtuoso and teacher enabled him to give to the pianistic world a work which has outlived all the periods of improved piano technic, and is even to day altogether indispensable to the student.

Mozart's beauty of form and refinement in musical characteristics, and Clementi's achievements in the technical development of the clavier style were the legacies left to the master spirit whose position in musical art and piano literature is the most exalted and indisputable. Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827) not only materially increased the rich variety of Clementi's style, he enlarged and perfected the sonata and gave instrumental music the dramatic force, the pathetic and passionate inner power of expression, which make it truly the language of emotion.

Born in Bonn, December, 1770, where his grandfather was court conductor (1761–1773) and his father a tenor singer and violinist, he inherited strong musical inclinations, and at an early age developed an easy musical apprecia-

tion and technical facility. A steady, systematic education seems not to have been allotted to him, yet under the tuition of several more or less worthy instructors he acquired good facility in piano and violin playing and composition, so that he was appointed assistant court organist in 1783. A visit to Vienna in 1787, which brought him in contact with Mozart, was of short duration, but in 1792 he made his home there to study with Haydn and later with Albrechtsberger and Salieri. In 1795 he published three piano trios—which seem to have been projected already in Bonn—and three sonatas, Op. 1 and 2. These works made him at once the foremost of living composers in these genres, and his superiority over similar works of Haydn and Mozart was plainly manifest in the greater pregnancy of his ideas, greater freedom and refinement in artistic formation and an original style in the treatment of the instrument. Each successive year brought new and more important works, which received marked notice—glowing praise and highest admiration on the one hand, severe criticism and direct opposition on the other. Beginning about 1798, his hearing became affected, and in spite of every effort the evil continued to grow, so that in course of time he was reduced to total deafness about 1815. Excluded from the world of sound, he continued to produce works of increasing grandeur and beauty until his death, March, 1827.

There is no composer whose works, from first to last, show such marked and steady advance, each far surpassing all similar works of other composers, and only outclassed by his own later efforts in the same direction. With each new work he seems to gain new power, and more and more surprisingly his artistic individuality continues to unfold itself. In his earlier compositions he manifests a perfect harmony in form and material, so that melodious beauty and the meaning and expression are congruent. He shows a well pronounced individuality, great depth of feeling and a complete mastery of all that is required to bring it out properly; yet with all these strong and original points he finds his example in Mozart, as is clearly seen in his manner and construction. Particularly striking and far in advance of

Mozart, so as to seem even in this period of homage to the latter's genius, totally new and original in every way, are the beautiful, large-hearted and dramatic adagios, which, in their touching expressiveness, attain almost "speaking" quality.

More and more his marked, strong and exuberant individuality claims prior consideration and with his third symphony, the "Eroica," arrives a noticeable change; the forms are considerably wider, the ideas gain greater breadth and are saturated with expression, and the treatment is of greater freedom and variety; not only the striking beauty and simplicity of the melodies and the full assurance of perfect form are to be admired, but the power of invention, the subtleness of musical characteristic and a conciseness in the motives which admits of a surprising thematic construction; the musical impulse is deeper and more lasting, and the imagination richer and more daring.

With the increasing difficulty in hearing—the left ear still retained a semblance of life, so that loud and distinct speaking had some effect—Beethoven begins to disregard the taste and liking of the public; more and more he appears to lose connection with the world; his inner life seems to be more active and the strong current of feeling gains in power the more it is withdrawn from outside influence. His ideas seem to be more inspired and replete with feeling —"from the heart, and may it touch the heart"—in the power and truth of expression they are more touching than those even of the second period, and as though he wished in the sunset of his life to send a friendly greeting to his great compeer, Bach, he cultivates the polyphone and fugue style. To give full and direct expression to his ideas he manifests greater severity and labor in writing and in increasing subjectivity gives birth to the most beautiful thoughts and an interesting thematic work. The mastery of form is still fresh and appears at times to have grown even stronger than in his period of plastic grace and strength, but the form is less translucent than formerly, and neither form nor idea will unveil its beauty at first sight to the student. Like a prophet he is far in advance of his time

and ever new wonders of the art are revealed to these that persistently seek the inner essence under the always promising but slowly yielding outer shell.

The improved technic of Clementi broadens the style of Haydn and Mozart; the piano passages become richer and more varied; Clementi's wider positions and richer chords with their full and saturated sound reflect in Beethoven the full import of the inner character; in the thematic work the ideas are brought into ever new connection and juxtaposition so that in increasing intensity they give a more complete significance of expression. Thought and feeling are equally strong and refined, and while the artistic idea is everywhere in harmony with a perfect form, the pregnancy of the idea becomes more and more the moving essence, thematic work gains in refinement, the contours of the different parts and periods are less pronounced than formerly and the reading becomes more a matter of study. Every one of his works is a new revelation; there is no mannerism of any kind and what can be said of one of his compositions does not fit the other. This incomparable versatility gives Beethoven something sphinx-like, is the prime cause of his all surpassing universality and makes him the adored of the admirers of perfect form as well as of those that worship absolute individual freedom in the artist. Beethoven has the most refined and exacting sense of form; wherever in the sensitiveness for unity of character in the whole work and the themes and motives in detail he cannot make use of the same pattern, he manifests his extraordinary power of artistic formation in finding the right and fitting outer form for a characteristic idea. Thus the sonatas are not only products of a most unfathomable nature and artistic imagination, but veritable patterns of select form.

The power of feeling in its development depends on the consciousness and activity of thought, and music, as the reflex of an emotional life, necessitates an intimate connection of thought and feeling. Musical thought in Beethoven may be said to have its source in emotional life itself and, completely confined to emotion, it brings in artistic concep-

tion the minute changes of feeling and expression. Where thought and feeling in mental training and free immagination are congruent in artistic conception musical characteristic will be the most perfect; the more varied the emotions and the more they are carried out to a complete exhaustion of feeling, the greater the versatility of character.

This power of thought continually engenders new material fitting to the character of the work, the themes and motives in their higher pregnancy require greater scope in elaborate exposition for which the fundamental character of the work—light or graceful, proud or daring, of joyous expression, jocose humor or boisterous merriment, tranquil pensiveness or ser ene tenderness—gives the conditions. To find room for the new material Beethoven created the characteristic episodes to his principal periods which, far from obstructing the importance of the latter, help to carry and elevate them as he knows how to subordinate without losing rare musical beauty even for less important parts. Thus the more elaborate part—Durchfuehrungs-satz—is worked up most effectively in counterpoint and modulation so as to be frequently the culminating point of the whole work. The different movements are extended by one or more additions —codas—which give the expression a more complete and consummate development and in this partieular Beethoven's greater maturity of artistic instinct is most manifest over his predecessors. The scherzo, which he adds to the sonata as a fourth movement, gives him occasion to spread his burly humor; yet even here he varies the character by always carrying out a different idea from the phantastically serene to the most extravagant. Artistic individuality has perfect freedom even in the number and character of the movements, everywhere the idea is in perfect harmony with the form so that even his sonatas in two movements are, by way of contrast, perfect types of this genre.

As was customary with popular composers, and intended, perhaps, as a concession to the large class of amateurs. Beethoven has written a number of variations in the light and graceful style and in time he developed this form with all the energy of his genial nature. The variation is well fitted

for a slow sonata movement whose tendency is always more or less plastic repose and where purely individual feeling frequently finds expression in the lied or aria. Beethoven's variations develop the expressive quality of the aria in all its various phases, and by continued mental examination the feeling becomes clearer defined, more idealized and obtains greater power and insistence. The thirty-three variations on a valse of Diabelli, are the most stupendous; the manner in which the composer reconceives the musical and artistic possibilities of the theme (in itself of inferior merit) in ever new form, idealizes and changes the expression at every step, shows almost every contingency of refi ned musical thought and artistic formation and makes this work, the last for the piano, one of unique and solitary grandeur.

The concertos present an equally marked development in form and idea. The first shows much of Mozart's instrumental style, but the grace and beauty of form and originality of invention is as markedly Beethoven's. The second is written much in the same manner, lacking, however, some of the sweet grace and winning tenderness of the first. The third in C minor is of much larger mold yet, save for the grand adagio, still in Mozart's spirit. The fourth in G ard the fifth in E flat are among the most beautiful compositions of the second period. The one of idyllic feminine grace and beauty; the other full of manly power, burly humor and—in the adagio—of romantic reverie. This last in E flat, commonly named the emperor concerto, marks the culminating point in this class of composition which has never been obtained since.

In ensemble music with piano we have a long line of compositions, duos, trios and a quartette, all of which have their own individual character and beauty; their form is like the sonata for piano alone and all that has been said of the sonatas can fitly be repeated here. It is needless to say that here as in every other genre he surpassed all his predecessors, and that in some of them he still stands unrivaled to the present day.

An ill regulated education, the absence of loving care on the part of his parents—the father was as severe and un-

trustful as the mother was overindulgent and incapable—laid the foundation to his later unsociable habits and unguarded manner in life. He was genial and of winning personality to his friends, but careless of their good will and affection; witty and humorous, yet always distrustful and in his transactions occasionally not overdelicate; full of his own artistic importance to overbearing, while ruthlessly fault finding with others.

Such was his character in real life; yet if artistic personality is the result of man's thinking and feeling, the outcome of his inner essence, we have a number of characteristic traits which give a picture of the most refined quality. Capable of idealizing all that moved him and of the realizing to such perfection the full measure of truth and beauty, he must have lived an inner life which is truly enviable. In the beauty of form, the most exacting truthfulness of exs pression and a discrimination even in the smallest details there is no one superior to him in the oyrwhol-intthe of fine arts and letters.

The eminently brilliant passages which were a prominent feature in Clementi's sonatas—made subservien to superior musical thought and feeling by Beethoven so as to form a rich and varied background to musical characteristic—were taken up, remodeled and enlarged by a number of excellent pianists and musicians of great fame and ability in their days, whose depth of feeling and power of thought were, however, even less than Clementi's equal to the richer display of material. A finished style and well matured expression in playing and good taste and form in writing give as little claim to individual character and the power and beauty of ideal life in music as the observance of the conventional rules of good society is a token of man's inner worth and value. The efforts of these men of undeniable talent and great musical respectability, directed mainly to a tasteful display of their pianistic ability in beauty of tone, smooth, harmonious progressions, pretty melodies and well rounded phrases, lacked not the symmetry of form which could be studied (and if need be copied) in the many beautiful examples, but

the corresponding inner essence of thought and feeling. The arrangement in proper periods manifests good sense of proportion and insures variety, but the inner force which controls this arrangement is not always apparent; the phrases are brought in a certain well arranged manner, but the logic, more or less potent, by which each part leads to something that is to follow and by which all the phrases and motives contribute to the general impulse, is wanting and the connection and relation of parts seems often merely mechanical. Piano music thus lost in beauty of character and expression what it gained in beauty of sound and material display. The greater bulk of these compositions was written for pupils or, better still, for the market; and although many excellent traits are found in the works of these writers their importance was a lasting one mostly for their day.

Joh. Ludw. Dussek (1761–1812) pupil of Ph. Em. Bach, is a most prolific composer, in whose works expression rises sometimes to passionate outbursts to change again with commonplace phrases and an overcrowded exposition. Aug. Eb. Mueller (1767-1817) and Ludwig Berger (1777 1839) have left many works, and Ignaz Pleyel (1760-1831) who was a very popular composer. Most of the works of these three writers have altogether disappeared. John Bapt. Cramer (1771-1858) and John Field (1782-1837) the two famous pupils of Clementi, still hold a respectable place in piano literature, the first in a set of etudes of good technical and musical quality, the latter in a number of smaller compositions—nocturnes—of great beauty of form and elegance of spirit. Pianists of extraordinary ability, they have written many meritorious sonatas, concertos and a variety of other pieces which are now scarcely known to have existed.

Aug. Alex. Klengel (1784-1852) also a pupil of Clementi, devoted his maturer years to the perfection of a work—little known, yet of rare merit—of canons and fugues, similar to Bach's "Well Tempered Clavecin." These (48) Canons and fugues are of singlar beauty in form and counterpoint, musically interesting and in their (modern) spirit original so that they offer valuable material for a sound development in the polyphone and legato style of playing. Joh. Nep.

Hummel (1778-1837), a pupil of Mozart, shows in his compositions great clearness, correctness and beauty of form fully adequate to his great fame as a classic player, yet he lacksht einner warmth of feeling and matured thought; the fire of genius is wanting to give his works a valuable musical character, and it is for the beautiful technical display mostly that the concertos and the septette retain their artistic value.

Of a decidedly higher order are the piano compositions of C. M. von Weber (1786-1826), whose fame in musical art rests on the merit of his operas. Simplicity and truth of expression—with a shade, however, of coquettishness—give his melodies a very popular character; graceful nobility seems to come to him in the spirit of romantic chivalry, and the brilliancy of his passages is more dazzling and original than any before his time, Clementi not excepted. In the pyrotechnical display a melodious element often appears latent which gives it an elegant musical stability even to picturesqueness, and the vigor and fire—not coming and going in fitful starts—seems to be sustained with energetic constancy. Alongside of Beethoven's incomparably nobler and purer works these good traits appear to less advantage in his sonatas and concertos, but in the Concertstueck and a number of smaller works he has furnished the prototype of many a refined composition of the later piano virtuosos.

Classical repose in Beethoven's works of the second period made room for greater subtileness and refinement of expression in his last period; imagination "which bodies forth the forms of things unknown" begins to hold a more important part, the idea is pursued almost to the utmost limits of thought and feeling, and though losing sometimes in restful beauty, the composer gains in power of expression and subjectivity. The spirit of romance, which in mysterious forebodings seeks conclusion with the preternatural, whose spritelike aspirations find mystic voices in the whispering winds, murmuring waves and rolling thunder, begins to fill musical form. Inciting the feeling and imagination without giving a definite expression to the one or a distinct idea to the other these forms are filled with terror and fear, grief and sorrow, longing and dreaming, joy and gladness, and the

indistinct, nebulous and indefinable finds occasion for new revelry in sound.

The adagio of Bach's Italian concerto and his chromatique fantasie are full of romantic spirit. Beethoven in the first movement of the so-called Moonlight sonata, and more or less in all his slow movements, is given to romantic reverie, but what heretofore appeared occasionally as a greater exuberance of feeling bent on more conclusive expression, now rises to greater importance and becomes a prominent characteristic feature in musical art.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828), the son of a school teacher in a suburbs of Vienna, brings in the genial facility of conception an almost sententious method of expression and an ever increasing conciseness of form, and a lyric individuality of feeling to the most complete expression in the "lied," and is alongside of the classic composers, the most pronounced representative of the romantic school. His earliest compositions, written when he was barely thirteen years old, are full of preternatural imaginings, and the almost unparalleled productivity in a short period of seventeen years is hardly more astonishing than the exuberant phantasie and wonderful artistic sensitiveness which found for every mood the most plastic expression, exhausting the feeling in every shade and detail.

Schubert's sonatas and the two fantasies are on the average not as perfect in form and finish as his songs. The incessantly working imagination and the lyric essence of his artistic nature do not always reach the concentration in the material which is desirable in the larger forms, and the dialectic exposition of the classic composers is often wanting; the different movements are frequently too long, so that where in the rich power of his fancy he does not find the right limit, the effect of the whole work is considerably weakened. Critical observation and continued detailed examination which insure a well matured balance in the proportions, and thorough musical training in thematic work and counterpoint are not the strong point, yet the details are full of beauty, a sensuous freshness prevails which keeps the player spellbound while the hearer who is impressed by the effect

of the entire work misses the contrast of the themes, their opposition and the consequent dramatic impulse in the movement. The blending of joyfully rising, almost excessive vigor with the increased intensity of tenderest emotions, the passages full of heavenly song, the fresh humor and the interesting, sometimes piquant rhythms pass by as so many beautiful images one more enticing than the other, like fairy stories growing out of the very nature of the instrument and in their fullness of saturated sound a very Lethe for individual moods.

In ensemble music—two trios and a quintette with piano—Schubert unquestionably ranks higher than in the sonatas for piano alone. The thematic work is not of the vigorous classical type, and the composer loses himself at times in his "heavenly lengths," but an almost individual impulse seems to be imparted to the different instruments which carries the movement along more satisfactorily.

In his smaller compositions Schubert rises to the full importance of form and expression. The magic spell of an absolute beauty of sound—in itself of romantic essence—in the refined and original combinations full of playfully tender, dreamy or happy revelry finds a fitter place in the narrow form The "Momen's Musicales" and Impromptus are tone pictures of unrivaled beauty, full of character and poetic sentiment and in this form the forerunners of the later "Songs without Words" and the characteristic pieces. In the Valses, Laendler, the Polonaises and Marches for four hands—heretofore scarcely more than popular dance forms—he shows such characteristic refinement in melody, such variety of rhythm and withal such healthy sense of enjoyment and sweetly alluring, interesting moods that in their greater variety of expression and their higher aims they must now be recognized as typical art forms.

ADOLPH CARPE.

CHICAGO.

CYRIL TYLER: HIS ABILITY AND GENIUS.

The wonderful child, who is the subject of this article, was fortunate in being born in the land of Song—beautiful Naples, twelve years ago, while his parents were studying there. All who have heard him, seem to agree perfectly on one point—that he is a genius. All the gifts Nature usually bestows on a mortal, she has granted him.



CYRIL TYLER.

It seems that in the superficial life we live now-a-days, nature's wish was to endow him with all the requisites to conceive art in its perfection. Not often is she so generous as to lavish all her treasures upon one soul. Has such a child as this appeared since the days of Adelina Patti? I know of none. Cyril is intelligent, quick, attentive, and listens when one talks to him, with the repose of a philosopher. His head is of splendid proportion; his eyes are large, full of expression and deeply penetrating. Although he does not know it, because of his unconsciousness of all his latent power, he is nevertheless full of magnetism, and exercises it over one person or a whole audi-

ence, with equal power. It is no will of his own, for as soon as he steps upon the stage, in his own peculiar little walk, and stands before the public, one can hear a pin drop. He stands there without the conceit which accompanies a great many successful artists, but nevertheless impressing the audience by his very presence.

Until he was three years old, he imbibed the essence of his parent's studies. From the time he was conscious of hearing anything, he heard music; he heard singing; artistic singing. His father's voice (Signor Tagliere) more than once no doubt, made him happy with a recitative and aria from a grand opera. All the music he ever heard was good, therefore he unconsciously knows and likes good music. Sentimental, sad music, seems to bring his whole soul into his voice. From a psychological point of view, this boy would make a most interesting study. We will consider here, only his ability and his genius, without reference to the psychological conditions. Where his genius is most palpable is in his rendering of different arias and songs. We will take, as a splendid example and a most difficult one, the Ave Maria of Bach-Gounod. It is sung by all great artists, and no doubt, well sung, but where and when, did any one ever hear it as Cyril sings it? Never, on the stage. The only place one can hear and feel that religious atmosphere creeping over one, is in a convent, where the women who have given up the world and are looking only for happiness from above, do indeed open their souls to their God, and dwell in close communion with Him!

When this boy begins the first tones of the Ave Maria, one feels his soul has left the earth, and opens itself to the One, from whom he is looking for comfort. It is indeed a prayer. The genius of the child twelve years old has its full scope in the melody which springs from his soul. Where does he get that inspiration? It is given him, and that is all one can say about it.

The reason most singers, however well they may be trained, leave us unsympathetic and produce no elevating effect, is because of the fact that they are not inspired. They sing because they have a voice. yet they do not bring

us nearer to God by singing a sacred song, but that is what Cyril Tyler accomplishes. He carries us with him. After singing the Ave Maria, he comes out and enchants us with Schubert's Serenade. No longer is the influence upon us the same; another sentiment has taken possession of him; he renders that love longing, that desire to have the dear one come to him, with all the ardor of a fervent lover. In contrast to the Ave Maria, this song is one more proof of his genius, for pure as he is from all human passions, he cannot, from his will, bring himself to express a feeling he has never experienced. Still his accents are imploring, no longer in a religious way, but in a loving prayer. That is what no one can give; no one can teach. It must be felt, and in order to affect others, it must be true and sincere.

From an artistic point of view, he is still more wonderful. With his genius he had nothing to do; it was given to him. The greatest praise for his ability as a singer, is deserving, not only to him, but to his father and mother, who have been his teachers. His voice was given to him, but his execution has been his work. He should be as a lesson to those, who, being blessed with good voices, will not labor to gain the fullness of their gifts. Of course, there is a great difference in students; some are gifted one way, some another; some require longer time than others to reach the same results. With this boy, execution is an easy matter. His voice is naturally very flexible, but however easy the execution may be, it must be done according to the laws of rhythm, and elaborate schooling is evident in all his work. Cyril has really studied all his life, but within the last few years the greatest attention has been bestowed upon his vocal instruction. Whoever hears him sing the "Shadow Song," or the "Carnival of Venice," and knows anything of singing, will realize what studies he must have gone through to be able to give a perfect rendition to such difficult arias. He likes to sing; it is his greatest pleasure, and therefore is no work for him. One can feel he enjoys it, as much, if not more, than his audience. His pianos and pianissimos are exquisite; his staccato notes could be envied by the greatest

artist; they are flute like. His runs are clear and always well accented; his tempo is always strict; he takes no liberty whatever with what he sings. He respects the author's desire, and in that, he is a lesson to almost all singers. Of course, I except the great artists, who consider an author's composition their own, and are not conceited enough to wish to improve it probably by ruining the very thought of the writer. Even famous artists have been wanting in this consideration. For example, Christine Nillson. She was the ideal Marguerite. She looked it, and her very stature and complexion made one feel that it was indeed Goethe's Marguerite. One day at the Grand Opera House in Paris, where she was rehearsing the part before the master, she so changed a cadenza from the manuscript that Gounod said to her, "Mademoiselle, that is very lovely, and you have sung it beautifully, but I do not know what it is; it is not my Marguerite; it is your own. I wish you to sing *my music* just now, and not yours." It is a great pity more authors are not about when their music is sung; but it is principally the fault of the teachers, who do not insist on a pupil's reading of a song or aria as it is written. Tosti, for example, takes so much pains in marking his music just as he wants it sung, that it vexes him beyond expression when his songs are sung carelessly. Cyril never does this, and it is most refreshing to hear him from that artistic point of view.

Phrasing, which is so rarely taken into account, even by so-called professionals, is with him delightful; if he makes a portamento, it is with all the delicacy of an Italian master, without dragging or slurring. It is a delightful portamento with a decresendo beautifully shaded. He sings in several languages, and his pronunciation, enunciation and diction in each are indeed remarkable. Very few singers these days realize that singing does not mean simply to produce sounds, which may please people at large. They do not stop to think that good singing means several studies, and one of the most important of them is diction. His voice is as true as steel. He sings recitatives which are the greatest test, with the purest intonation. His memory is remarkable, for not knowing any other language than his own, he

sings perfectly in French, German, Italian, and a few others. If one listens attentively, not one word is lost. As an artist, he possesses all the *appanage* of a great soprano. He is fortunate in being under the direction of so able and so good a judge as Mr. Edgar Strakosch, for his work is well divided with his recreations. His voice is taken care of much as Adelina Patti's was by Mr. Strakosch's distinguished uncle, Maurice. A young voice, and especially that of a boy up to a certain age, requires the greatest care, in order that it be not overtaxed, thereby ruining its future welfare, and we owe one of the greatest examples of such preservation to Mr. Maurice Strakosch, to whom we are indebted for having heard Patti so long. Had he not interfered when she was a very young girl and inclined to sing beyond her strength, she would undoubtedly have ruined the voice which has charmed the world so many years, and is yet full of power.

E. A. M.

BOSTON.

THE MODERN ORCHESTRA AND ITS MISSION.

A TREATISE ON PRACTICAL INSTRUMENTATION.

(FIRST PART.)

A great literary authority has said of no less a personage than George Meredith that his style is an impertinence. It certainly is inexcusable. That he is a great thinker and a wonderful student of human nature no one can deny, but he chooses to put his noble thoughts before the public in a very bad light, hampered beyond all question by his heavy, complex and ineffective style. In a different art and in a somewhat less degree the same is true of Johannes Brahms and his methods of instrumentation. But he is even less excusable than Meredith, for there are certain laws of music which are not merely personal fancies; they are founded upon the eternal and changeless principles of what "sounds well." Josef Rheinberger, unquestionably the greatest living teacher of composition, has this phrase constantly on his lips in the class room: "That will not sound well; change it so that it will sound well." And in this he is surely right. It is true that the higher grades of music appeal strongly to the intellect, but that appeal is none the less made through the ears. This is especially true of what is called "absolute music." In operatic writing or in program music certain harsh and momentarily dissonant effects may be desirable to illustrate certain ideas, sentiments or acts which this class of music endeavors to represent, but absolute music is too ethereal an art product to justify the use of such meretricious and unworthy methods of gaining effectiveness. Absolute music should always "sound well" and in order to attain this result in orchestral writing, the composer must not only be thoroughly conversant with all

that the art of modern instrumentation teaches, but he must also be possessed of that inborn and intuitive sense and feeling for tone-color which is not granted to all—not even to all composers—Brahms himself being very deficient in this respect, as has already been stated.

This seems the only fair way of looking at his shortcomings in this detail of his art, for it would be manifestly unjust and untrue to assume that he is ignorant in this important particular. Either he deliberately neglects the finer phases of the art of instrumentation as superficial and unworthy of special attention, or else he has not that inborn sense for tone-color which would be equivalent to the rest of his musical genius. It might be maintained that this latter view is belied by some of the exquisite orchestral effects which he—alas, only occasionally—introduces. At all events it is not the purpose of this article to investigate precisely why he is lacking in this respect; the fact that he *is* so sufficiently points the moral desired.

With regard to the former view it must be maintained that in precisely its superficial aspects the music of our own times, and probably of the future, must be studied and judged. Strictly speaking we have nothing original nor are we likely to have. The composer of to-day takes rank according to the ease and elegance, combined with power and intensity, which he exhibits in more or less rearranging already existing material. The absolute creative composer is a thing of the past, the book of music is closed: at least for some considerable time, but probably forever. If then we cannot expect wholly new ideas and thoughts from a composer, we can at least demand that in presenting old friends to our attention he shall take all possible pains to adequately disguise their familiar aspect, that for a moment, at least, we may be pleasantly deceived. To accomplish this end all the wealth of rhythm, melody, harmony and counterpoint are at his command, but most important of all is the purely superficial—meretricious, if you will—but beautiful art of instrumentation, and it is in this almost limitedless field that the most important explorations of the majority of great modern composers have been made.

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The orchestras of the past were wierd combinations. At the very beginning of musical enterprise in this branch, it is probable that, pursuing the methods of the Salvation Army, any and all instruments were welcome, and the players endeavored as far as possible to play at the same time without unnecessary quarrelling. Not otherwise must the orchestral players of earlier centuries have combined their barbaric and untutored forces. As far as the written history of music aids us, Claudio Monteverde is accredited with having founded the modern orchestra. In other words he is said to have been the first (but more probably only one of the first) composer to write music expressly for a certain combination of instruments, and insist upon its being played as written. Previous to this time, however, some efforts had been made in France to formulate methods of writing and performing concerted instrumental music but the greatest confusion prevailed, none the less.

On the occasion of the marriage of Margaret of Lorraine with the Duc de Joyeuse, in 1551, an elaborate composition called "Le Ballet Comique de la Reyne" was performed at the Chateau de Moutiers where the ceremony took place, and from the still extant score of this work we gain some remarakble details as to its musical construction. Mention is made of hautboys (the modern oboe), flutes, cornets, trombones, viole di gamba, lutes, harps, a flageolet (played by Pan) and ten violins played by as many ballet dancers in full dress. Of this performance the celebrated musical writer, W. S. Roekstro, very truly says:—"Such an array would lead us at first sight to expect great things did we not find that the performers were divided into ten bands (dix concerts de musique), that the violins were reserved for one particular scene in which they played alone, five on each side that in another scene Neptune and his followers were armed with "lyres, luths, harpes, flustes et autres instruments," and that in another Jupiter descended from a golden dome in which were placed forty musicians, "avec nouveaux instruments et differents du precedens."

This is, as a matter of fact, the first regular orchestra

mentioned in immediate connection with any dramatic performance, and therefore it is possible that the first honors in this respect belong to France.

In Italy Monteverde had several predecessors of whom we have definite record, but he was none the less the real master of the entire group of experimenters in this direction. Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, a rich Florentine, was a celebrated Macænas and protector of the arts, and music in particular at the close of the sixteenth century, and at his beautiful palace a group of men were in the habit of coming together and discussing the renaissance, to which they were all passionately devoted. All the arts were well represented but with regard to music in particular it was determined to try to make a stand against the so called musicians who were wholly given over to fugue and counterpoint in its dryest style. One of these men was Vincenzo Galilei, father of Galileo Galilei, the celebrated astronomer, and he was a very fine musician. At one of the gatherings at Bardi's palace he produced a melodramatic scene for barytone voice accompanied by piano and viola, representing the terrible sufferings of Count Ugolino, as told by Dante, and it created a profound impression. Not only did the music endeavor to some extent to illustrate the words but the manner of its accompaniment was wholly new. Another one of these men was Giulio Caccini, a beautiful singer and celebrated lute player, who wrote and sang there a number of short melodramatic pieces, accompanied by one Bardilla on the "theorbo"—the large, double-necked lute with two sets of tuning pins, called in England the "arch-lute."

This progress was not confined to Florence however. The oratorio called "La Rappresentazione dell' Anima e del Corpo" by Emilio del Cavaliere, was first performed at Rome in the oratory attached to the church of S. Maria in Vallicella, in the month of February 1600. On this occasion an orchestra was used consisting of a double lyre, or viole de gamba; a harpsichord, a double guitar, or base lute (this was undoubtedly the theorbo or the chitarrone) and two flutes. Indeed a modest little band in comparison with the French combination described above. In passing it is interesting

to note that on this occasion the orchestra was concealed as is the case to-day at Bayreuth.

To return to Florence, Jacopo Peri, the composer of "Eurydice," the first opera ever publicly performed, used a similar orchestra. This was ten months later, on the occasion of the festivities which followed the marriage of Henry IV of France and Maria di Medici. The orchestra which accompanied this performance consisted of a harpsichord presided over by none other than Signor Corsi, a rich dilletante and powerful protector of Peri's chitarrone (argmentative of chitara, a double-necked instrument somewhat similar to the theorbo, but with a much longer and more graceful neck. Both chitara and chitarrone were not strung with cat gut like the Spanish guitar, but with wire like the German zither and the English cithern), a lira grande, or viol de gamba (a large lyre similar to the rebec, the early instrument of the violin family) and a theorbo. In one scene a shepherd appeared playing on a triflauto, or Pan's pipes, and in the accompaniment of this scene three flutes were used behind the scenes. It may be mentioned in passing that Peri had written a previous opera—reckoned to be the first of all operas—called "Dafne.' This had been performed privately at the palazzo Corsi in 1597, but the music is unfortunately lost.

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These, then, were Monteverde's predecessors and their works, the foundations upon which he built—the firmly driven piles upon which he was the first to begin to rear the stately structure of modern instrumentation which to-day towers so high in the artistic heavens. With him we must transfer the scene of musical progress from Florence to Mantua, the year being 1607, and the occasion the gorgeous nuptials of Francesco Gonzaga with Margherita, Infanta of Savoy. His father, the reigning duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, invited the poet, Rinuccini (Peri's librettist), to prepare the books of two operas. The poet complied, and furnished a second "Dafne," to which one Marco di Zanobi da Gagliano composed the music, and "Arianna," which was assigned to Claudio Monteverde, then the duke's maestro di capella, a

comparatively young man still, having been born at Cremona in 1568. Of "Dafne's" success or failure, we know nothing, but Monteverde's work was destined to a different fate. He was already accounted a man of extraordinary genius, and his bold and determined opposition to the established rules of counterpoint had excited much comment among musicians. "Arianna" produced an extraordinary effect upon the audience, and Monteverde was immediately invited to compose another opera. To this end he selected the ever popular story of "Orpheus and Eurydice," which was dramatized for him by some unknown poet, and which he called "Orfeo," to distinguish it from Peri's treatment of the same story, and this work was not only immeasurably superior to anything which had preceded it, but is, undoubtedly, the foundation of our modern schools of composition.

His orchestra was not only larger, but also much more varied than any combination of instruments previous to that time. It consisted of two harpsichords, two bass viols, ten tenor viols (similar to the present viola), one double harp, two small French violins, two large guitars (chitarrone) two wooden organs, two viole di gamba (this instrument has already been mentioned several times; it was played in the inverse position like basses and cellos, but resting on the knee—*gamba*—in distinction to the tenor viol or viole da brazzo, played in the violin position resting on the arm——*brazzo*), four trombones, one regale (the German name for a very small organ, also called bible organ because it was sometimes so small that it could be folded up to the size of a church Bible. It had one row of reed pipes), two cornets, one small octave flute (similar to our piccolo), one clarion, and three trumpets with mutes: in all thirty-six performers, a simply fabulous number of both instruments and players for those days. It is probable that following the example of both Del Cavalieri and Peri, the composer placed the musicians in a concealed position.

The chief thing which strikes the modern student on seeing the score of Monteverde's work is that the performer's must have adopted methods similar to those in vogue to-day among Hungarian bands, in other words, they sup-

plied the harmony or melody as they saw fit. The only music of the opera known to be extant consists largely of a figured bass and that alone; consequently unless separate parts, long since destroyed, were written out for the individual instruments, the greatest latitude must have been allowed the musicians as to what and when they should play.

For some time after the performance of "Orfee," Monteverde produced no more dramatic-musical works, with the exception of a grand mythological spectacle called "Il Ballo delle Ingrata," which immediately followed the opera. This cessation of productivity on his part was owing to the simply tremendous expense of such performances in those days. The magnificent costumes, beautiful scenery and other accessories and incidental appointments could only be obtained by such positively ruinous expenditure that the early operas could only be given to divert the highest nobility, and then only on occasions of unusual and extraordinary rejoicings and festivities. It so happened that after the gorgeous wedding of Francesco Gonzaga, which, as we have already shown, caused the existence of "Orfeo" and the discovery of Monteverde's genius, no such occasion arose for a prolonged period. Consequently we may assume that the great composer did not write, because there was no chance of having his works performed. In our days this would hardly be considered as a valid excuse for any cessation of productivity in a musical composer, for our own authors nearly all write without any hope of performance, and, indeed, many of the veritable masterpieces of the past fifty years have been composed when their creators were in the lowest depths of poverty and lack of artistic support. Still while Monteverde did not produce (as far as we know) any grand operas in this period of his career, it is, of course, probable that he constantly experimented in his favorite field of combined instrumental forces, or what we call to-day the orchestra.

In 1624 he settled permanently in Venice, and at the instance of Girolamo Moncenigo, one of the richest and most intellectual members of that great and influential family, he composed an intermezzo called "Il Combattimente di Tancredi e Clorinda." This work is specially worthy of notice,

because in its score he introduced for the first time two important orchestral effects for stringed instruments—the pizzicato and the tremolo. Otherwise the comparative sketchiness of the work makes it unimportant in the history of musical progress as far as we know. But in 1630 we find him again gratifying the highest flights of his artistic ambition. In this year he composed for the celebrations attending the marriage of Giustiniana Moncenigo and Lorenzo Giustiniani, a grand opera called "Proserpina Rapita," which was produced with unparalleled splendor and magnificence and appears to have been astonishingly successful. This, however, was the year of the terrible plague which ravaged all the greater cities of Italy, and in the devastation and destruction caused by its pestilential invasion all the arts, including music and, more especially, these grand and elaborate operatic performances, were forced into the background, and for some time all intellectual advancement was at an end. Here we must leave Monteverde, for from this period on the actual development of the musical art was in the hands of others. Still, no least lack of credit must be granted to him, for he is most surely the father and the founder of our modern school of instrumental composition. With a few brief words the introductory portion of this paper can now be closed. Throughout all Italy the progress and advance in the use of the orchestra became very rapid. Instruments were no longer heaped together in the reckless, disorderly and heterogeneous way which we have seen; a certain order and system became steadily more apparent, especially in the treatment of the strings, individually and also as a mass, which formed the foundation of the orchestra. In 1649 Cavalli accompanies a song in "Il Giasone" with two violins and a bass in such a manner that were the score laid side by side with anything Haendel wrote fifty years later, it would be hard even for an expert to tell which was which. In 1676 Alessandro Stradella, in an oratorio called "San Giovanni Battista," uses two violins and a violoncello accompanied by a large number of violins, violas and basses, and at about the same time the great Italian composer, Alessandro Scarlatti, used as the basis of his orches-

tra, two violins, viola and bass, and used them precisely as they have been used ever since. Here, then, we will leave the mere history of instrumentation, for that is not the purpose of this article, and jumping abruptly over a period of two hundred years we will now carefully inspect the modern art of instrumentation and orchestration as it is understood and practiced in our own times by our own great masters. We have seen the slender foundation of the mighty structure, and passing over the period of its erection we will now look at the magnificent completed building as it stands in artistic splendor at the close of this most wonderful nineteenth century.

ARTHUR WELD.

MILWAUKEE.

CONGREGATION AS SEEN BY THE CHOIR.

There has been a great deal written about the relation of the choir to the congregation, but very little on the subject indicated by the above title. As to the serious side of the question, the members of the choir are too frequently the subjects of much useless criticism, not only from a musical standpoint, but everything connected with the personality of the singer is made the occasion of criticism. In fact, choir singers are made to serve the congregation with a good share of their weekly gossip, and in no way is this the fault of the singers. Any member of the congregation is allowed to whisper to his neighbor and smile, but if a singer does this, he is placed immediately before the bar of the public for condemnation.

While all church singers do not behave as seemly as they might, it can be said of them that they do much better in this respect than does the congregation. The choir singer, usually, is in a position where he cannot help but notice peculiarities and oddities in members of the congregation. For instance: One good brother in an Eastern church used to take the front seat, the choir being on the platform with the minister, and when listening to the choir and minister, he made such comical faces and shapes in trying to get on a pious look and appear interested and appreciative, that no one could look at him without smiling. Another man who sat one or two seats from the front, always went to sleep during the sermon, and he had a "patent" way of waking himself. He turned around sideways and placed his elbows on the back of the pew, resting his chin on his hand, with his little finger in his mouth, and when he fell to dozing and nodding, of course, he bit his finger and wakened, then he would put on an innocent look of having been awake all the time. A monk could not have kept a straight face in seeing this performance, much less a member of the choir. One

good sister was very much opposed to anthems, and when the choir sang one that was particularly brilliant, (and, by the way, the choir was a most excellent one) her frowns of disapproval and nods to sympathizing friends were a source of amusement to the choir. Another man in the congregation, who always occupied a front seat, and whom the choir called "The Bishop" because of the extreme dignity that he tried to assume, always looked the greatest approval for the efforts of the choir, especially when some of the young ladies sang solos. Invariably after the service he would congratulate them in the most condescending and patronizing way, and if when singing the vocalist happened to notice him, it was almost impossible for the singer to repress a smile. One old lady, who had been brought up a quakeress, went to the minister and said: "Thee knows I am getting old, and it may be that I shall not live long, and I want to get a promise from thee that thou wilt not let the choir chaw any psalms over my grave." It might be said in explanation, that although it was a Methodist church, the choir sometimes sang a chant from the Episcopal service. One of the singers asked one of the old ladies of the congregation for her opinion regarding the church music, and was told by her that "some tunes is nice enough, but some of them 'air opening pieces is worse than swearing."

If congregations would be as free with compliments as they are with adverse criticism, choirs would soon be a great deal more efficient than they are now. Few members of a church stop to consider that it is many times a great inconvenience and often requires much self-denial on the part of the singer to always be at his or her place at the rehearsal or in the church service; that in volunteer choirs the congregation has no claim upon the singer, and whatever the singer does should be accepted in the same spirit with which it is given, viz., as a free-will offering, and not something that has been or can be exacted.

When a person has been gifted with a voice, and has given more or less study and time to its cultivation, and has paid out more or less money as tuition for a better knowledge of, and greater skill in music, it is no reason why the

public should make special claims upon the singer. The minister and leading members of a church make many demands upon the time of a singer to take part in extra services, funerals and socials, and they command, rather than ask the singers to place themselves at their disposal. But when the singer has done his or her part in a commendable way, they seldom receive as much as "Thank you" for their self-denial and efforts.

Choir singers are often called "jealous," "touchy" and "thin skinned," and are spoken of as being too ready to take offence, but as the writer has had much experience with choirs, he knows they have great provocation to a little touchiness. In nearly all volunteer choirs, the members will compare favorably, socially, intellectually and religiously with any class or division of the congregation. The latter should remember that because the choir presents its time and talents to the service of the church, this does not give the congregation the right of making them the target for unjust criticism or slanderous assaults, for while the members of the choir are human, so are the members of the congregation.

Singers often see some member of the congregation enter the church and take a seat with a pious and sanctimonious air whom they know to be extremely inconsistent, and justly hold in supreme contempt. When it comes to a criticism as to who is most worthy the odds are usually in favor of the choir.

It may not be worth while to recommend members of the congregation to treat its choir with more consideration and appreciation, but if any thinking person will look over the situation a moment, it can be readily seen that the congregation is indebted to the choir, and not the choir to the congregation, and that it is no more than just for them to give the members of its choir some word of compliment especially when the music has been extra good. And when the occasion presents itself, as Christmas or Easter, nor at momentous crisis of life—the wedding day, to give some substantial favor as a token of good will and gratitude.

CHAS. W. LANDON.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

"B'HUTT GOTT."

A Musical Story, Translated from the German by Jeanette Hesse.

I.

The quiet of the little room, fast filling with twilight shadows, was broken only by the buzzing of a shining brown beetle, which whirred about the bowed head of a busy worker at his desk. Round and round it circled, then beat against the window-panes in a vain endeavor to regain its freedom. As the brown-haired young man at the writing-desk gazed absently into space, quite heedless of the intruder, it become more obtrusive, flying so close before him as almost to blot the freshly written notes, then darting away to buzz among the books and music that filled the bookcases lining the walls at the farther end of the room. Still failing to arouse the dreamer, it darted in to the open the piano and beat about among the strings, until they gave out a wierd musical sound.

Almost startled by this rude disturbance of his thought, the young man looked up and a shade of annoyance passed over his face; the music of the beetle may have broken into other and sweeter harmonies that were floating through his soul. As the strings continued vibrating, he drew his hand across his brow, and with eager eyes and smiling lips began to investigate the cause of the strange sounds; then, reaching in among the strings, he soon seized the disturber of his peace.

"Come, come," said he, good-naturedly, as the little creature fluttered violently in its attempts to free itself; "you have no reason to fear me, for I never harmed one of your ancestors when I was a boy and had the natural right to do so." He placed it upon his forefinger and watched

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with boyish interest, how, instead of at once flying away, it first drew in its head, stretched it out again, then carefully extended its feelers, and after a pulsating movement of its whole body, slowly spread its wings and flew away into the soft evening air. As it vanished amid the tall trees opposite his window, he gazed after it thoughtfully for an instant, listened to the roar of the great city which came to him softened by the distance, then closed the window and seated himself near a lighted lamp in the back part of the room. On the table lay periodicals, letters, and clippings from various newspapers.

"It is time to stop," said he to himself, glancing at the clock "I can do no more work today." Leaning back in his easy chair, he began to turn over the papers on the table, not as one who eagerly seeks something new, but as one who affectionately greets the old and familiar. On top lay "Musical Intelligence from the Danube," which contained an article of criticism extending through half the number; here another musical paper, there the highly colored feuilleton of a great newspaper, and yonder still another. They all treated of the same subject, an opera which had been recently presented at the capital; one with moderate praise, interspersed with mild censure on minor points, the latter being a justice one owes when criticizing the work of a beginner; another, with unqualified approval, and all with hearty encouragement, such as seldom greets the first effort of a young composer.

Letters, too, lay among the printed matter; several were from young friends, who, overflowing with enthusiasm for their friend and his work, could not await the judgment of the critics, but hastened to wish him the unalloyed success he so well deserved, the more enthusiastic among them declared that he had hit the nail on the head, that the popularity of *Der Freischutz* would be equalled, if not excelled, by the new opera. With a passing smile, the young man laid aside these letters of praise, and buried himself deeply in the perusal of still another. This one was written in the cramped hand of age, by one who doubtless had written many notes during his long life; it contained careful, measured

and yet, in the eyes of the pupil, significant praise of the teacher and master.

After the letters came the clippings, from which the young man read an occasional sentence half aloud: "New opera—first work of Gerhard van der Velde—epoch making work—original musical genius—a greeting from Mozart's magic realm in this age of musical dearth—fresh and joyous melodies well up as from an inexhaustible spring—the composer very young, and unknown up to this time—Dutch name, but brought up in Germany—of German descent on his mother's side—information for those who do not agree with us that music is international, or should be—genuine German music, if there is such a thing—an opera from which one brings lasting impressions—a libretto filled with the spirit of true poetry—written by Erwin Wiegand, and easily sung—Wiegand, a young man hitherto unknown—a genius—libretto worth reading for its own sake."

Then from another paper: "The pearl of the new opera is beyond dispute the song, *Fahrwohl*,—the farewell song of the journeyman. It is the old theme of parting and its sorrow, of holy love, of pain and hope, clothed in words which are, perhaps, too much like those of a well-known folk song. How shall we describe the charm that breathes through the melody, when words fall so painfuly short of expressing the deep impression made upon us. We wish for our selves and the young man —:"

A quick vigorous rap interrupted the reader. Before he could call "Come in," his visitor stood before him, a blonde young man, somewhat different from one's idea of the author of "a libretto filled with the spirit of true poetry;' very ruddy, well-built, elegant in dress and manner was he, in all outward respects correct, like the form of his own libretto. To him was due the merit of form alone, for the conception of the opera down to the minutest detail belonged entirely to Gerhard. Erwin was not creative, he possessed only the talent of making musical verse; more than this, he had judgment and a power of self-criticism that enabled him to understand this. He entertained an affectionate regard for his friend, and knew how to value

his superior mental endowments, even, though in matters of form, he was often the better judge. He seemed to be quite at home in the room, for without an invitation he seated himself in the easychair from which Gerhard had arisen at his entrance; he cast a quick glance at the papers scattered upon the table, then in a peculiarly searching manner, looked through his gold-rimmed glasses into his friend's face. The latter, becoming greatly embarassed, hastily gathered up the papers and laid them aside, while a hot flush mounted his brow.

"You must not think"—he began, in excuse for having collected these eulogistic comments of the press, an act which to himself seemed one of vanity, "I see you think I have been resting here upon my laurels, but I worked until the last few minutes—don't be alarmed, it is no new opera for which I shall need a libretto—until I felt I had done enough for one day."

With a smile, Erwin interruped him; "I understand," he said; "Why should you not have your childlike pleasure? I was disposed to ask your forgiveness for having disturbed you in your harmless enjoyment—indeed, I can say that I have not been so sorry for a long time. But I can't help it. Don't look at me in such astonishment. There," and he drew a paper out of his pocket, "as I said, I am very sorry to bring you this, but better I, than a stranger,"

Surprised at this preface, Gerhard took the paper, while Erwin withdrew to a shadowy corner of the room, where he anxiously watched the reader; saw him alternately pale and flush, noted the working of his spirituelle face, and how at last, after having finished reading, he gazed into space, pale and silent.

"Now, what do you think of that bungling work?" he asked, in an easy, good-natured tone. "Really, it is not worth reading. I am sorry I brought you the stuff; I might have been content to merely refer to the matter. But I thought—well, never mind. Get your hat. Shall we go to Eggersbach or to Dreher's Garden? Answer! Truly, as sure as I am a lawyer in the king's court, and in the hours devoted to my muse, a German rhymster,—I dare not play

the poet to you—you take the affair too tragically."

"Read it for me, please," answered Gerhard, in a weak, spiritless voice, "read the last part of it."

"Again? I should think once was enough. But just as you say. The thing is infamously written, so beautifully enveloped in fine phrase, that one does not at once perceive its malicious intent. So I am to read the last part? Well then, listen:—'The melody 'Farewell' is most artistically woven into the overture, which, in itself, is a little masterpiece of instrumentation. We repeat, Herr Gerhard van der Velde understands the art of musical composition as well as any of our old masters, and besides this he shows the charming *naivete* of youthful inexperience; who but such an ingenuous, youthful artist could command the courage to wander gaily into the Pocherthal, not twenty miles from here, bring back a folk-song which is there in everybody's mouth, and then offer it to the spoiled public of the capital as his own? We would advise any-one who still believes in it to make an excursion into the Pocherthal during the Whitsuntide holidays; he will hear the melody from the lips of young and old. Of course the verse in which it is there clothed is slightly different; we do not quite understand why the composer made this change—the simple '*B'hut Gott*' of the folk-song would have affected us much more than its imitation, the *Fahrwohl* of the opera—much more if he had not done somewhat after the manner of the deer-stealer who put on a red coat instead of a green one, so that the forester would not recognize him. We confess to a preference for the green one. Perhaps our Whitsuntide traveller might also succeed in finding the origin of some of the other melodies among our mountain valleys. We will not withold from the young composer our thanks for the venturesome deed which has brought them from darkness into the clear light of our opera. We would only advise him to take a longer journey next time; on the Siberian steppes are certainly still to be found many old songs of which he might make use, and we would also suggest that the modern Greek folk-songs are as yet little known." Well, that is the main part of it;

now come various minor criticisms—it is in the highest degree insulting."

Gerhard appeared to have scarcely heard what the other had read. With his bowed head resting between his hands, he sat there like a statue. At last lifting his head, he turned a deathly pale face and a pair of anguished eyes toward his friend.

"A thief," he said, quite calmly, "was not that it? I am a thief in the eyes of all who have read this paper, and they are thousands. Oh, my beautiful, bright future, my good name, my honor—gone, all gone—" and he stared before him in apparent forgetfulness of his surroundings until Erwin sought to comfort him with well-meant words of sympathy.

"No, no," he objected, quietly,—"I know you mean it well—but go by yourself—I cannot show myself in public until I am free from this disgrace."

Erwin took his friend's bowed head between his hands and stroked it compassionately, as a mother would an ailing child's. "Poor boy! It is the most abominable insult yet devised by envy and malice," he said, himself more deeply moved than he cared to show.

But Gerhard, again lost in thought, murmnred to himself, "I do not believe it."

"What do you not believe?"

"That I have enemies who are wicked enough to do such a thing as that solely to injure me. But even if I have, I I do not believe the editor of this paper would receive such an article unless he considered himself safe in doing so. And yet—Erwin, I swear it, it is my own."

"Foolish fellow? Do you think I would credit such a thing? It is very strange to me, if you do not think it is an intentionally malicious device."

Gerhard stepped to the window, and stood looking out into the budding tree-tops, and down into the quiet shadowy street of the suburb, "My own," he repeated dreamily, "How was it? "It came and was here, and when once here, it seems as dear and familiar as something of long acquaintance. O, I remember very well, I staid for

a few weeks at an inn, romantically situated near the Wetter-See, up among the mountains. It rained day after day, the mountain torrents rushed down from the height, but cheerfulness did not desert us,—me and my friend, I had found dear companionship, so that I could hardly tear myself away, but was at last obliged to do so. The evening before my departure I sat in the wood under the softly-dripping trees. Between the pines could be seen the gray, cloud-wrapped summits of the mountains, while far below in the valley, flooded with golden sunshine, lay the green field, calling and beckoning out of the distance. My soul was filled with the sadness of parting, but yet seemed to thrill with the promise of future happiness. Then was born the melody that was afterwards woven into the opera; I did not then put it in words, for I did not need them. The next day I left. I know nothing at all of the Pocherthal, for it lies far distant from the Wetter See. Had I ever been there, there would have been the possibility that I had heard the folk-song and had unconsciously woven it into my dream, but no, no, it is my own, really and truly. One would not so lovingly greet strange children, be they never so charming."

Again he sank into reverie. Then—"From a child I have felt in my soul, half recognized and indistinctly heard, a sad, sweet, tender melody; it often seemed to me like a hidden treasure that I must conjure up with a magic wand. When I composed that song, it was not as if I had created something, but as if I had found that for which I had long sought."

"So you may have heard it when a child?"

Gerhard started. "What do you say? As a child? Yes, I heard much singing when a child, not from my mother, who died early, but—no, no, I tell you it is my own, I have not stolen it, not unconsciously, even."

"Well, well," interposed Erwin, soothingly, don't take it so hard. It will come out all right in the end. Listen:—Recently I came here, and, not finding you at home, stood by the window awaiting your return. I thought to myself, how fortunate you were to have such a

beautiful outlook ever before you. The charm of the place held me, and as I thought of myself and all that God has bestowed upon me—"

"Well?"

Erwin laughed. "'*Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruhe*," was the poem I composed that evening; at least, I surprised myself softly murmuring those verses. It is, certain that I have no other result of those dreamed away minutes by the window. You need not smile and think that might happen to me and not to you. It is certainly not impossible that one might chance upon the same expression of a melody that another has used before him. That is the only solution of it that occurs to me; I advise you to comfort yourself in the consciousness of right."

Gerhard shook his head. "I can't do that, friend, I can never do it. I must understand the whole matter."

"Well, there is nothing left for you but to go there," returned Erwin. "Whitsunday is at hand, and even if that were not the case, you are free, and need ask permission of no one."

"You may be right, it may be the best thing for me to do, but my work that I have begun—I am so loath to leave it just now."

"As if you have not always work begun that you are loath to leave, That is to be expected from one of your disposition and calling. But that need not worry you; you have a good excuse for taking a vacation trip. You fortunate man! Vacation! 'I would like to kiss the death's-head of the man who invented the word,' said, I believe, Jean Paul. Well, then, it is settled that you will depart on your journey as soon as you can, while I shall stay here and try to quiet these malicious tongues as well as I may. And when you have sifted the matter to the bottom, you will at once send me word?"

"Of course; and since I am to go, I will start tomorrow."

CHAPTER II.

In consequence of various unforseen circumstances from which the most independent person is not free, Gerhard's departure did not take place on the morrow. It was several weeks after Whitsunday when he applied at an inn at the entrance to the Pocherthal for food and lodging. In the meantime he had forced himself into a tolerable frame of mind, adopting as his own the opinion of all his friends, which was that a folk-song bearing some faint resemblance to the one under criticism would be welcome to the envious as a means of injuring him. But he intended to search it out, he would spare neither time nor pains; if necessary, he would visit every cottage until he found what he sought. He would bring home with him all the facts he had gathered, hiding nothing, omitting nothing, and say: "Thus much truth there is in the matter, no more, no less; see if this justifies you in charging a man with such baseness."

Arriving in the evening he could not at first note the musical tendency of the people. From a red-covered guide-book he learned that the Pocherthal had only recently become a summer resort for pleasure seekers; that it possessed all the advantages one might reasonably expect in a mountain valley. There were beautiful forests, with here and there open tracts covered with soft, green grass; picturesque rocks in which a bold fancy might trace, in the twilight, outlines of grim monsters, and the profiles of historical personages, possessed rare medicinal properties, a ruin boasting a historical past and a stone portal carved with pagan inscriptions; lastly an inn with the sign of a star, good beds and especially fine trout.

Of all these notable excellencies, only the beds and the trout had remained in Gerhard's mind, so he inquired particularly about these two points as he stood before the fat landlady. With many apologies, he was informed that usually there was an abundance of both, but to-day, she was sorry to say, all the beds and all the trout had been engaged by telegraph for the Rudelsheimer *Gesangverein*, a musical

association, which was expected to arrive at any moment. She assured him there was no cause for alarm—there would be supper for him, and as to lodging, the maid would shortly conduct him to the schoolmaster's house which was only five minutes' walk distant. He had a pretty room where he lodged strangers; it had belonged to his daughter, who, last winter, had died on the night before her wedding-day—not in that room, he need not fear, and not of a contagious disease. The company would soon arrive; she was as certain of that as if she already heard them in the distance. There would be a gay evening and a musical treat, for of course they would sing. Was the gentleman also musical? A little? O, that would be very nice for perhaps he might accompany them upon the piano. The piano stood in the great hall; it was, as people said, a little out of tune, but that was because of the dampness.

"People here are very musical?" inquired Gerhard.

"O, yes, indeed. It is, so to speak, half of life here, especially at this time of the year, before the invalids arrive. There is the Pfitzberger, the Mostheimer and the Rudelsheimer *Gesangverein*, the one expected to-day, besides a dozen others that pass through here. That they stay over night, is, of course, an exception."

"Yes, yes, but the people—I mean the people that live in the valley. Do they sing a great deal?"

"People? who?" said the landlady, wonderingly.

"Well, for example, the workmen in the glass works, the wood cutters, and the men in the saw-mills that I saw along the way. Do they sing at their work?"

"O mercy, no, they have no time for that."

"So they have no folk-songs?" asked Gerhard with a breath of relief. "I mean songs that have not been printed, but have been handed down from generation to generation."

"From generation to generation—Kate," she broke off, "run and open the great gate or they will come in through the back gate and trample down my lettuce."

Gerhard would rather have escaped the tumultuous confusion of brawling voices that approached the house, whose possessors, dusty, rude and noisy, now entered the inn.

But he bethought himself of his reason for being there, and that possibly, through these musical gentlemen, he could best learn about the song, *B'hutt Gott*; therefore he listened patiently to three or four sentimental ballads and several would-be witty improvisations with which they whiled away the time before supper. Then, as they seated themselves to moisten their dry throats, he approached them affably, glass in hand, and turned the conversation upon the subject. The singers looked blank. They knew nothing of the song. The director talked very learnedly, at the same time producing, with great pride, the books which contained all the songs they sang.

Gerhard felt himself immeasurably relieved. The company of thirsty singers, who at first seemed so objectionable, now affected him less disagreeably, but tolerance forsook him when he heard the screaching voice of the first tenor.

"*B'hut Gott*; why, of course" he crowed, "it is the same song."

"Do you know it?" asked Gerhard, eagerly.

"I? Oh, no. But a strange gentleman who came to look at boots the other day—he didn't leave his measure—asked me if I knew the song."

As soon as the tenor ceased speaking, several gentlemen of the second base chimed in.

"He is right. Some one who bought a half-dozen postal cards of me asked me the same question, I told him that while on duty I knew no songs."

"A lady came to my wife pretending she wished to buy lace," said a third, "and asked my daughter, who was weaving lace in the shop, to sing again the song she had heard while passing the window. My daughter did so."

"And was it the right one? I mean, was it the one the lady wished to hear?" asked Gerhard earnestly.

"Oh, I don't know about that," growled the bass.

"My wife complains that people come in, hinder the girls at their work and yet buy nothing," said another.

"And now, I remember," interposed a little man, apparently a regular guest at the inn, for he sat apart in a corner, and plainly did not belong to the party of singers,

"I remember that last Sunday when I was called to 'The Swan' at Enslingen to shave a gentleman, he whistled a tune as I lathered him, and asked me if I knew it.

"Well, did you know it?"

"Why, yes; my apprentice whistles and sings it half the day long."

"Can you sing it for me?"

"I am sorry, sir, but singing is not my business. If the gentleman wants to be shaved, I have good soap and pomade, and my wife is skillful in applying leeches and the cupping-glass."

"Can you send me, early to-morrow morning, your apprentice who whistles it half the day long? You live in this place?"

"Certainly, sir. Where is the gentlemen staying? At the schoolmaster's? What time would the gentleman prefer? Seven o'clock? Certainly, sir."

Now the landlady remembered that not long since two strangers played something upon the piano for her; they had asked her all sorts of questions about it, but she had been too busy with her work to listen to them, and had only replied, "yes, yes!"

"When was that?" asked Gerhard, brightening. Perhaps here he might find a clue to the whole matter, perhaps the landlady's "yes, yes" was the gnat, which, through the gossip of his calumniators, had swollen to the size of an elephant.

"It was the day after Whitsunday. At that time such people as we have no time to listen to such things."

Disappointed, Gerhard relapsed into silence. Here he saw the result of the article, if not its origin; the Whitsuntide travelers had taken the advice of the malicious critic. After he had partaken of his supper he withdrew, and was led by the man servant, with his lantern, to his lodging, which certainly was not five, but rather, fifteen minutes distant. It was prettily situated, however, upon a slight eminence near the wood. An elderly maid-servant, who evidently had been awaiting him, led him up stairs to his room, lighted his candle, and wished him good-night.

Good-night?—his present mood promised him anything but a good night. His nerves, usually so steady, were now greatly excited. Was it his journey by rail, the three-hours' ride which followed, in a closed, and anything but comfortable coach, the bad music which he had been doomed to hear, or the stifling air of the chamber? He threw open the window. Bright moonlight illuminated, better than the flickering candle could, the snow-white bed, the pictures of saints in their plain wooden frames, over one of which still hung a withered wreath, and a highly polished chest of drawers ornamented with trifles—treasures which betrayed the individual tastes of the poor girl whose room this had been—shell boxes, little baskets made of beads, and an ink-stand made of decorated porcelain. In the central place of honor stood the photograph of a young man, framed in sprigs of evergreen; a handsome, noble countenance, slightly tinged with melancholy. Could he have looked like that, the young girl's betrothed, who, the servant had told him on their way, had but recently established himself in the town as a baker.

With careful hands, Gerhard returned the picture to its place, inwardly resenting the irreverence of the girl's relatives in not removing it from the indifferent gaze of strangers. With an effort, he sought to shake off this melancholy mood, so foreign to his happy, artistic nature, but his usual means of composing himself, a fresh joyous melody given to the world, or sung in his own heart failed him now, or rather, he lacked the impulse to get it. On that evening, three weeks ago, all pleasure in music had died in his soul; indeed it seemed as if the fountain of inspiration was exhausted, so sorely that charge had disturbed, in its happy freedom, an innocent artistic nature, which cared little for the applause of the multitude, but needed its approval. He had forgotten to sing like the birds of the forest when startled by the noise of the chase.

He leaned out of the window. A broad moon-lit meadow lay before him, enclosed by a dense forest which ascended the mountain slope. To the left, in the valley below, nestled the houses of the village, from whose windows the last lights had disappeared. From the shrubbery beneath the window

came the song of the nightingale, sweet and low, while a brook murmured softly. No sound, no sign of life besides. Was that a doe that cautiously came out upon the meadow? The moonbeams clearly revealed her, as she seemed to pause in a listening attitude; the next moment she vanished in the thicket, for a sound, the note of a wood horn, was heard. The watcher leaned far out and listened. Another note, a second, third and fourth, tender and soft, sweet and melancholy, a little slower than it should be played, but wondrously clear and pure—it was his own song which echoed through the shadowy forest.

Gerhard forgot everything; forgot that to hear this melody in this place was the greatest misfortune he had to fear. Breathing like one suddenly freed from some restraint, he heard, after the discord of the last few hours, there, in the silence of the forest, a soul communing with itself in harmonious strains of his own creation; he stood under the spell of a self-woven charm until aroused by the thought that he would know, must know from whom the message came. Only a short hesitation, only a short debate with himself, whether it would not be better to defer all such investigations, at least for that night, and his newly awakened curiosity prevailed. But how was he to leave the house without awaking the sleepers, who had been already disturbed by his late arrival? It occurred to him, that, at the end of the hall upon which his room opened, he had seen a door leading to the outside. He placed his candle near the window that it might guide his return, sought and found the door. The bolt was easily pushed aside. It opened upon a flight of wooden steps which led to the garden below. A moment after he was following a narrow, well beaten path which ed through the meadow in the direction of the forest whence ssued the music. The edge of the forest was soon reached. Here, among the slender, white, moon-lit boles of the birch trees, wound a broader path, now up, now down, but ever nearer the source of the music. Now and then the soft strains ceased altogether, as if the musician were lost in thought, and Gerhard heard nothing but his own light footsteps on the soft, moss-covered earth. Perfect quiet reigned;

every leaf seemed to listen motionless, and wait with the wanderer until the music again pointed out the way. Suddenly the forest opened before him; a little lake, fringed with rushes, over whose dark, still water the overhanging willows bowed, stretched before him. Near the edge of the lake stood a hunting lodge, easily recognized as such by the stately antlers which crowned its gable.

From the ivy-covered walls of the lodge, a few windows peered dimly through the clustering vines, but not a gleam of light was to be seen. Yet from these same vine-covered windows come floating out the music, which now, after a short pause, went back to the beginning for the third or fourth time, now with soft, pleasing variations, then suddenly breaking off with a shrill discord that made the listener fairly shudder. Again there was a moment's silence. Gerhard waited and listened, then went quite close to the house and looked up to the windows. Soon he heard, in a manly, well modulated, though subdued voice, the tender words: "Marie, are you there? At last, at last! How anxiously I have awaited you. I am coming, my love, at once, at once."

Gerhard quickly divined the situation. Had it not seemed as if there had been a slight rustling in the shrubbery near him? Surely this was a lovers' tryst, and certainly not the time to disturb the musician with questions concerning the origin of the music he had been playing. He concealed himself in the shrubbery, hoping to retrace his footsteps unseen by the lovers. "Marie," he heard in tones more tender and ardent, and again "Marie," in tones of anxious disappointment. No answer came, but the soft rustling of the leaves and a mysterious murmuring among the rushes.

As the stillness remained unbroken, a light appeared at an upper window, the grating of a key in the lock was heard, and soon a man carrying a lantern stood in the doorway. In vain Gerhard strove to distinguish his features; he could see by his figure and bearing that he was young. Moving carefully and noiselessly, he sought to regain the path by which he had come; as he retreated he heard the name

"Marie" uttered again and again in accents of distress. Now and then he stopped, and, looking back, saw the man with his lantern go around the house as if in search of someone. Having reached the point in the forest from which he had first seen the lake and the hunting lodge, he looked back once more and saw the lantern twinkling among the trees as the man pursued his search even among the rushes on the shore. At last he saw it vanish within the lodge.

Slowly and dreamily, Gerhard followed the moon-lit forest path, and crossed the meadow to his lodging, led by the friendly gleam of the light in his window. The house dog barked as he ascended the stairs, then all was still again. From the landing he again looked toward the lodge, now enveloped in shadow. No note from the wood horn broke the perfect quiet which prevailed; even the brook seemed to sleep, and only the delicate fragrance of the hay was wafted up to him from a slumbering world.

Who could the lonely musician be? Where had he learned that tune? Gerhard cared very little about that now, so completely had he fallen under the spell of a sweetly solemn mood. Long he stood at the window looking out into the night, his thoughts sweeping far over the quiet forest to that pine-encircled lake high among the mountains, where a maiden, half child, half woman, stretched toward him her little hands. Again the sorrow of parting, accompanied by the sweet hope of an early meeting, possessed his soul, as when, in the past, from that mingling of pain and hope, had come the melody, *B'hutt Gott.*

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LISZT'S "DANTE" SYMPHONY.

This symphony was given by the Philharmonic Society in New York, at one of their recent "Festival Concerts," and the public owes Mr. Seidl a debt of gratitude for giving them an opportunity to hear a work which, though full of difficulties for performers and listeners, amply repays any study and labor expended on it.

The New York *Evening Post* published the following interesting account, which is as good as could be written by one who had not studied the music and the poem critically:

"But what would our audience of fifty years ago have thought of the last piece on yesterday's programme—Liszt's Dante symphony? One shudders in trying to realize what the critics would have said. They would have had to go to Tappert's 'Lexicon of Abusive Terms Applied to Wagner,' to find language suited to the occasion.

"The abuse of Wagner has now ceased, while Liszt still comes in for his regular share, strange to say, at the hands of the very same critics who a few years ago abused Wagner in the same terms, but gradually discovered that they were mistaken. Liszt's day will come too, before long, and it is perfectly natural that he should have had to wait longer than Wagner for recognition, not only because concert music is less popular than the opera, but because Liszt actually did go beyond Wagner in the boldness of his harmonies and in cultivating realistic ugliness in music where the situation seemed to demand it. The Dante symphony, briefly speaking, is intended to be hell in tones, and it cannot be denied that it is thoroughly devilish and infernally realistic in its portrayal of the groans of the condemned and the abandoned hope of all who enter the gates of hell.

"We commented yesterday on the modernity of art-music and the appreciation for it. In nothing is this so strikingly shown as in the theory which has until recently prevailed universally that music should only be 'sweet' and 'beau-

tiful,' and have no concern with the characteristic and the ugly. How a painter would laugh at the idea that he must paint only beautiful things! How Murillo would have resented the idea that a beggar boy in rags eating melons in the street was not a fit subject for his pencil, and that he ought to make fashion plates for the *Harper's Bazar* of his period instead! But in music such preposterous notions have prevailed until recently, when they were knocked on the head by Wagner, Berlioz and Liszt. But the prejudice of centuries is a hydra-headed monster, of which there will have to be many more capital executions before it will be dead. Fortunately the public has been won over to Liszt, and so have the conductors (ask Mr. Seidl or Mr. Nikisch what they think of his music), and only the critics remain to be converted—as usual; for, as Schumann has it, the critics are always in the lurch. But they will grow."

The writer, whether editor or correspondent, is to be praised for his faith, not in the future success of Liszt's music, but in the future of mankind, in believing that the time will come when men will employ their intellect as well as their emotions in hearing and criticising music. That is, that a *majority* of concert visitors will understand that they must cultivate their mental faculties and use them in trying to understand musical compositions, just as they bring thought and reason and memory to bear now in judging of the merits of pictures, poems or buildings.

The minority, who have known and loved the "Divine Comedy," either in the original or in the good English translations which are so numerous, and who at the same time understand something of the construction of musical forms and the effect of musical combinations, will enjoy this symphony, even at the first hearing.

An arrangement by Johann von Vegh for two pianos (eight hands) has been published by Breitkopf & Haertel, and bound with it is "An Introduction to Liszt's Dante Symphony," by Dr. Richard Pohl. Finding that the introduction ("Einleitung") or explanation, as it might be called, was a great assistance in unraveling the difficulties of the music, I translated it several years ago, for the benefit of the

symphony class of the Philadelphia Musical Academy.

The translation was read twice in connection with the performance of the eight-hand piece, but it has never been used in any other way, nor have I ever heard of any other translation. Now that the Dante symphony has been given in New York, I should like the public to have the benefit of Dr. Pohl's beautiful explanation. It is really a poem, in prose form, and I only regret that I cannot convey in English the sentiment and force of his poetical expressions. Let me beg all who can read the German to procure it, by all means, and to read the original.

Dr. Pohl begins:

The "Divine Comedy" is one of the most sublime creations of the human mind, and the lapse of time only serves to deepen the admiration with which men regard this unique work. No other poem can claim so many brilliant commentators, nor boast of having furnished such rich material to art and to philosophical literature, and the Florentine master seems to have foreseen that his work would be a source of inspiration in the coming centuries, for he called it, "polysensum." It is the wealth and variety of this poem that enables each artist to find what suits his own wants, and many of the great painters of all schools, as Carstens, Koch, Genelli, Cornelius, Ary Scheffer, Eugene Delacroix, Flaxmann, etc., have found in Dante the subject of their master-work.

It is evident, however, that if a *composer* would draw from that fresh and sparkling well of genius, he must not be simply a sound-painter, that is, his music will not be simple descriptive. In *his* art, he can express what words cannot convey, because of their fixed signification, and what color and form cannot bring to objective perception; he can disclose that world of the deepest and most secret feeling, which only touches the spirit of man in music. He, alone, therefore, can rise to the perception and expression of essential ideas.

But to grasp these as a whole, he must not be bound by the incidents of Dante's epic, for that might lead him to form arbitrary pictures of his own, and not to reproduce the original conception.

When Lizst undertook to reflect this great theme in the mirror of music, he had to withdraw his thoughts from the dramatic and philosophical elements which serve for ornament in the epic as sculpture does in architecture, and fix his mind only on the ethical and aesthetical frame-work.

Consequently he has not tried to represent anything new or impossible, but only such universal feelings as older masters have depicted in a different setting.

Gluck, Mozart and others have represented the horrors of hell. Pain, longing and hope were always themes for lyrical music, and religious music has often introduced the idea of the heavenly choirs.

The "Divine Comedy" has three parts. In the first, the "Inferno," is shown an endless consuming misery, which reviles all godly love, and destroys all hope. The second part, the "Purgatorio," discloses to us a suffering softened by hope, and cleansed by love, and this suffering gradually diminishes by its own purifying power. The third part, the "Paradiso," unfolds the highest fulfillment of hope, through love, in the blessed contemplation of God, which can only be a reality in heaven.

The composer has virtually followed the division of the poem, and even in uniting the "Purgatory" with the "Paradise," he has not destroyed the symmetry of the model. On the ground of musical effect, as well as of catholic dogma, he has chosen to separate the second and third parts as little in form, as they are naturally separated in idea; for by the purifying process of the fires of purgatory, each soul is gradually brought nearer to the divine presence, until freed from sin, it stands in the full light of God's glory.

It lay in the power of the musician to extend the representation of this psychological transformation to a general conception of "Purgatory," whereas the poet was debarred by the scope of his art and the plan of his work from

dwelling on the pure lyrical aspect, and he gives us one episode only to describe the moment of deliverance, in the 21st and 22nd Cantos.

Notwithstanding the blending of the last two parts, we can still distinguish *three* in the design of the symphony; the first corresponding to Dante's "Hell," the second to his "Purgatory," and the third, developed from the second, makes known in mystical voices the blessed of Paradise.

The first notes of the music lead us immediately to the gates of "hell, which spring open with a crash in the first measures, while a thrilling recitative of the trombones hurls at us the beginning of the famous inscription given in the first lines of the third Canto:

"Per me si va nella citta dolente,
Per me si va nell 'eterno dolore;
Per me si va tra la perdutta gente!"

"Through me you pass into the city of woe,
Through me you pass into eternal pain—
Through me—among the people lost for aye."

(Cary's Translation.)

The trumpets and horns repeat with a crash:—

"Lasciate agni speranza voi ch'entrate"
"Abandon hope, all ye who enter here."

(Cary.)

This last, recurring in different colors and increasing force, is the rhythmic theme of the whole division.

At our first step within the gates, begins a demoniacal tumult. We hear in the air those sounds of grief, complaint and reviling of which the poet speaks in the 3rd Canto:

"Diverse lingue, arribili favelli,
Parole di dolore, accente d'ira,
Voci alte e jioche, e suon di' man con ella,
Tacevano um tumulto, il qnal s'aggira
Tempre in qnell' aria senza tempa tinta,
Come la rena, quando il turbo spiro"

"Various tongues, horrible languagues, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together, smote that swelled the sounds,
Made up a tumult that forever whirls
Ronnd through that air, with solid darkness stained,
Like to the sands that in the whirlwind flies."

(Cary.)

Abyss upon abyss opens before our eyes; we are con-

scious of those dreadful depths which, from one circle of hell to another, leads to the direct torments, the rage of despair. This is portrayed in the "Allegro Frenetico."

Without love, without comfort, without rest, the miserable inhabitants are torn away to that region where the sins of the flesh are punished (5th Canto), and a frightful hurricane chases them into eternal darkness.

Now comes a panic; the tornado is silent for a moment, while the unhappy lovers, Paolo and Francesca da Rimini appear. A duet begins with the melancholy words;

"Nessum maggior dolore,
Che recordarsi all tempo felice
Nella miseria."

"No greater grief
Than to remember days of joy,
When misery is at hand."

(Cary.)

This is heard in the "Andante Amoroso" (in 7-4 time), and it gave the composer the opportunity, in the midst of the sobs of hell, to show the seductive charm which youth and beauty so irresistibly exercise. Where there is no heavenly love, sinful love finds room. Human frailty brings its own punishment, and the terrible words, "Abandon hope" seem but as an echo from the souls of the two lovers; indeed, the sudden interruption of this episode by the motive "Lasciati agno speranza" (muffled a little, but all the more gloomy,) is a subtle ethereal stroke. After the last spark of this most enticing of self deceptive joys has passed away, unexpected sounds rise from still deeper abysses, in which are hidden the miserable wretches, who, in life, dispised every favor, forgot every kindness and shunned all prayer and gratitude. Here are scorns and jeers and gnashing of teeth!

The composer interprets these fantastic accents of hopeless rage by the most startling combinations, which lead by a short but pregnant interlude to the original motives of the "Allegro Frenetico."

Toward the close of the movement the frightful tumult of the condemed increases, with the recollection of lost hopes. A last crushing repetition of the "Lasciate agni speranza," seems to disclose as with a lightning flash, the

horrible tragedy of torture in the breast of the arch-fiend; and the music rivals the impression which Dante's striking pictures and forcible language make upon us.

Eternal and absolute misery, and eternal and absolute blessedness are two extremes, and in pure conception they stand infinitely apart; but the distance between them must be figured to the human mind by endless shades and gradations.

While, therefore, the abstract conception of heaven and hell is beyond our grasp, all the feelings of joy and sorrow which lie between them belong to the province of metaphysics, and may be identified with well known conditions and impressions.

Poetry and painting can only describe heaven and hell by analogous perceptible forms, but in the mixed experiences of purgatory such help is less necessary, as our lives on earth fit us to understand them.

Music can give voice to that inborn feeling of sadness which rises, inextinguishable, from our consciousness of sin, our weakness, our glowing and devout longing for the *eternal*.

This feeling of repentance and hope combined, which forms the characteristics of religious harmony, though so often diverted from its true channel in life, smothered and disfigured past recognition, has always thrown around mankind the restraints of religion.

In this view, we may say that symphonic music, with its universal concessions, completes the mission of religious music, which is worship, because the symphony contains the abstract feeling of religion,—a necessity which human creatures of all times and nations share—to seek purification by prayer to a higher being.

All men feel an intuitive aspiration, which turns from the earthly, mortal and passing, and seeing the absolutely good, true and beautiful by faith, hopes to attain it.

In the earthly life this striving after the highest and purest is always crossed and disturbed by passions and vice, yet every noble soul perseveres in the struggle. This propensity, no longer repressed by kindness, reaches in purga-

tory its full development.

As in the Inferno, the episode of Francesca da Rimini is selected by Liszt from the countless pictures of Dante, so in the "Purgatorio," one scene is borrowed from the poet, and from the first measure we follow the singer through the first canto.

The mild blue sky calms those who have newly come from the horrors of hell. They joyfully greet the "sapphire of the east." A peaceful murmuring reminds us of the rocking of transparent sea-waves. We think of a boat, gliding so gently that it scarcely ruffles the mirrored surface. Stars still shine through the approaching dawn, and the cloudless azure arches over the hallowed silence, in which we dream that we hear the wings of the angels sweeping over the sea of eternity.

This is the first happy moment of deliverance; the moment when all those spirits of a self-destroying pride and sinning imagination disappear; when the laughter of unbelief is no longer heard, curses cease, and convulsive throbs have left the soul; when a grateful silence enters, which lessens the grasp of torpor, when the breath comes free, we know not why. After the tossing unrest of burning nights comes peace, but only peace; the twilight of dawn, light without sun. The weary soul is not capable of intense life, and therefore the introduction to the second movement of the symphony, the "Purgatorio," is of a passive character (andante).

But this gentle, inactive state of the soul is only transitory. The hidden powers and capacities soon awake, and with them, an insatiable longing. The more this develops, the more the thirst for the possession of the divine the more the eagerness for clearer vision, so much the deeper the feeling of weakness and unworthiness to possess or conceive such glory.

This timidity is accompanied by a pain which frees and heals us; the gnawing of hopeless repining in the wicked has changed to an adoring repentance. Such a moment is a sad one, perhaps best portrayed by Dante in the tenth canto, where sinners recall with remorse all the good and lovely

things they have neglected. Noble natures are more humbled by this feeling than by any other.

Here the theme is given in the form of a chorale, and at its close, a second theme (lamentoso) represents ardent self-accusation, suffering resignation and unspeakable sadness.

The fugue form which is used here is the most suitable for the varying feelings of retrospection and hope, and the climax of the fugue is reached when it takes up the principal theme of the chorale interrupted by the recitative expressing humility and grief.

But the heavy clouds grow lighter. The Catholic intoning of the "Magnificat" softly announces that salvation comes through prayer, and that the soul shall be revived.

Repentance has conquered, and the soul soars to the summit of that mystical mountain where Paradise lies before us, and having reached the highest human experience, the next step is to sing, timidly and softly at first, the praise of God.

As the expression of adoration, Liszt has chosen the words in which the pure and holy Virgin sang praise and thanks to her Creator and Lord, (St. Luke, i: 46-56) and in partaking in her feelings men are allowed to have a share in her innocence.

We have now reached the point where the author of the "Divine Comedy," in the beginning of the "Paradiso," stands on the height of purgatory, and sees the reflection of the heavenly light, which his eyes, unveiled, cannot endure.

Art cannot, indeed, portray the *inmost heaven*, but only the earthly image of it, shining in the heart turned heavenward. And so this glory remains hidden from us, in a measure, although we may see more and more of it as we increase in purity and knowledge.

The musician does not follow the poet from star to star but having formed a general conception of absolute blessedness, he seizes one moment for description, which is developed from the preceding, the moment when the soul is united to the Godhead by prayer, and the instrumentation prepares us for the rapture of perfect trust which fills the soul of the redeemed when every pain vanishes in the glow of holy love.

From the individual magnificat, the music proceeds to a universal hallelujah and hosanna, heard pianissimo in ascending "Palestrina" scales, like a symbolic ladder to heaven. The soft voices of the chorus prolong our consciousness of this ecstatic state.

Then the human heart, having reached complete purification, enkindles itself in the fire of holy zeal, and breaks into loud and joyful jubilee, which fills the heights of heaven and the depth of hell.

The sinner's contrition has changed into the knowledge of God, and the desire to fight for His cause.

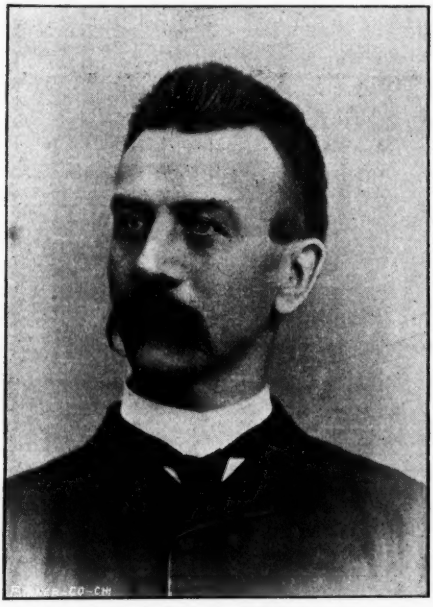
After a moment's pause, the instrumental fortissimo inindicates this zeal, by resuming in seven octaves, the diatonic scales, given before by the chorus in their loud hallelujah, and we think of all the holy martyrs, fathers, and warriors that Dante has shown us, sacrificing themselves for the faith, now among the heavenly host who surround the throne of God.

So closes this wonderful and mystical music poem, closes with the conception of eternal reconciliation, fulfilled hope, and the glory of Paradise.

EDITH V. EASTMAN.

ADOLPH CARPE.

Adolph Carpe was for five years a private pupil of the famous Leipzig teacher, Carl Reinecke. He came to America in 1866 and became connected with the choirs of different Cincinnati churches as baritone. In 1867 he located in Dayton, Ohio, as organist of the Third Street Presbyterian church, teaching music also. He had studied music in connection with his classical course at the gymnasium at Paderborn, his native westphalian city, and in 1873 determined to make music his life's work. He returned to Germany, this time to Leipzig, and placed himself under the instruction of Reinecke. With this great teacher he made rapid progress. During his last year of study he played with Reinecke and Dr. Maas the triple concertos of Mozart and Bach in the Gewandhaus, and in his farewell concert at the same place, he played the Mozart concerto for two pianos and orchestral accompaniment, with Reinecke. Aterwards he made a



ADOLPH CARPE.

successful concert tour through Germany, playing in all the larger cities.

In 1878 he returned to the United States and settled in Cincinnati, and in 1879 became one of the leading piano instructors at the Cincinnati College of Music under Theodore Thomas. His success as a piano teacher was immediate. When Theodore Thomas severed his connection with that institution Mr. Carpe also resigned and continued in his work as a private instructor, and his series of piano recitals every year were for four or five years regarded as among the prominent musical events of that city.

He removed to the wider field offered in Chicago a year ago, and since then he has jumped into the front rank of Chicago's able pianists and piano-forte teachers. He was one of the solo pianists in the series of orchestral concerts given by Mr. Thomas at the Auditorium last winter. Mr. Carpe is a performer of finished attainments. He is a strong man intellectually, and his reperetory includes fully 150 compositions; a much larger number than the majority of pianists are able to carry in their memories. His versatility in the various styles of piano-forte execution is one of his chief characteristics, and not a whit less noteworthy is his splendid technique, his delicate touch, and the refined spirituality of his interpretations, and his exquisite nuances. He is a sterling addition to the musical artists of this city.

G. B. A.

READING FOR MUSICAL-LITERARY CLUBS.

I

THE ANTIQUITIES OF MUSIC.

Every great current of mental activity is like a river in this, that however large and grand it may be in that part of its course whereupon the ventures of nations are safely borne, there has been a time in its history when it was but a mere rill, across which a boy's foot might easily have stepped, and upon which the boy's little ship would scarcely have been wrecked. In order to find this condition of the great river we have only to go back far enough towards its source. Thus it is, also, with every great department of mental activity. But between the material river and the current of mind there is a great difference in this: The river is still before us, not alone in its grander development of navigable waters, but also its sources and all its intermediate stages are but a small distance away and within easy reach. Not so is it with the great currents of the world's thought. The sources of these are lost in the mists of tradition. All that we certainly know points clearly to a time when each of these streams also was but a rill, a suggestion, a happy inspiration of some gifted mind in a moment of its best effort. But when the river emerges from the mountains and debouches upon the plain of written history, it has already become a stream of no mean magnitude. The best that can be done in tracing the full course of one of these great streams of thought or mental product, is to reconstruct its past the best we can by way of research, tradition, and especially by observing carefully the peculiarities of its flow within the limits wherein it admits of being fully examined; from the elements so obtained we premise its history just as astronomers compute the orbit of a planet from the mathe-

matical elements of the part of its revolution known to them. It is in this spirit that all remote history has to be written.

The art of music, which forms the subject of the present inquiry, occupies at the present time an important place in civilization. It accentuates the public relations of society, beautifies the inner intercourse of the family and the social circle, and is, in fact, the only form of art still retaining original vitality. All the others are occupied, more or less, in imitating master works long ago created, which there is no longer a hope of surpassing—hardly of equalling. Music on the other hand, is a new art, as to the date of its master works, and the later creations have been of such quality as to explain the hitherto unexplained implications of the older ones. There is no other art which better illustrates the process of human progress towards an ideal. Although there is perhaps no race of men so low as not to have a music of some kind, there are and always have been many races without music of such excellence as to commend it to the ears of cultivated man. The sense of hearing has become more acute and discriminating, and the principles of selecting musical combinations out of nature's infinite store, have undergone changes, and it is to be presumed have approached more nearly to a scientific adaptation of means to ends. In every age of the world there have been musical instruments upon which bards and minstrels have played and to which listeners have harkened in rapt admiration. Not a sound of the strains has come down to us. Only the tradition of it remains. The music that they had they employed for social purposes and for beautifying religious worship. Poets have sung of it, philosophers have speculated about it and contrived for it a place in the schemes of ideal education, which have occupied so much of their thought. In one country music has flourished; in another it has faded and withered. The art has relations of compatibility with other forms and movements of mind. These relations we may be able to trace, and these rhapsodies of the poets and philosophers admit of being set down in order. When this shall have been done there will be the the means of reconstructing the history of music and of retracing the

principal steps by which it has come to its present development, its present fullness and depth of power. We shall know what instruments they had; what kind of music they probably made; what uses they had for music, and the ideal that they sought to express by means of it, in all the principal epochs of culture. The barbaric attempts at music do not interest us, except in so far as they testify to the instinct for music which seems to be universal in the race. But every attempt at music in the history of a cultivated people has advanced the art in some degree towards a higher and a truer development. Every such attempt, therefore, will be of interest to us. The history as a whole, as in every other department, will tell the story of progress, of fitter adaptation of means to ends, and of an ideal more clearly defined and more precisely realized. However imperfect the early efforts may be found to have been, they will be found to represent or testify to the existence of an ideal seeking expression through means not yet fully comprehended. This ideal will also be a subject of inquiry.

The value of such a study lies not alone nor mainly in the information which more or less trustworthily may be the visible result of it, but in the implication it will carry that man is a creature of progress, and that conditions least satisfactory and poorest understood at present may be but the pushing onwards toward something more desirable in the future.

For the use of the term ideal in a discussion of this kind no apology is necessary. There is an ideal, and all art has been in pursuit of it. Whether the ideal is evolved from the mind itself, or whether it is the reaction between the thinker and the subject of thought outside him, is not a question that need concern us. Art without an ideal is inconceivable.

The learned historian, M. J. J. Fetis, regards music as the art of the Aryan races exclusively. For, although the black and the brown races have devised various apparatuses for the production of symbolic sounds, the sounds so produced are so poorly arranged as to their relative pitch and rhythm, that they neither touch the æsthetic faculties, properly so called, nor form a valid beginning out of which a

purer art can grow. There appears, indeed, to be a difference between the status of the black and brown races, respectively, with reference to the art of music as developed by the Aryan peoples. The brown races have nowhere been able to arrive at true principles of arranging sounds for musical purposes, nor have they ever shown an aptitude for enjoying the music of the whites. The blacks, on the contrary, while unable to develop a true art of music for themselves, have no difficulty in learning to appreciate the less highly specialized varieties of Aryan music.

The white race everywhere has had an art of music, which, however imperfectly developed in some cases, has been actuated by æsthetic motives alike in kind, though unequal in intensity. The simplest and crudest music of the white peoples has had the same object as the highest and best, namely, that of expressing sentiments of worship, joy or consolation. In respect to the principles determining its pitches and rhythms, the simplest and earliest music of this race has rarely been in contradiction to that the latest produced, although it may have been immeasurably less complete.

The fact that an art of music has been developed in all culture-periods of the Aryan people, leads unavoidably to the conclusion that from the earliest times the race has possessed an appetite for this form of Art. An almost superstitious estimation of the powers of musically modulated sounds appears again and again in the earliest myths of the Aryan peoples; nor is it less conspicuous, although perhaps more moderately phrased, in the noblest and highest passages of their prophets, philosophers, and poets, even until now. Surely this appetite must have been innate, in the Aryan people, thus we have one element in the problem. Music was demanded by sentiment not less imperative than that which in all its culture-periods has made this race progressive and perfectable. In every period of its abiding, it has improved itself in all the elements of ideal manhood. It has created civilization, with its multiplied utilities, both immediate and transcendent; and it cherishes an ideal, as yet far from complete realization, of a state of society, afford-

ing well-being and freedom to every individual, and the incitation and right to the fullest possible developement of all his powers. Whatever we may now have of Wisdom and Art is but the early flowering of plants but imperfectly developed. Such is the "postulate" of the Aryan mind; and such is the underlying sentiment which has everywhere actuated it.

With regard to the realization of its ideal in the province of musically modulated sounds, we find enormous differences between the earliest periods and that in which we ourselves live. It has been a two-fold operation of mastering the material, out of which musically-modulated sounds could be obtained, and of finding out by long and tedious induction the principles according to which sounds must be arranged in order to satisfy artistic desire. The progress, as we shall see later, has been hampered at every step by the disposition to regard every new advance gained as the farthest possible point of achievement; and for fear of losing that which had been gained, to resist farther attempts at progress. At times this disposition has obtained the mastery and the art of the people where it has so obtained has come to the limit of its capacity to receive. Thus the entire progress has been divided into stages, extending over wide lapses of time, and changing the scene of activity from one country to others, distant and often wholly disconnected with those where the activity had previously been greatest.

The entire course of the development of our modern art music has passed through four great stages, or divisions:

I Primitive attempts, in which the leading types of sound-producing apparatus were discovered, and a music of some sort produced, concerning which, however, upon its tonal side, we know little or nothing. Such was the period of the ancient Egyptians, Assyrians, Jews, etc.

II. The development of an artistic music, consisting of melody, more or less successfully contrived with reference to time and tune, but not including the harmony of simultaneous sounds. Such was the music of the Greeks and Romans, and India.

III. The discovery of the harmony of simultaneous sounds, and the various tedious experiments and digressions which under the hands of the Madrigal writers of the sixteenth century, eventuated in a settled tonality determined by harmonic considerations.

IV. Modern music, from the time of Palestrina until now, embracing everything we have of present value in the Art.

It is unlikely that commensurate with ability to produce musical effects there has been a parallel development of certain parts of sense-perceptive apparatus, both in respect to the ability to perceive and record tonal impressions, and in respect to comprehending remote and complicated relations between them, and co-ordinating them according to their possible principles of unity. It is thought by some that the absence of vowels in certain written languages points to a stage of immaturity when as yet only a single obscure and an undifferentiated vocable was used. Later, when the vowels became differentiated and verbal changes determined by means of them, vowels were written in full, just the same as consonants. From the persuit of Music for four thousand years or more before the satisfactory effect of harmony was discovered, we have a right to conclude that as yet the inner musical sense had not become developed to the point where it could co-ordinate combinations of sounds with reference to their tonal unity. Even after it had been discovered that a delight might be had from this source, it was about a thousand years before the common chord finally established itself as the primate of the tonal hierarchy. Nay, more! Within the last two centuries, very great progress has been made in the average ability of hearers to co-ordinate and appreciate complicated relations of sound. The modern use of dissonances, diminished, sevenths, and remote modulations, are examples in point. This gain in the art of hearing music is quite as likely to have been due to an improvement in the sound-cognizing apparatus of the brain itself, as to a more careful education and frequent opportunities for hearing and comparing. The greater depth and expressiveness of our present music, as compared with tha

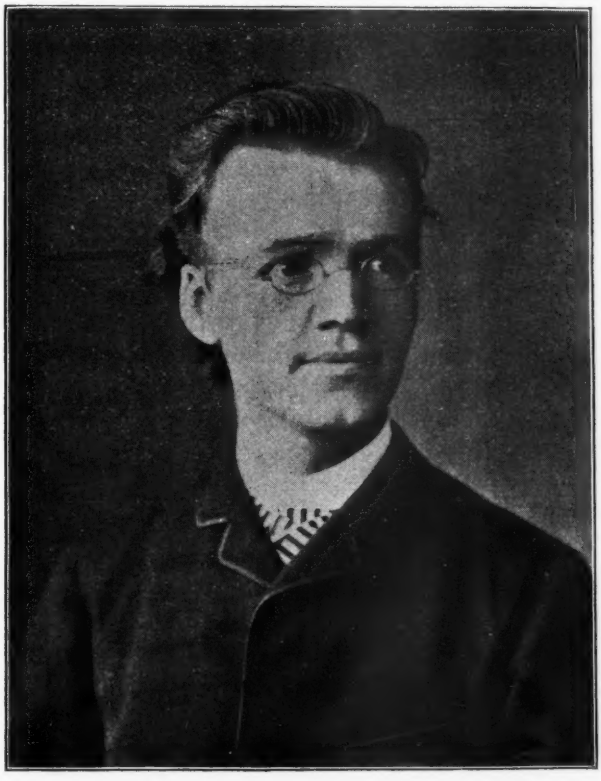
of a century ago, has its physical operation through the greater variety and complexity of the combinations employed, and the wider range of intensity. These increasing complexities appear to be accompanied by a positive increase in the capacity of sensuous gratification through the perception of the well-sounding and richly modulated. This progress in music, also, has relation to the general deepening of mind as shown in the philosophy, poetry, and science of the past two centuries, over any that have gone before.

Psychologists, indeed, tell us that man makes his brain in the effort to use it, by developing the germ cells in the grey matter of the cerebrum. May it not be that the number of cell-germs themselves is increased in succeeding generations, through the operation of the laws of heredity and survival of fittest? At all events Musical History is one of the most interesting chapters in the story of progress; it touches, almost equally, science, religion, and art, and therefore relates itself to and intermingles with the most precious activities of mind.

W. S. B. Mathews.

EDGAR KELLY'S "PURITANIA" MUSIC.

One of the most promising of the younger American composers is Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelly, who has made his name favorably known on both ocean coasts of the United



EDGAR STILLMAN KELLY.

States, by the production of his "Macbeth" music and other compositions in San Francisco and New York. Mr. Kelly is now about thirty years of age. He was educated at first

under Mr. Clarence Eddy, and later at Stuttgart. His compositions have covered quite a wide range of styles, but he has always shown a talent for the humerous—using the term both in the German sense and in its current American meaning. His latest production, as well as his most important, is the opera "Puritania," of which the following account has been produced prepared for these pages.
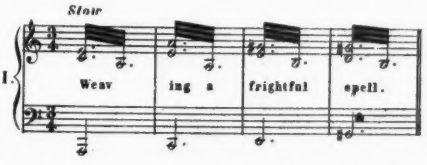
About the middle of last October, 1891, the preliminary arrangements were made by Miss Pauline Hall's manager for the creation of a new operatic work, which should be especially adapted to the requirements of Miss Hall and the company; the same to be completed and produced June 6, 1892, at the Tremont Theatre, Boston. After it was decided that Mr. C. M. S. McLellan should write the text, and that Mr. Edgar Stillman Kelly was to compose the music, the character of the proposed opera was discussed and two or three topics were suggested. Mr. Kelly wished to try his hand at setting a thoroughly humorous text, one in which the plot abounds in comical situations and bright dialogue, and cast his vote for a dramatization of one of Thackeray's sketches. But Mr. McLellan had long cherished a project for utilizing the material afforded by the absurdities of Salem Witchcraft, as a theme for satirizing; and as the subject was American, and would enable him to give, to a certain degree at least, an American coloring, it was chosen.

At the same time Mr. Kelly did not regard the expression of satire as the function of music, but nevertheless felt that the plot given him afforded an opportunity for a variety of musical moments, serious, sentimental and humorous. In fact, the musical portion of the opera bears the same relation to what is generally termed, "comic opera," that melodrama bears to farce.
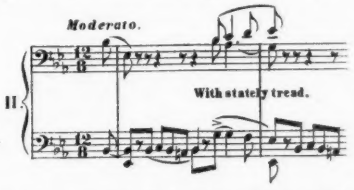
The introductory chorus, "Hail to Everything under the Sun," is expressive of joy at the thought of mere existence —an exuberence of animal spirits. The theme (Allegro vivace 3-4 time) is begun by sopranos and altos, then taken up by the male chorus, while the female chorus take the parts which the tenor and basses sang accompanying

them in the theme. In other words double counterpoint is made use of, as well as the simpler methods of musical expression, which is seen in the waltz movement (female chorus) which follows.

The recurring full chorus is interrupted by Abigail (contralto) who, in a gloomy song tells various unpleasant things about a dreadful witch, Elizabeth, the heroine of the opera. The second part of this song contains certain harmonic progressions which occur again when the witchcraft of the girl is referred to. (Theme I.)
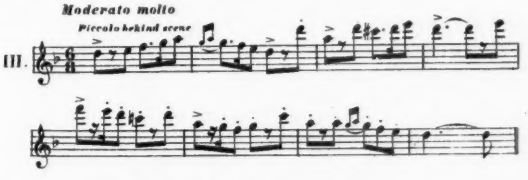


The chorus become alarmed at the state of affairs and proceed to retract their former protestations of joy, singing a parody upon the opening chorus, in minor. The approaching judges are now heard (Theme II.)



and the double chorus of Salemites and Judges bring the musical number to a close.
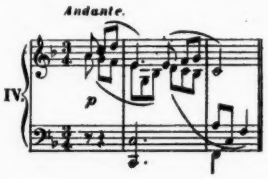
With a desire to impart to the scene an American musical flavor, Mr. Kelly has caused the fifes and drums to play an old New England melody (Theme III.)



on the entrance of Elizabeth. It is afterward accompanied by appropriate harmonies in the orchestra. Whether the

melody be one or two centuries old he does not care, as in any event he regards its use as a bit of justifiable anachronism.

The following song by Elizabeth, "A Maiden's Art," the refrain of which is accompanied by the chorus and violin obligato, is alluded to orchestrally whenever the herione becomes the topic of conversation. (Theme IV.)
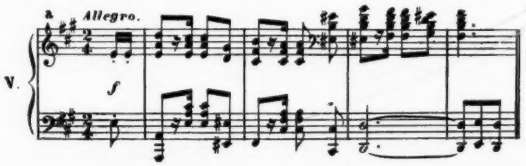


The chorus which follows:

"She says she's possessed of the deep, black art,"
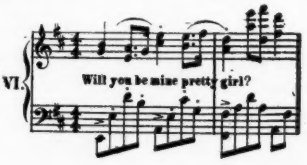
begins with a short fugue, in which the first four measures of the old New England tune above referred to (No. 3) is used as the subject.

The second part of the chorus is a development of the theme from "Abigail's Song," (No. 1)—it culminates with a short fortissimo chord as the cannon on board the ship of the Earl is heard—and after a long development of the rythmical figure of "Vivian's War Song," (Theme V.) on
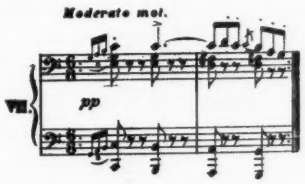


board ship appears and sings this song, which, by the way, forms the finale of Act II of the opera.

After the assemblage has conveniently dispersed, Vivian proposes to Elizabeth to allow him to become her protector. Here is the theme of the refrain: (Theme VI.)



After their duel the interested couple leave the stage unoccupied, when the theme of the approaching witchfinder general is heard: (Theme VII.)
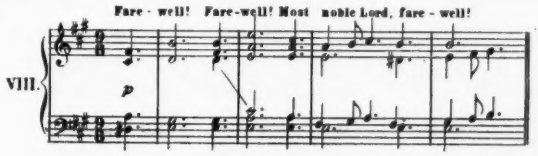


One by one the villagers reassemble to greet "The stranger from distant climes."

An interesting and amusing feature of this chorus of welcome to the witchfinder, and the admonitions to "Dip to him several times," is the fact that the entire number is evolved from these two measures. The witchfinder general then sings a couple of comic songs, one in reply to his hearty reception and the other explaining the nature of his tests. The verses to the latter are especially good, showing how when a man or woman is tested he never passes without suspicion. Mention might be made of a few little humorous bits of orchestration accompanying the shivering of the clowns and the bowing of the judges as they make their exit.
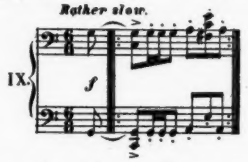
"The Tiger of Tangaree," an oriental humoresque, gives Miss Hall a change to show her ability to render something in the way of a ditty.

The Finale of the first Act begins with a sea song by Vivian and chorus–after a thematic dialogue between Vivian and the W. F. G. as they dispute over the possession of Elizabeth, Vivian bursts out with a laughing song. Then after the refrain "Will you be mine, pretty girl?" (No. 7) and the strains of "Hail to Everything Under the Sun," Vivian bids "Farewell" to the people. They in turn take up his theme and it is developed on to the end. (Theme VIII.)



After which a line or two of the sea song, "Away o'er the breast of the freshening gale," and the curtain falls.

The introduction to Act II suggests the hammering, boring and drilling (Theme IX) of the conspirators prepar-
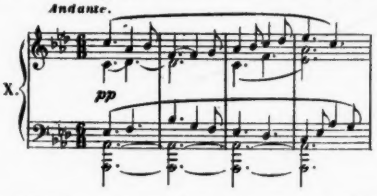


atory to blowing up the king. It runs into the song of Killsin Burgess; now intimates that

> "Charles will be blown quite far away,
> Making considerable noise as he goes,
> When he'll come down, one couldn't well say,
> For that's what nobody knows."

The ensuing bit, "A Little Puff of Powder," is not only a pretty song but a pretty chorus. Beginning high it works up to a climax as the explosionists grow in warmth and happiness "at the thought of the king flying through space."

After the conspirators leave the stage Killsin in a comic-pathetic air beseeches the "Spirit of Night," while she distributes her soul-healing sleep, not to forget the conspirators. As the scene is darkened the orchestra takes up the theme, and this combined with the rhythmic figures from the hammering and drilling of the introduction (Theme X) in a



variety of modulations from the *intermezzo* which fills in the change of scene.

The stage is suddenly lighted again and the reception saloon in the palace of Charles II filled with courtiers and ladies who, with chorus, "Come youth and beauty," announce the arrival of the king. After the entrance of his majesty, the cavaliers gather about the throne and sing, "All honor to him, our king."

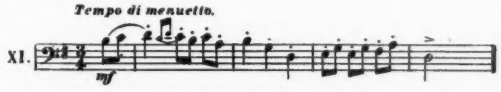
Vivian then enters and salutes the king with a jolly polka like song, which by the way appears in overture and from which the code is developed.

The commencement of the chorus "What an interesting vision," on the entrance of Elizabeth, is followed by her quaint little song, "My mother said don't, and I won't!"

Vivian begs the king to pronounce her free of the charge of witchcraft, which his royrl highness does after a little by-play. Then the chamberlain, in tones imitating the traditional, "O, yes! O, yes! O, yes!" calls out, "Know ye! know ye! know ye! Free of all charges is this maiden fair,' and general happiness prevails a few moments until the mirth is broken in upon by the W. F. G.'s theme (No. VII.) This is a forerunner of the entry of that worthy with Jonathan and Abagail, who in a trio of some length, "There once was a witch," accuse Elizabeth of sundry direful deeds. In a vein of mockery the heroine offers to conjure up the spirit "Asmodens" for the delectation of all. Her invocation is accompanied by the development of theme I which suddenly increases in strength, and to the consternation of all, an explosion takes place in the vault beneath, which sends Killsin through the floor. He is believed by the assembly to be Asmodens, while he in his bewilderment sings fragments of "A Little Puff of Powder," and is puzzled to find that *he* and not the king has been blown up.
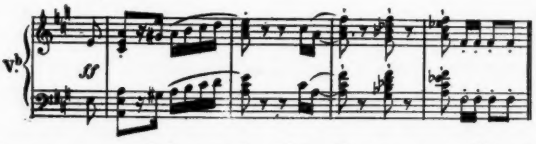
As the king commands Elizabeth to be taken to a dungeon cell, Vivian, in a song, bids her a sad farewell. The stage is left to Killsen, Abigail, Jonathan and the W. F. G. The latter three interrogate the conspirator as to the nature of his mission.

The humorous quartette, "O! tell us mutilated stranger," is in reality a minuet-like theme, with variations in which a number of contrapuntal and instrumental devices are employed. (Theme XI.)



The ensuing dialogue discloses the true state of affairs,

Elizabeth's innocence is proven and she is restored to Vivian. In the short finale which follows, the themes of the W. F. G., the cry "Know, ye!" and "There once was a witch," are brought in, the whole concluding with Vivian's first song from Act I. (Theme V.



The opera was duly produced in Boston according to appointment, and was received with enthusiasm. After a run of about sixteen weeks it was taken to New York, where its success was not so good. This led to the following letter to the composer from Dr. Wm. Mason. As the letter tells its own story, no further explanation is needed:

29 Washington Square, W.,
New York, Oct. 8, 1892.

DEAR MR. KELLY:—

Last Wednesday noon, as I was sitting at lunch, I became aware that I felt tired and had a feeling that I would indulge in a little physical relaxation and mental diversion. On referring to the announcement in a morning paper I found that the Opera of "Puritania" was to be given at the Fifth Avenue Theatre matinee that afternoon. Although I had read and was then aware that you had written an opera, I had entirely forgotten its subject and title, so that I did not for a moment connect this opera with you, but simply selected the place of amusement at random. I note this fact in passing because it very much enhances the significance of what I am about to write. I was somewhat late in getting to the theatre, arriving there about 2:40 P. M., so that the performance was well under way. In passing to my seat, which was up in the balcony, my ears made me at once aware of the fact that the music was distinctly away up and beyond the ordinary, and lacked in toto the hackneyed, familiar, sentimental, and worn-out strains, which almost invariably characterize the light opera one hears now-a-days. I experienced a feeling of refreshment

and satisfaction, and thought to myself, "you have struck it to-day." I was, of course, very curious to know who the composer was, but, as during the performance the lights were turned down, I was obliged to wait a while and so went on listening to the music with constantly increasing appreciation and delight, and when at the end of the act I read your name on the programme my pleasure and satisfaction was of a very inferior quality, and I was aware of a certain feeling of pride connected with it, which was very natural under the circumstances. I heartily congratulate you on your complete musical and artistic success. The music is delightful, fresh and original throughout, and the instrumentation is fully up to it, exhibiting, as it does, such varieties and beauties of tone color, and all of those together are natural, free from constraint, and spontaneous, giving almost the idea of an improvisation.

The theatre was not half full, but the music is altogether too good to meet with the instantaneous appreciation of the multitude. I have seen no commendatory notice in the newspapers, and am afraid that the gentlemen of the press will keep you waiting until your musical reputation is more widely established, before making the recognition due to the merit of your work. The verdict of musicians will be more prompt and heartfelt, and indeed I have already heard the expression of unreserved admiration by some of them, and this is fully in agreement with the feeling of

Your friend,

[Signed] WILLIAM MASON.

CHICAGO COMPOSERS

I.

W. C. E. SEEBOECK.

Among the pleasant duties which befall the musical journalist from time to time, is that of distributing what might be called pre-mortal immortality. In pursuit of this duty the name of an eminent Chicago master now engages attention. It is that of Mr. W. C. E. Seeboeck, whose personal resemblance to the celebrated conductor, Arthur Nikisch, of Boston, will immediately occur to any who compare our frontispiece with the published portraits of the Hungarian musician. Mr. Seeboeck is an Austrian, having been born in Vienna in 1860, his father having been a banker. The children are all talented, one of them being a sculptor, living at Florence. The subject of our sketch enjoyed an unusually fine education at the Theresianum, one of the best and most aristocratic high schools of Vienna, where one of his classmates was Alfonso, the late king of Spain. His musical masters were Eppstein, Nottebohm, and later he studied eighteen months in St. Petersburg under Rubinstein. Mr. Seeboeck has travelled extensively, not alone in Europe and America, but also in Egypt and India. Recalled from Russia by the death of his father, he soon came to America and to Chicago in 1881.

His early experiences in this city were those of the typical musician. Of a genial turn, and without any vices, Seeboeck was nevertheless a true artist in his carelessness concerning money. He gave a few lessons, played accompaniments for the Apollo club, (at an absurdly low rate, considering, his quality) and for the rest of his time wrote songs and other compositions to the fullest extent of his ability to buy the necessary paper. In this way he turned out nearly two hundred songs, embracing all the standard German texts, a large number of American ones, and a few of his own,—for he is also a poet, as a later issue

of MUSIC will show. His songs are musical and melodious. The accompaniments are often difficult, for the technic of Mr. Seeboeck is so remarkable that ordinary difficulties do not occur to him. He is very handy with imitative devices, and upon occasion is able to perform all regulation tricks of composition. Indeed there has been hardly a better equipped composer among us.

After a while the talent of the Apollo accompanist began to be recognized. Whatever the work in study, the piano part went always just so smoothly, nor was it much matter whether the conductor desired it in the original key or in some transposition—everything went about the same. Then between the acts Seeboeck would play one of his pieces. These (oh the genius of discretion!) were almost always short. His little gavottes, as quaint and clever as one can think; an aria, or something else, melodious and pleasing, with a dainty bringing together of the contrapuntal ends of the middle parts—the whole played with a musical touch and consummate ease,—all these made him friends. He got scholars. Then he fell into the hands of a discreet manager, Mr. A. E. Ruff, who was just starting his school of music. He needed just such a man, and knew he needed him. On the other hand, the fame of the pianist and his playing brought many pupils to the school. So the connection has proven a very good thing for all concerned.

His activity as composer has been prodigious, as the following list will show. His published compositions include seventeen pieces for piano, twelve songs, six part-songs for male voices, of which two have been sung by the Apollo club; two pieces for piano and violin, etc. His list of unpublished compositions is naturally much longer. It comprises, among others, the following: Twenty-seven piano etudes, fourteen gavottes and bourrees, three sonatas, 187 songs, twelve quartettes, two piano quintettes, six Paganini caprices, eight nocturnes, two scherzos, one cello sonata, two piano concertos, and an oratorio, "The Captivity"—words from Goldsmith.

His fertility in dainty little things in the line of quasi antiques has already been mentioned. On another page is an

illustration, in facsimile, showing his very dainty handwriting. This particular copy was done with no reference to reproduction. The style is his usual manner of writing, except that it may be a trifle smaller. It was perhaps written for a lady.

It must be nearly ten years now since the first of Seeboeck's operas was brought out in very bad style in Central Music hall. The music was as smooth and melodious as music should be. It quite ran in the line mentioned by Mr. Arthur Weld in another page, where he says that the composer nowadays is not expected to do anything essentially original, but it is enough if he does over the old cadences and chords with a new effect. This is what Seeboeck at first glance seems to do. But upon more careful examination one finds a more decided quality. He is really musical and has musical fantasie. It is not in him to condense, nor much to choose. The ideas that present themselves to him—these he writes, and rarely crosses out. In this he is like Schubert. He has lately finished another opera, called "The Gladiators," libretto by L. F. Brown, of Chicago. It will be produced next season by the "Bostonians." The work contains a great number of pleasing airs, concerted and ensemble pieces.

This opera has a plot, and a story which actually moves upon the stage. The music is occasionally bright, occasionally delicate, and now and then quite elaborate. The individuality of the voices in the cast has been considered, and care has been taken to give each one his little air, as promptly as the old Italian composers used to manage the same practical end.

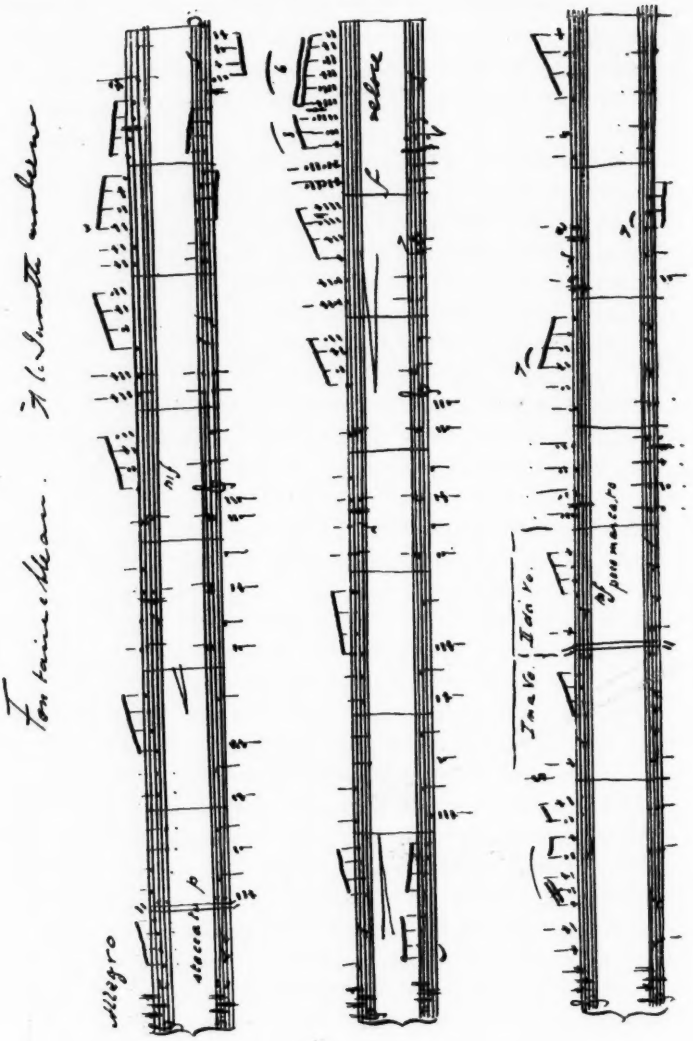
Many whimsical stories might be told of this genial composer if one had time. With him to think of a piece, is the same as to have composed it. He is like the Japanese gentleman in the "The Mikado," who explained that "when your Majesty orders a gentleman to be beheaded he is as good as dead; in fact you may say he *is* dead." It was in this vein that by the good offices of that friend of struggling genius, Miss Amy Fay, some years ago, Seeboeck secured an appointment with Theodore Thomas and his first flute in order to get Thomas' adoption of a new flute concerto which he

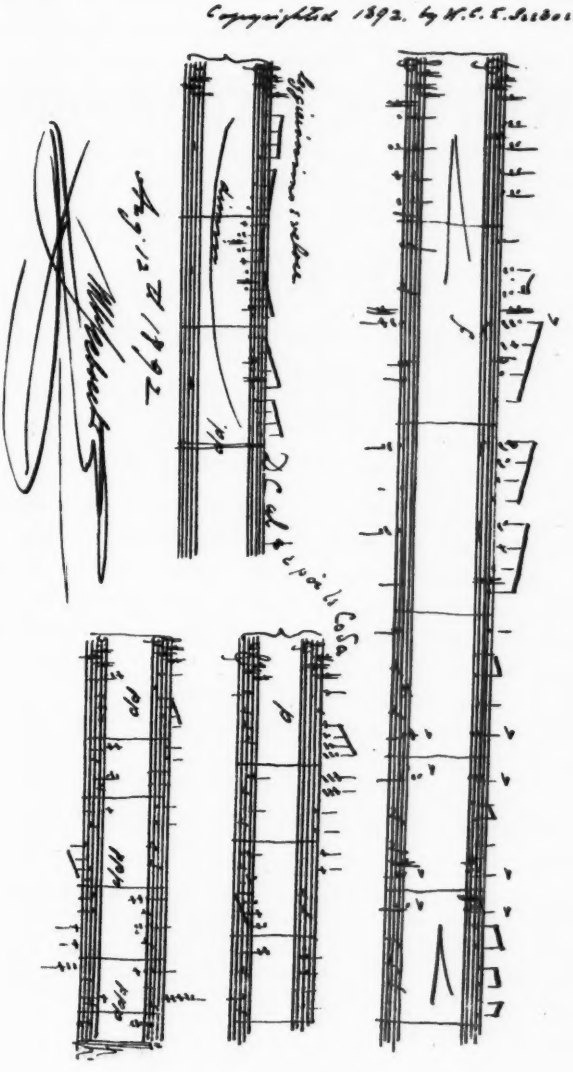
said he had composed. He lost his case in advance by coming a half hour late. A half hour late to an appointment with Theodore Thomas, who is the soul of punctuality! Then when he recovered his breath, Seeboeck produced the concerto. He had two sheets of flute part, and nothing whatever more. All the rest was in his head. This was more than Thomas could stand, so the composer was very curtly notified that when he had actually written a concerto, instead of meaning to write one at some future time, he might take it into consideration. Till then, farewell! I have no doubt Seeboeck was greatly surprised—so sure is he of an idea when once it has occurred to him.

As a pianist Seeboeck's playing is characterized more by delicacy than strength, but on occasion he is capable of a great deal of the latter. Upon one occasion he illustrated a series of lectures upon composers and styles, and the closing program consisted of Beethoven's 5th concerto, Schumann's in A minor, and the Chopin concerto in E minor. The artist Franz Rummel happened to come in, and as the second piano was badly played by a pupil he himself took the accompaniments. The effect was something astonishing. Seeboeck never played better Both artists were upon their mettle. At the end Rummel, gave a magnificent performance of the Bach Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. This was before an audience of about forty persons.

Upon another occasion he was down upon an Apollo programme for Liszt's 14th Raphsody, with second piano. At the last minute it was found that there was no room for the second piano upon the stage. What did Seeboeck do but perform the number all the same, putting in as much of the second part in addition to the first as was needed for carrying along the musical ideas. He made a splendid effect.

Personally Mr. Seeboeck is a great favorite. He has a delicate and quiet wit, but ill-nature has no place in his make-up. He has been of great use to the musical life of the city, having a place entirely his own, which no one else could fill as well.


Allegro
staccato
mf
Trio.
pizzicato


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Rules for Expression

(CONTINUED.)

PART SECOND.

EXPRESSION IN SONG WITH WORDS.

CLASS I.

BALLADS.

Analysis of Words.

30. In ballads the poem is dominant. As the composer conforms the musical phrases and their climaxes to the verbal phrases and climaxes, such song is only one remove from speech. Therefore the rules of Part First govern its delivery. The singer's first task must then be to analyze the poem:

1. To mark the phrases and climaxes.
2. To determine the emotional class and the dynamic level.
3. To mark the louder and softer passages.
4. To mark the expressive quality of significant passages.

NOTE.—Similar to class I in the dominancy of the words are recitatives of the opera and oratorio. To this class also belong lieder and chansons, other names for ballads, if sung in their original language. As no translation can preserve the order of words and accents without sacrifice of sense, a necessary paraphrase of the poem or music will compromise the composer's intention.

31. But the sustained tones of song give additional means of expression.

(1.) The singer can pass by minute gradations from one degree of force to another, using the *crescendo* or *diminuendo.*

(2.) The singer can emphasize the accented syllable of a climax by pressure < or the explosive form of attack > while the speaker has only the latter.

(3.) The singer can emphasize the climax by insensibly prolonging it, while the speaker has only the pause after the word.

NOTE.—As this prolongation, termed *rubato*, (Englished, *stolen*), is the normal, usual method for the singer, no sign, is needed but the circumflex, single or doubled, that marks its place for the speaker.

(4.) The singer can use the timbres and resonances, (the *expressive qualities* of speech,) more freely and in more exquisite shades than the speaker.

NOTE.—In the simplest ballads, great artists achieve results otherwise unattainable, by modifications of timbre at every phase of feeling. Why they all love Patti so is because, using the different timbres more freely than other artists, she touches sensibilities others cannot touch. The student is urged to acquire a thorough command of the different resonances as a means of escape from a monotonous delivery, or the trammels of a single style. Though vocal technic is not within the scope of this work, the writer cannot forbear urging that the illustrations of the different shades of expressive quality in Par. 26 p. 23; compare Curwen's Standard Course, page 149, be sung to the following phrase:

| d :s | f :r | r :f | m: d ‖

In order to perceive the problem, sing the words with identical expressive quality until the incongruity is perceived. Then practice assiduously until the different qualities can be produced in these simple sentences. Then apply the skill to all songs.

32. Special Rules for the Singer.

(1.) Emphasize the climax of every phrase by stress <> or by pause (rubato or silence) or both. Compare Introduction.

(2.) Crescendo from the beginning of a phrase to its climax. Compare Riemann's "Guide to Phrasing," page 11, Schirmer.

(3.) Diminuendo from the climax of a phrase to its end.

NOTE.—Crescendos *within* a phrase are accelerated; diminuendos, retarded.

33. Rule for degrees of *rubato*, *crescendo*, *diminuendo*, *accelerando* and *ritardando*. Use them so discreetly and temperately that the unmusical only feel the art without perceiving its form; for that perception would distract attention from the song itself. *Artem celare est ars supenea.*

While an art obvious to the unmusical would by the musical be deemed vulgar.

Management of the Breath.

34. The special effects of the singer require special care in the control of the breath; require its renewal at the end of each line of poetry, and at least once in a line of eight or more syllables, (near the middle, if possible,) unless a pause for that purpose would conflict with the sense of the words. In most ballads and hymns the sense requires pauses at such points. In some, the sense prohibits them. In the few remaining cases—"the indifferent"—pauses are permitted.

35. Such breath-taking is not at all for vital purposes, but "for artistic purposes," to rouse to action and maintain in action the muscles controlling the lungs. To discriminate between them the subject must be considered at length.

36. The Vital Breath.

(1.) When the body is at rest the lower third of the lungs is (or should be) active. At each inspiration the diaphragm descending presses the abdomen outward. This effect gives the name, "Abdominal Breathing." It can be observed in all healthy children and adults whose clothing permits it. It can best be observed in ones-self, if one lie on the back, extended without a pillow. In that posture even those who habitually breath with the upper third of the lungs, "Clavicular breathing," will breath normally—in some degree. As in the seated posture the abdomen cannot move so freely, there is a more perceptible movement of the diaphragm and lower chest.

(2.) When the body is roused, as in walking or other gentle exercise, the sides of the body and its back will dilate as the front does. This is a form of "Costal breathing."

(3.) The "full breath" results in more violent exercise. As a consequence, the chest will rise, all parts of the lungs will then be active. But, whatever the state of the body, whether roused or quiescent, the most active muscles, in correct breathing, are those strongest ones—those at the base of the lungs.

37. The Artistic Breath.

The usually relaxed condition of the lungs in abdominal breathing will not suffice. The steady, even, sustained tone, without waver, that is an absolute essential for the singer, is impossible if only Clavicular breathing is used; impossible unless the abdominal muscles are active. The "full breath" that brings into action all muscles that control the lungs, is necessary.

38. The Singer's Full Breath.

The steps for the student who must illustrate it are:

(1.) Fill the lower third of the lungs. The abdomen will be pressed downward and outward.

(2.) Fill the middle third of the lungs. The body at the diaphragm will press outward, and a stringent feeling will be experienced at the back.

(3.) Fill the upper third of the lungs. The chest will rise; in rising, the body will be drawn upward and the abdomen slightly inward. The student, after practice, will be able to do all this at one impulse. Compare Kofler's "Art of Breathing," Par. 24.

39. The Singer's Half Breath.

As breath is exhausted in singing, the tension of the muscles lessens. To restore that tension, the air must be replenished by a quick half breath at places where a full breath is impracticable. It may be taken through the nose, or mouth, or both; it may be somewhat like a gasp. But however taken, it must be quickly done; imperceptible to the listener; scarcely perceptible to the singer.

40. The full breath should be taken:

(1.) At the punctuation marks of greater value, and if the sense permits a sufficient pause, at commas and greater reading marks.

(2.) At longer rests in the music.

(3.) Before long sustained tones, trills and cadenzas—like passages, if the sense permits.

41. The half breath should be taken:

(1.) At all commas and greater reading marks [unless the full breath is permitted] and at most lesser reading marks.

(2.) At short rests in the music.

(3.) If the sense permits, before syncopes and specially accented tones; between reiterated tones of the same pitch and value; after slurred tones, and after a short staccato. [Compare Seiler's "Voice in Singing," page 167.]

NOTE.—Having in mind the necessity of full lungs, a rule of immense practical but of slight scientific value may be added, namely: Take breath as frequently as possible.

42. Breath Marks.

The place for the half breath may be marked by this sign v written just over the music. As the full breath must be taken at all longer pauses, no sign is requisite for it.

43. In emphatical disjunction of words, (see par. 14) the pause may be too brief to permit a half breath. The presence of the lesser reading mark indicates a hiatus; the absence of the inverted carat shows that breath must not be taken.

44. Modes of Tone Production.

(1.) Passages requiring smooth connection of the tones (legato), should be produced by a slow contraction of the abdominal muscles inward and upward, while the chest is permanently raised and expanded.*

(2.) Sustained tones, trills, etc., are similarly produced.

(3.) Staccato tones are produced by a sudden contraction of some part of the vocal apparatus. Light shades may be produced at the glottis, but the more usual method is the result of the action of abdominal muscles. Thus produced, an outward stroke of the body at the diaphragm will be perceptible at each tone 4. Different timbres require different degrees of tension in the lung muscles, particularly those of the upper chest. As these qualities vary according to the form of the vocal chamber, no definite rules can be given.

NOTE.—Controlling the breath by the abdominal muscles lessens fatigue in singing by relieving the uraler and less muscles of the upper chest and throat from much effort, corrects "throatiness," and promotes the formation of full, mellow, clearly resonant tones.

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*Only when the breath is completely expended may the chest fall—the stat of rest is only appropriate for the end of a stanza or song.

CLASS II.

HYMN TUNES AND FOLK SONGS.

Correspondence of Music and Words.

45. These musical forms are independent of any special poem, since different poems may be sung to any tune; but they require a close correspondence with themselves, in the *structure* and the *emotional class* of the poem selected. Whoever will try to sing the bold, trochaic, serious metre, "Hark! the herald angels sing," to the gentle, Iambic, short-meter "Dennis" will recognize the absence of such a correspondence.

46. Correspondence In Structure.

(1.) The stanza and tune must be of similar length. But two short stanzas may be sung to a long tune, or a judicious *Da Capo* may fit a long stanza to a short tune.

(2.) The accented syllable in a foot of poetry must be set to a strong or medium accent of the tune. (But rhythmical considerations may, by lengthening final tones or by using a slur, cause the number of musical accents to exceed the number of feet.]

(3.) Metres commencing on weak or strong syllables require that the tune should commence on weak or strong accents of the measure, respectively. [But occasionally a faulty versification, as when a dactyl or iambus takes the places of a prevailing trochee, may be condoned.]

Emotional Classes in Music.

47. The effects due to mode, individual character of tones, melodic shapes, pitch, harmonic structure, transition, modulation, accents, rhythms and measure, may if considered separately be classed as *forcible* or *mild* combinations of these elements, and modifications of their influence by different tempos yield emotional classes equal in number, or perhaps, surpassing, those of poetry.

48. The following classification is fairly correct for moderate tempo: M M–84.

Musical Elements.	Specific Quality.	General Class.
I. Mode.		
1. Major	Cheerful	Forcible
2. Minor	Mournful	Mild
II. Individual character of tones.		
(1.) Strong tones, namely:		
Firm doh Calm me; bright sol	Reinforce the dominant feeling	Forcible
(2.) Leaning tones, namely:		
Desolate fah Piercing te; sad lah Rousing ray	Weakening the dominant feeling	Mild
(3.) Chromatic tones	Strong feeling	Forcible
III. Melodic shapes.		
1. Ascending	Increased emotion	Forcible
2. Descending	Decreased emotion	Mild
3. Plane	Placidity	Mild
4. Stepwise progression	Placidity	Mild
5. Skip progression	Agitation	Forcible
IV. Pitch.		
1. High	Bright	Forcible
2. Low	Serious	Mild
3. Medium	Calmness	Neutral
4. Extremes	Excitement	Forcible
V. Harmonic structure.		
1. Deep	Serious	Mild
2. High	Bright	Forcible
3. Widely dispersed	Excitement	Forcible
4. Close	Calmness	Neutral
5. Full	Strength	Forcible
6. Thin	Weakness	Mild
7. Unison passages	Unanimity of sentiment	Forcible
8. Parallel progression	Substantial agreement	Mild
9. Contrary progression	Disagreement	Forcible
10. Oblique	Disagreement	Forcible
11. Suspensions	Compulsory agreement	Forcible
12. Dissonances	Disagreement	Forcible

Note:—The above is true for the major mode; in the minor, the tones acquire, to a limited degree, new characters as they fall into new scale relations.

VI. Transitions.

1 To dominant	Bright	Forcible
2 To subdominant	Serious	Mild
3 To remote keys	Strong feeling	Forcible

VII. Modulation.

1.	From major to minor.	From light to shadow.	Mild
2.	From minor to major.	From gloom to light.	Forcible

VIII. Accents.

1. Strong	Forcible
2. Medium	Medium
3. Weak	Mild

IX Rhythms.

1. Equal pulse tones	Placidity	Mild
2. Continuation	Sustained emotion	Forcible
3. Subdivision of pulses	Predominance of weak elements	Mild
4. Taafe 	Rather a rhythmical inflection of a full pulse than a subdivision	Forcible
5. Triplets	Predominance of weak elements	Mild
6. Syncopation	Opposition	Forcible
7. Weak pulse ending	(Feminine)	Mild
8. Strong pulse ending	(Masculine)	Forcible

X Measure.

1. Two-pulse, 2-4, 2-8, etc.	Frequent recurrence o accent	Forcible
2. Three-pulse 3-4, 6-8, etc.	Less frequent strong accent	Less forcible
3. Four-pulse 4-4, etc.	Infrequent strong accent; predominance of weak accent.	Appreciably less forcible, approaching the Mild.
4. Six-pulse	Delicate from predominance of weak accent.	Mild
5. Six-pulse, beaten twice in the measure	From alternating strong and weak accents;	Forcible
	from triplet subdivision of the pulse:	Mild
6. 2-2 alla breve; four-pulse, beaten twice	from alternating strong and weak accents;	Forcible
	from minute subdivision of the pulse.	Mild

XI. Form of measure.

1. Primary	The first impression of the ear is a strong accent.	Forcible
2. Secondary	The ear is prepared by a weak accent for a succeeding strong accent.	Mild

49. Using the above classification as a key, one can determine the predominance of forcible or mild elements or their equilibrium in any tune by its analysis, and thus determine whether it belongs to the *forcible*, *mild* or *moderate* class.

Examples of well known hymn tunes.

(1.) "Austria" has major mode, predominance of strong tones, wide melodic skips, high pitch, dispersed harmony, contrary motion between the parts, transition to the dominant, 4-part measure, primary form. The *forcible* elements predominate.

(2.) "Dennis" has major mode, predominance of calm me, steps progressions, close low harmony, similar motion between the parts; 3-part measure, secondary form. The *mild* elements predominate.

(3.) "Federal Street" has major mode, free use of leaning tones, medium pitch, close harmony. Step progressions primary, transitions to dominant. Alla breve measure premary form. A substantial equilibrium, therefore it beongs to the *moderate* class.

(To be continued.)

BEETHOVEN.

(SONATA QUASIA UNA FANTASIA.)
Op, 27, No. 2.

ADAGIO SOSTENUTO.

I stand upon the shore of life's broad ocean drear,
And watch the ripples of the softly flowing tide:
The shimmer of the moon, as on some fair one's bier
The white and silv'ry shroud her form doth seek to hide;
And as I listen to the surge's moaning wail,
A voice, the saddest yet the sweetest ever heard,
Sings from the darkness of my sorrow and travail,
Of love departed and hope for e'er deferred.

ALLEGRETTO.

Yet spreads her wings
A white-clad ship:
Mayhap she brings
From her long trip
Some joy, some solace for my soul.
Roll smoothly, O broad ocean, roll!

How gently wafts
Against her sails
And tap'ring masts,
And never fails,
The breeze that brings from o'er the sea
My ship, so fraught with hope for me.

PRESTO AGITATO.

Alas, with clouds as dark as blackest night,
The sky, the moon, my ship are blotted out.
Naught can I see, save when the forked light
Glares forth from Heaven; even when I doubt
My eyes; for on the cruel, rock-bound shore
Beating her life out in the breakers there,
I see my ship, a wreck forevermore;
My hopes, my heart, my soul, drowned in despair.

HENRY DAVID

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

FAMOUS COMPOSERS AND THEIR WORKS. Edited by John Knowles Paine, Theodore Thomas and Karl Klauser. Boston, J. B. Millet Company. Serial. Each part 50 cts. Thirty parts. Sold only by subscription.

Part 1. John Sebastian Bach.

Part 2. George Frederick Haendel, and Christopher Willibald Gluck.

Part 3. Gluck finished. Francis Joseph Haydn.

Part 4. Haydn completed. Mozart.

The four parts here sent out together are enough to afford a general idea of the monumental work projected and now well advanced by the J. B. Millet Company, of Boston. The ground proposed to be covered is that of a biographical history of music, in which the personalities of the composers, the peculiarities of their modes of life, together with copious extracts of their works, are brought before the reader, in order to enable the amateur to possess himself as far as possible of the kind of knowledge of music which a sound musical scholar and man of taste would arrive at as a result of many years of study. The work belongs to the modern class of collaborative authorship. A general conception is divided among experts, each of whom delivers himself concerning the particular province confided to his care. The compass of each article and its general relations are assigned. The expert then puts into the desired number of words all the information he possesses appropriate to its place in the general plan. The final out come of this form of authorship lacks the pervading personality which always characterizes the finished work of strong individualities, but it gains in place of it a comprehensiveness and reliability which no large work by a single author can acquire—since the provinces of knowledge have so immeasurably extended themselves.

The general plan of the present work was that of giving biographical sketches by the best writers, both European and foreign; the whole under a general supervision of Prof. Paine—a many-sided musical scholar, probably as well fitted for a work of this kind as any that could be named. Then the publishers desired that absolutely everything in the way of portraits, representations of buildings, instruments, etc. available should be used to the fullest compass of modern illustration wherever it would make the book more intelligible or more attractive; this part was instrusted to Prof. Karl Klauser, a highly skilled photographer and a musician of wide knowledge and sympathy. The musical examples of the different writers's works were intended to be selected with a double reference to their illustrative value and their availability to the the average amateur. This part of the editing was intrusted to

Mr. Theodore Thomas—a name which at once assures a degree of conscientious supervision and a high order of musical intelligence.

The range of the biographical writers may be inferred from the four numbers immediately in hand. Bach is treated by the great Bach biographer, Philipp Spitta. The essay extends to thirty quarto pages, or about 24,000 words. Handel is treated by the same writer in twenty pages. Gluck occupies twenty-three pages, from the pen of the late Wilhelm Langhans. Haydn is treated by Mr. B. E. Wolf, of Boston, to the extent of twenty-four pages. Twenty pages of the Mozart biography are given in No. 4, but the author's name is not yet announced.

There are fifteen pages of music by Bach, the selections being a prelude and fugue from the Well Tempered Clavier, one of the shorter organ fugues, a pianoforte arrangement (with words) of the final chorus of the St. Matthew Passion, and several of the smaller gavottes.

Among the Handel illustrations is the famous air from his opera of "Xerxes," "Thy shade gives rest"—better known in this country as the Handel "Largo," so often played by Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Karl Klauser is not behind his associates in the fullness and care of his work. Portraits, birthplaces, monuments, facsimiles and reproductions of famous historical paintings relating to the subject immediately in hand, meet us at every turn. The engravings are the best modern process work, half-tone, and line. In this respect the fullest of the histories of music falls far short of these numbers. Typographically the work is executed in the finest style of the subscription book art. It may be remarked, as an illustration of the care with which the work has been prepared, that one of the publishers spent a year in Europe collecting material from which the illustrations might be made.

"Famous Composers and their works" is therefore the most complete and attractive of all the musical gift books that have as yet been published, and it is not likely that anything handsomer will soon appear.

For the information of readers who would like to know more concerning it, reference may be made to the circular which the publishers will send upon application. No subscription is taken for anything less than the entire work, but it is stated that whenever possible a correspondent desiring to see the work will be waited upon by a canvasser with samples. The work is particularly attractive for amateur societies, reading circles, and schools since it covers the entire central ground of musical biography, and affords a birds-eye view of musical lierature.

A Noble Art: Three Lectures on the Evolution and Construction of the Piano. By Fanny Morris Smith. Printed at the DeVinne Press, New York 1892. 8vo. 160. Parchment.

This charmingly gotten-up little work contains a variety of interesting matter about the pianoforte and the history of its invent on. It is illustrated with a great variety of engravings, showing

the old harpsichords, actions, and the like, as well as many of the modern. The lectures are the work of an enthusiast. As such they possess an uncommon intelligence, and will be read with pleasure. They do not pretend to give a history of the piano making art as a whole. The early development of the art is traced with considerable particularity; but there is a break between Broadway and Steinway, and the entire artistic development of the pianoforte is credited to the latter firm. When one recognizes this fact, there is no objection to be taken, for the inventions of this firm do in fact constitute the greater part of the improvements upon which the finer tonal distinctions in pianos depend. There is, however, a gradual development in the instrument, which has reached its powers through the labor of very many inventors, whose very names even are in some cases difficult to be ascertained. The most complimentary thing which could be said of the Steinways truthfully, is that the firm occupies in piano making a position analogous to that of Anthony Stradivarius in the development of the violin. The violin was brought to its present model by the Amati and the older Tyrol makers. Stradivarius did nothing for it but to slightly change the form and place of the *f* holes, and to select his wood more carefully. Yet he transformed the instrument in the respect of affording it a deeper and more sympathetic resonance than it had ever had before.

Briefly stated the American improvements in piano making up to about 1855 had for their main object to render the instrument more solid and better able to withstand the changes of temperature. The corner stone of the American piano is the iron frame, which was invented by Alpheus Babcock, of Boston, in 1825; and brought to greater perfection by Jonas Chickering in 1838. Chickering, by the aid of the iron frame, was able to make a wider instrument and thus to come by a circular scale which afforded the hammers a better chance. Meanwhile, about 1846, felt was used for hammers by the famous old firm of Nunns & Clark, and other makers had experimented with wider scales. So when the Steinways began they started with a pianoforte which was practically a summary of about every real improvement that had been made up to that time. They had the iron frame, which no New York maker was using at the time, the felt hammers, the wide circular scale, and, in addition to these points, they brought out one of their own —either in their very first instruments or within two years thereafter—the overstrung scale. This was not new with the Steinways, but they were the first to apply it successfully. But from that time until this it has been a career of rivalry between them and their leading competitors, who have followed their various enchantments in much the same spirit as the Egyptian sorcerers the miracles of Moses—like the former, almost always succeeding in accomplishing each new result by a method slightly different.

There is reason for every piano amateur knowing more of the art through which his instrument has reached its present status; and this little book of Miss Morris is the best attainable for the purpose.

—since it comes down to the present time, and, whether one likes the firm or not, it is incontestable that one who knows all the inventions of the Steinways will not miss much of importance during the past forty years, for it is now almost forty years since this firm begun their modest operations in a little back street in New York.

LETTERS FROM GREAT MUSICIANS TO YOUNG PEOPLE. By Alethea B. Crawford and Alice Chapin. New York, 1892. G. Schirmer. 61RRFmo. pp. 170.

This little volume is an attempt on the part of two industrious and thoughtful teachers to bring home to their young pupils the essential facts of musical history. They have sought to do this in the form of letters from the great composers, each of whom purports to give an account of his life and times, and of his artistic ideals as well, in the familiar form of a personal letter. Naturally many difficulties arise in this form and method of treatment, the chief one being that of imparting to the alleged correspondence of the most formal and high minded of men a flavor of familiarity. Quite a number of examples might be cited where the problem has been solved by drawing the line perhaps a trifle too low on the scale of the permissible; as, for instance, in the letter of John Sebastian Bach, who is made to write: "I will tell you now about the fugue. The learned say that no one has written fugues like mine, uniting both mastery of the science and the poets thought." etc. But, perhaps, on the whole it is better to extend to the work an approval, if not unqualified, at least ample and cordial. Its motive and the generally successful quality of the historical condensation here effected entitle the authors to the grateful remembrances of young students—not to say of older ones who may have the former in charge.

SPECIAL.

Among the pleasing musical books for holiday use there are few more entertaining than Mr. Louis C. Elson's "Reminiscences of a Vacation Trip Abroad." It is expensively gotten up by the Manual Publishing Company, 418 Dearborn street, Chicago. It contains portraits of many celebrities, and a large amount of entertaining matter. The older subscribers to MUSIC will remember that in January and February MUSIC and copious extracts from it.

A new edition of Mathews' "Popular History of Music" is now ready. The publisher believes that all those entitled to a copy in connection with Music previous to December 1st., have now been supplied. If this is not the case please address the office with full particulars of time of remiting etc., in order that the matter may be traced.

Special rates for the History will be made to clubs or classes ordering a considerable number of copies. This book is considered by many to be the best one-volume history of music now before the public.

A number of reviews of new music are crowded out until next time.—EDITOR MUSIC.

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

SCIENTIFIC TESTS AT THE FAIR.

According to the statistics collected by the papers, especially in the interests of the music trade, there are a few manufacturers who would like to have the element of competition enter into the present Exposition, as it has done in nearly all previous ones. It is evident, however, that in all American contests of this kind, the verdict has either (1) gone by favor, or (2) according to an empirical judgment of the majority of the committee, or (3) the verdict of the judges has been tampered with by higher authorities of the fair in the interests of certain competitors. The latter is believed to have been the case at Philadelphia. What is wanted, therefore, is something different from any of these. To make one first prize, different in degree from all the others, is to invite an unscrupulous scramble for it, in which the honesty of every agent in authority will be sorely tested. Moreover, an award of this kind is unjust. For, as the art of piano making now stands, there are quite a number who make the very best pianoforte that their knowledge of the art permits. Several of these are so very near the line of highest perfection yet attained, that it would be grossly unjust to give any one of them the distinction of being "first," except, indeed, it could be demonstrated upon scientific grounds that this one *was* first. On the other hand, to give all the respectable makers "first honors" is to make the whole affair absurd, and to unjustly deprive a certain number of a distinction which they have honestly earned.

In the interests of science, art and public education, there ought to be at this Exposition a carefully conducted test of all the leading instruments, for the purpose of determining their status as vibratory apparatuses, according to the best acoustical analysis obtainable in the present state of science. Everything which Helmholtz has done in analyzing sound should be repeated, and every instrument entered for competition should be tested by it.

If an artist is permitted to select a pianoforte for his own use he looks first for tone-quality, evenness of scale, prolonging power, which in turn must be easily controlled when it is desired to end the tone—in contradistinction from its going on in the sounding board after it has been "damped" at the strings. He will look for a delicate responsiveness of touch, whereby the tone will shade itself in accordance to his almost imperceptible gradations of feelngs. When he has found an instrument which satisfies him in its present state, he will seek to learn something of its pedigree, in order to count upon its retaining these qualities after usage,

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instead of losing them within the first few months, as sometimes happens.

The tonal qualities of perfection in a pianoforte are extremely difficult of attainment. It is a question of scale, sounding board, such and such a system of bracing and bridging; there is the art of "crowning" the sounding board in such a way that it will sustain the tremendous downward pull of the strings, and come back into its elastic condition after years, and the trying vicissitudes of climate incident to America. With strings of the right length and proportion, resting upon the sounding board bridges at proper points, it is possible to obtain a prolonged vibration. In some pianos while this vibration will endure perceptibly for some seconds, by far the greater proportion of the initial tone is lost within the first five seconds. Others carry out for a long time almost the entire body of tone. Upon any good Steinway piano, and upon the best of others, there will be heard a crescendo if the pedal be pressed about a second after a tone has been sounded, while the finger is still resting upon the key. This is produced by the harmonics falling into sympathetic vibration with the principal note. In other instruments this will not be noticed. When it is present it gives the instrument what is called a "sympathetic tone."

Again, there is a question of the *kind* of tone one wants. For instance, the type of Steinway tone is essentially different from that of the Weber, for example. The Steinway is not so "woody," shall we call it? There are a very large number of instruments which have this somber type of tone. They are very popular with amateurs, and with singers. They are not so well adapted to instrumental music, and one will find that as between a piano with a string type of tone and this more veiled quality, the former will invite to playing far beyond what was originally intended; whereas the somber one does not inspire one to play long in sonatas and other of the higher kinds of music. It is not open to any committee of award to say of one of these types of tone that it is the best. At this point the question is one of tastes. But it *is* open to define the relative force of partial tones in the klang which imparts the string quality, and the absence of which partials leaves the tone somber.

As for rank of type of tone, this question has been decided in the fact that the Steinways, Chickerings, Gildermeester & Kroger, Mason & Hamlin, Decker, and dozens of others, including the leading European makers, adopt it. The other type has also many friends, such as the owners of the Weber, the Knabe, Hardman, and a great variety of the lesser makes.

When once the piano has been built with reference to scale and sounding board in such way that tone is possible, it is next a question of hammer, and particularly of felt. There are many pianos in the market in which the mere hammers cost as low as three dollars; others cost four or five; some, it is claimed, cost as much as ten or twelve dollars a set. The writer once saw the experiment



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tried of putting Steinway hammers upon a much cheaper piano, and the change of tone was something wonderful. Immediately the proprietor was asked why he did not use these hammers all the time, and if necessary, charge a little more for them. The answer was that in a low priced piano everything had to be kept down to a certain scale—on the principle of the deacon's "wonderful one-horse shay," most likely.

Then when hammer quality is right, it is a question of where to strike, whether nearer or further from the bridge; where to let go, whether at a quarter of an inch from the string or farther away, and so on. Moreover, it is a question of the weather. When the air is full of moisture the sounding board, however carefully it may have been protected, changes more or less. When the board swells the tone is not so free. The hammer, also, participates in the general mutability. It is liable to absorb moisture and lose its definite degree of hardness requisite at the point of the scale where it is placed. Certain manufacturers adopt measures to protect their instruments against some of these changes. The Steinways, for instance, have a protecting size, which they apply to the sides of the hammer as a guard against moisture. These are only a very few of the points which one has to determine in a fine instrument.

In the present state of physics it ought to be possible to analyze tone with reference to the presence and relative power of partials in the klang. In this way might be ascertained the precise composition of the string quality of tone, and the precise lack, if lack it be called, in the somber tone.

So also with singing-quality of tone. The duration of the vibration in different parts of the scale, and the percentage of the original volume of tone enduring for a stipulated time after the attack, are points which might be determined, if not to precision at least to a certainty far beyond anything possible to empirical examination. Pure, rich, sympathetic tone-quality, responsive action, and singing power might be determined as nearly as possible. It would then be found that one instrument excelled, for instance, in tone quality and evenness; another in prolonged vibrations; another in carrying the greatest possible percentage of vibration, and so on. At the end there would be no one instrument entitled to all the honors. There would be other questions, moreover, such as tenacity of tone, endurance of weather, and the like, so that the only possible classification would be one in which the same instrument would be found high in one respect, and less high in another. Moreover, there would be found certain averages which would give rise to a classification in which a half dozen makes would belong to a class by themselves, having the highest averages of good points. In such a system of awards there would be nothing new. The instruments have made it for themselves, and within general lines the wholesale prices are made on just such a conscientious confession. The best come highest, and so on down.

Such a scientific examination of instruments might be made in that personality. In the present system of casting the mak-

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er's name in the plate, it may not be possible to prevent a judge from recognizing the name of the maker whose instrument he is testing. But at least in a scientific test of the kind here proposed there would not be the personal solicitation, and the outside interference incident to a purely empirical test.

If, now, such a series of tests could be found possible [and MUSIC for one certainly believes it both possible and greatly to be desires] it should not be the whole test. After all, a piano is a *musical* instrument. And every first-class pianist and judge of the instrument has a fineness of perception concerning it which enables him to arrive at opinions worthy of respect, independent of any kind of external measuring. Hence there should be two juries for musical instruments: One composed of expert physicists, with all the apparatus which the present state of the science of acoustics knows. Give them plenty of time, on the purely abstract question of all kinds of tonal qualities in the instruments subjected to tests. Then give the artistic committee their own chance, and if you like, let them give their own verdict, based upon the impressions of a majority of the members.

In this examination two points ought to be observed: First, that when the examiner is playing the instrument himself he shall not know the name of the maker. This can be managed by removing the name boards and concealing the plates. Second, in addition to arriving at an opinion of relative excellence by his own tests, he ought to judge again from the sound of the instrument when he is at some distance from it, while another is playing. It would be found that the latter judgment would nearly or quite always be impersonal. There is not a musician at present in the country, most likely, who has ever made the experiment, who would be willing to undertake under penalty to select his favorite make of instrument when played by some one else in immediate contrast with others. This experiment has been made over and over again, and by some of the best hearers in the musical profession; and all have failed. Occasionally one selects the piano he supposes; generally he selects some other. This means that the impression which pianists have of their favorite instrument is due to the manner in which the tone comes to *them*, in response to the nuances of their touch, and very little to the manner in which the tone reaches a hearer at some distance. Hence all these impressions of excellence are subjective, and have no value, or very little, toward determining the actual success of the manufacturer in producing tonal results.

However we may conclude upon these questions, it is quite certain that some kind of scientific examination of musical instruments is demanded by the gravity of the occasion. Nor do we believe that it would be detrimental to the interests of any honest manufacturer of high aims. Those only would have reason to fear the result whose advertising claims are not the same as those actuating the factory itself. If a maker produces a purely commercial pianoforte, but advertises it for a product of high art, he would do well to keep out of a competition such as this. Yet

MUSIC.

FEBRUARY, 1893.

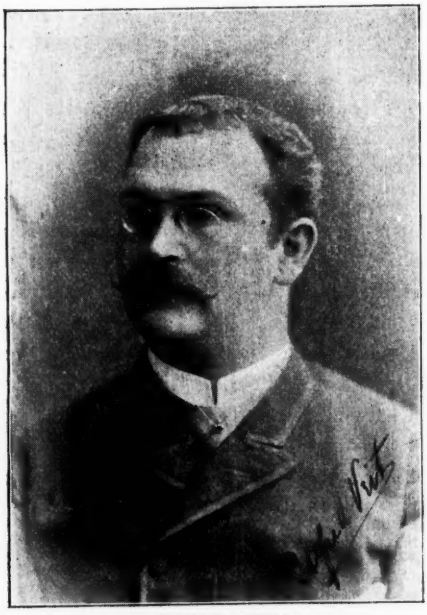
PIETRO MASCAGNI AND MODERN ITALIAN COMPOSERS.

Among modern Italian musicians, Sgambati, Alberti Franchetti, Guiseppi Martucci and Arrigo Boito have attained prominence. To this list must now be added the name of the successful composer, Pietro Mascagni. Entirely unknown two years ago, this young man wins his first spurs in the arena of music at an age when others still serve a term of apprenticeship. Gounod knocked at the portals of the opera houses of his native country for years, before he succeeded in gaining admission for his master-work. Poor Bizet never lived to see the day upon which nations stood up to applaud the irresistible melodies of his "Cigarette Girl." Wagner's trials in securing a hearing for his works are still too fresh in the memory of the public to be dwelt upon, and has not Paris lately afforded the world the spectacle of a nation's tardy gratitude toward one of her most gifted sons?—the laurel crowns the brow of mighty Berlioz, twenty years after his death. And now, in the face of the hardships these men of genius encountered, we witness the almost unparalleled success of a young man of twenty-six, who with one stroke of his pen conquers the world by the fascinating charm of his melody.

Before investigating the causes of the great enthusiasm on the part of critics and public alike, we will give a retrospective glance at that form of art upon which Mascagni, in our

time, is apparently destined to exercise a great influence.

The beginning of the seventeenth century marked the birth of opera in Italy. After some efforts on the part of a coterie of poets, scientists and music lovers, the new form of art was developed by a group of men amongst whom Monteverde, Alessandro Scarlatti and their pupils stand pre-eminent; but not until Gluck revived the Greek drama in France did the opera assume those proportions which were to be brought to higher development by his modern successors. Upon Gluck's banner of reform were written the two words "simplicity" and "sincerity," both of which are embodied in his noble creations. His successors in France were Cherubini, Mehul and Spontini; the last, in his "Ferdinand Cortez" created the historical opera, which culminated in such splendid achievements as "La Muette de Portici," by Auber, and "Les Huguenots" by Meyerbeer. Austria had set up another land-mark in the history of music—Mozart and his immortal works became the models of the latter half of the eighteenth century. The nineteenth was introduced by the sylvan strains of Weber's lyre.



ALFRED VEIT.

In traversing the pantheon of art a striking figure meets our eye; it stands alone, almost royal in aspect, for it wields a mighty scepter—the scepter of melody. We listen attent-

vely and hear it exclaim merrily: "Away with theory and systems. I will brush the doubts aside with which a sterile asceticism in art tries to cloud your brain. I will give you golden melody to gladden your hearts and make you forget life's cares and vexations." And who, in listening to Figaro's fluent prattle, to Basilio's amusing pedantry and Rosina's bewitching coquetry, can resist the charm of ever melodious Rossini? With Gounod in France, Richard Wagner in Germany, and Verdi in Italy, opera reaches the present age and introduces the last link to the chain—Pietro Mascagni.

It will not surprise the student of the history of music to see the eyes of the world again turned toward Italy. With the exception of the Netherlands in the fifteenth century, England during the time of Purcell and Handel, France, Germany and Italy have always divided the supremacy in music—Italy leading the other nations in the field of opera until the present time, when the crown p asses to Ger many. Many of those classed as French composers, (Lully, Spontini, Cherubini) were Italians by birth; and German composers (Mozart, Handel, Meyerbeer) received the greater part of their training in Italy. Thus they might be called Italians by education. (However curious it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that Spain, the country which inspired the immortal strains of "Don Giovanni," "Il Barbiere" and "Carmen"—has never produced a single composer of note.)

The three landmarks in the history of opera are Monteverde, Gluck and Wagner. Gluck turned to mythological lore for the realization of his ideas; Wagner found in legends and amongst the gods of Walhalla the material from which he moulded his heroes; Mascagni, however, goes to the very heart of the people and thus mirrors the realism of the nineteenth century. Love and hatred among common mortals are the themes he selects. It seems as if the naturalistic teachings of Balzac and Flaubert and their modern disciples were seeking a new outlet—the lyric drama. The merit of Mascagni, aside from the specific artistic value of his score, consists in bringing his creations within the sphere of human

sympathy. His "Cavalleria" as well as his "L'Amico Fritz" acquaint us with types in real life, possessing the failings of ordinary beings.

Every one is familiar with the charming idyl in which the literary twins Erkman-Chatrian collaborated. "L'Amico Fritz," presented at the Comedie Francaise several years ago is no doubt still fresh in the recollection of those who had the pleasure of seeing Mlle. Reichemberg as Suzel, the coy maiden; Got as the irrepressible match-maker, David, and Febvre as the sturdy bachelor, whose heart has never been touched by Cupid's arrow, but who eventually yields to the repeated attacks of the mischievous imp, as all bachelors must and should yield—these artists will all come back to the memory and identify themselves with Mascagni's characters.



M. GOT (COMEDIE FRANJASE)
As David in "L' Amico Fritz."

In "L'Amico Fritz" Mascagni's music is a continuous flow of melody; not the conventional melody of some sixty years ago, so easily ground out by the street organs (which Gounod once in a sarcastic mood designated as the first step to immortality) but the noble, broad melody that grows upon one with every repetition. Again, we find this melody imbued with a touching simplicity as in the delicate phrase with which Suzel presents some flowers to Fritz as she enters in the first act. Thoroughly in accordance with the artless

spirit of the girl, it immediately establishes the lyrical key-note of the whole work.

Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" produces a striking impression by the artistic independence of its composer. He has preserved it even to a still greater degree than in his "Cavalleria Rusticana." In his first work marked traces of the French school were visible. In "L'Amico," however, Mascagni is thoroughly himself, unless some purists will take exception to certain melodic figures peculiar to Goldmark, the composer of the "Queen of Sheba." This artistic independence must be appreciated the more as the greatest composers in their earlier efforts followed in the footsteps of their predecessors. Mozart's "Idomeneo" was modeled after Gluck's lyric drama. And did not the great Wagner himself, in one of his earlier operas, "Rienzi," try to reproduce the magnificence of the French historical opera? Mascagni worships no one. He has freed himself from the conventional formulas which his countrymen, the Bellini's, Donezetti's and the earlier Verdi adopted. We see no more arias, cavatinas, cabalettas, the relics of absurd and erroneous ideals—but the outcome of a truly musical nature, equally balanced and harmonious in its entirety. If there is a chief characteristic in Mascagni's genius, it is his superior artistic intelligence. This was shown in the exquisite fashion with which the young composer availed himself of an old Italian melody. He treated this melody in such a masterly manner as to make the character of the coquettish Lola stand out in bold relief. Again, the same quality is exhibited in his treatment of an Alsatian theme at the end of the first part of "L'Amico," which brings the act to a climax, the entire scene thus receiving a popular color. It may be urged that this device of giving a local color has been used from time immemorial down to the present day by Flotow, (Martha), Boildieu, (La Dame Blanche,) Berhoz, (La Damnation de Faust,) Ambroise Thomas, (Hamlet,) and others. However that may be, Mascagni has availed himself of the privilege with rare skill. Perhaps never to better advantage than in the characteristic strains which the Hungarian Beppe, the gypsy friend of Fritz, draws from his violin, while the

latter's friends and Suzel are assembled to celebrate the anniversary of Fritz's birthday. These strains at first are heard upon the terrace, the player being invisible to the listeners. The effect upon them is such that Fritz asks Suzel, "Why weepest thou?" to which she answers, "Oh, the music touches me." We are impressed as Fritz is, when he replies, "I am moved the same way." This beautiful improvisation, unaccompanied by the orchestra is worked out later to a remarkable dramatic pitch. It is in reality the Inter-mezzo, connecting the last two acts, and is developed with all the resources of modern orchestration. Mascagni has given in it a pendant to the celebrated Inter-mezzo of the "Cavalleria." The latter is, however, inferior to that of "L'Amico." The pleasing smoothness of the first Intermezzo was the cause of its phenomenal success, just as Gounod's "Ave Maria" to Bach's prelude crept into the hearts and ears of the whole world by reason of its devotional character and gentle grace. Mascagni's second Intermezzo is far superior to the first, on account of its vigorous dramatic power and breadth, and bears the same comparison to the Inter-mezzo of the "Cavalleria" as do the rich tints of a Makart to the delicate hues of an Alma Tedema.

SUZEL'S BALLAD.

"Kind sir, who through the forest doth stray—"
"What would'st thou of me, pretty maiden, say?"

"Gentle sir, whose brow doth sorrow brood—"
"Wreathe flowers, thou blithesome maid of the wood"

"Fair knight, a rose I'll give unto thee—"
"Thanks, little one, roses are not sought by me."

"Beauteous knight, accept for thy spouse but this one—"
"Little maid, thanks, for spouse have I none."

(Translation by Mrs. Theodor Hellman.)

The second act of "L'Amico" opens in the court-yard of the farm at Mesanges. An invisible chorus is followed by the ballad which Suzel sings while gathering flowers under the windows of Fritz. The latter has come from his own farm to visit Suzel's father. The dialogue in the ballad between the cavalier and the maiden is cleverly individualized

by question and answer, the verses being introduced by a melodic phrase, every time in a different tonality. The second act with its impassioned love strains drawing the two lovers closer together, certainly constitutes the gem of the whole work. The duo under the cherry tree, in which the lovers sing the praise of Spring ("Tu sei bella o stagione primaverile"), is interrupted by the arrival of Fritz's joyous friends, amongst them, David, who has been meditating on his matrimonial schemes and considers the moment auspicious for their development. Mascagni invested the following scene in which David rests and Suzel refreshes him with a draught of water from the fountain, with a patriarchal majesty, delightfully true and devoid of all exaggeration. Comparing himself to Abraham's servant and Suzel to Rebecca, David asks the maid to relate the story from the Scriptures, which Suzel does at first hesitatingly, but gradually with more warmth. The whole scene breathes a religious spirit and presents Mascagni's talent in a new light.



M'LLE. REICHEMBERG AND FEBRE,
In the Cherry Tree Scene of "L'Amico Fritz."

Through the adroit manipulations of the artful David, Fritz and Suzel finally realize that they love each other. Fritz tries to extricate himself from the meshes in which his softened heart has become entangled. He resorts to the

remedy which the bravest in similar circumstances apply—flight. But without success. The inveterate scoffer at matrimonial happiness, the man whose motto was: "Every one's friend—but marriage never," is forced to listen to the hymn of praise chanted on all sides in honor of the tender passion he has so long derided. We first hear an invisible chorus, then Beppe, the gypsy, sings the charms of love—whereupon Fritz himself, victim of the "*questa febbre fatale della vita*" —as if awakening from a dream, apostrophizes love in a superb phrase,—"*O amore o, bella luce del core.*" Suzel presently arrives and is questioned by Fritz regarding her imaginary lover whom David invented for the purpose of forcing them both to confess their mutual affection. Suzel refuses to answer and turns to go, whereupon Fritz asks, "But if I spread my arms to hold thee?" The ensuing duo is one of the many gems of the work. It leads up to the praise of love. "*O amore o bella luce del core*," previously sung by Fritz, who is now joined by Suzel, David, Beppe and the others, all uniting in a magnificent ensemble, which crowns the whole in an effective manner and makes it worthy of being placed on the same plane with such works as "The Taming of the Shrew" by H. Goetz, and "The Barber of Bagdad" by P. Cornelius.

Although Mascagni surpasses many of his Italian predecessors and most of his contemporaries in the field of opera, by the originality of his ideas and the easy flow of his inspiration, he cannot yet, and it is to be hoped he has not yet attained the full development of his genius. Who can trace the early Verdi, the composer of "I Masnadieri" "Louisa Miller" and a score of similar operas, in such mature works as "Aida," "The Requiem" or in Iago's Credo? Verdi's transformation has been attributed to the influence of the great German reformer. Beyond doubt Wagner exercised an influence on Verdi, as he also did on several of that composer's younger Italian contemporaries. But in the case of Verdi too much of this influence has been credited to Wagner and too little to the evolutionary principles which govern the development of every artist. "Aida" differs from "Louisa Miller" as "Seigfried" differs from "Rienzi."

Beethoven's Hammerclavier Sonata Op. 106 bears the same relation to the "Pathetique" as "Chopin's Polonaise-Fantasie" Op. 61, does to the Polonaise for Piano and Cello, or (to take another illustration from the same composer) the Nocturne Op. 62, B Major, to the well known Nocturne, E Flat Op. 9. Who is claimed to have influenced Beethoven before he attained what M. de Lenz calls Beethoven's "third style?" To whom can the change be attributed in Chopin, whose later works show no more traces of John Field, Kalkbrenner or Hummel? The answer is easily given. Every genius obeys the inflexible laws of evolution, and by gradual process arrives at the perfect development of his individuality. We have seen this in Wagner and Verdi, and no doubt, the Mascagni of 1932 will differ from the Mascagni of 1892.

Not every one of Mascagni's country can be said to have remained untouched by outside influences. One especially shows a leaning toward the trans-Alpine schools—Guiseppe Martucci. I had never heard Martucci's name until the the spring of 1877, when, finding myself in poor health, I decided to take a trip to Italy. Leaving Geneva, Switzerland, at which place I was located at the time, and passing by way of the Gothard Pass, I crossed the Lago Maggiore. The Isola Bella (so suggestive of Mignon) Lugano, Menaggio, were visited in turn, and finally Milan, one of the most modern of Italian cities, was reached. After partaking of some refreshments I proceeded to the "*Teatro dal Verme*" where I heard a good performance of Ponchielli's opera "*La Gioconda.*" What impressed me most besides the performance was the well known ease with which the Italian public showed its approval or censure of the artists and their work. It was not a full house. There were altogether about two hundred persons present, but these few showed their displeasure in the most undisguised fashion by groaning and loud remarks, by no means complimentary to the artists. On the other hand, the signs of artistic enjoyment were equally intelligible. Demonstrative applause accompanied a well sung phrase or melodious passage. La Catalaneo (*La Giaconda*) was forced to repeat a single phrase of three lines at the end of the third act several times, before her

audience was satisfied. This spontaneous demonstration, so welcome to the artist when favorable, presents a great contrast to the cold reserve with which northern nations receive the performances of artists.

The following morning I visited the Cathedral. Amongst the many visitors I noticed one whose face seemed familiar, but whose name I could not recall until I overheard some one say to his companion: "*E Brahms il gran compositore tedesco*" (It is Brahms the great German composer.) Subsequently I saw the greatest counterpointist of the age clamber the stone vaulting of the mighty structure like any ordinary mortal. Whether or no that morning's aspect of the magnificent Symphony in stone suggested any theme for one of his structures in "molten architecture" I do not know. Later I saw Brahms again at the Brera, the picture gallery, whither I repaired to admire among many other master works, Raphael's "La Spozalizio." Sight-seeing, Brahms and Raphael will satisfy the cravings of the mind for the time being, but not forever. The voice of nature must be heeded. Acting upon this principle, upon which all scientists agree, I soon found myself enjoying a quiet little meal. While in that semi-somnolent state of mind which is frequently produced by great artistic enjoyment, especially when supplemented by a good repast, my eyes wandering leisurely over a newspaper were suddenly attracted by the following programme:

MOZART—OVERTURE—"Magic Flute."
Martucci, Giuseppe—Concerto B Minor.
BEETHOVEN—Symphony No. VIII.
St. Saens—Rouet d' Omphale.
SCHUBERT-LISZT—Marche Hongroise.

The concert was announced to be given at the conservatory by Guiseppe Martucci, with the assistance of an orchestra. Martucci was to play his own concerto. The names of the gentlemen on the programme were all familiar to me with the exception of that of Martucci. His name I had never heard before. "Hum! probably some fifth-rate obscure musician who musters up sufficient courage to brave the criticism of the valiant Milanese," mused I. However, my curiosity was aroused. The idea of hearing Beethoven and

Mozart performed in Italy was too tempting. I decided to be present at the concert at any cost. Although I had previously made arrangements to leave Milan the following night (the night upon which the concert was to take place) I determined to hear Martucci if possible at the general rehearsal. This feat I accomplished. Discovering the hotel at which the mæstro stopped, I sent in my card and was received by a gentlemen of medium height, about thirty-five years of age. Unlike the average Italian's vivacity in talk and gesticulation, Martucci's manner and conversation are quiet. With great kindness he immediately granted my request by writing a few words on a card which procured my admission. I entered the conservatory, very much like a convent in appearance, at the appointed time, and was ushered into a hall in which some two hundred persons were chatting in an informal manner, awaiting the beginning of the concert. A blue-eyed signorina next to whom my good luck gave me a seat, kindly pointed out to me in excellent French some of the prominent people present. Amongst them I recollect Filippo Filippi, the best known critic of Italy at the time, and the venerable Bazzini, the director of the Conservatory; the rear of the hall was completely crowded

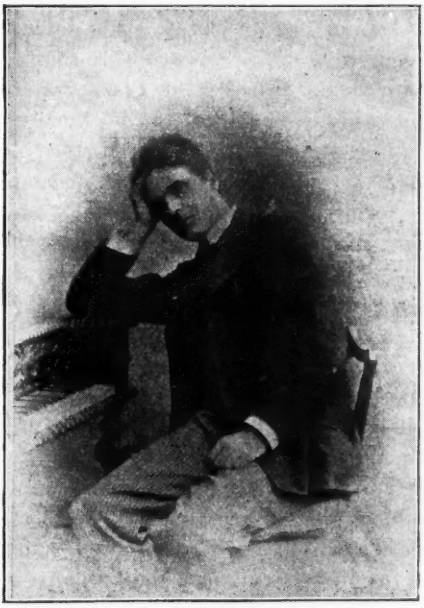


MLLE. CALVI.
"Creator of Suzel in L' Amico Fritz."

by the pupils of the conservatory—the Verdi's and Mascagni's of the future. Presently Martucci rapped for silence and the overture to "Magic Flute" began. If I had entertained any doubt as regarding Martucci's ability, they were quickly dispelled. I had never heard the overture given with that clearness and firm rhythmic treatment. The fugal net-work was brought out with crystalline transparency. Grace and fire blended into that harmonious unity which also characterized the baton of poor Faccio—(the great conductor, since deceased) who a week later directed the first performance of "Otello" at the Fenice during my stay in Venice. That Martucci was a great conductor was not to be denied. My admiration for his abilities was subsequently heightened by a delightful rendering of the orchestra in St. Saens' exquisite "Le Rouet d'Omphale," and by the truly admirable performance of the Beethoven Symphony. A short interval followed the "Overture" and then Martucci took his seat at the piano in the most unpretentious manner, Signor Giovanni leading the orchestra. An introduction by the musicians—and Martucci began the first cadenza. After a few bars I knew that the "obscure fifth-rate musician" besides being a great conductor was also a great pianist. Before the end of the cadenza, the audience applauded loudly. Filippi's voice was heard above all others in shouts of "bravo." Martucci continued unconcerned, vanquishing the greatest difficulties with the utmost facility. The whole performance, with the exception of the cantabile passages, which were somewhat lacking in warmth and singing quality, was full of dash and vigor, and came to a close amidst the most enthusiastic applause. As a composer, Martucci is strongly influenced by Brahms. The orchestral part of his concerto predominates and rarely allows the soloist an opportunity for any dazzling display of his pianistic abilities. The whole work, sombre in character, comes under the head of those concertos, dubbed by a musical cynic "Symphonies with piano accompaniment." Martucci declared it to be the most difficult piano-concerto extant, necessitating no less than five rehearsals to himself, the composer, with an excellent orchestra at his command. That

Messonier among pianists, Rafael Joseffy, has been devoting some time to the study of Martucci's interesting work. It is to be hoped that Joseffy will realize his intention of giving the American public an opportunity of becoming acquainted with a composition from the pen of one of Italy's great living musicians. It would be injustice to a work which, whatever might be said about it, deserves more than the most careful consideration.

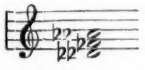
Italy has accustomed us to regard her composers chiefly in connection with the operatic stage; it is therefore not surprising that the other forms of musical composition cultivated by Italian musicians have not received the attention they merit. Occasionally a quatuor by Bazzini, or a concerto by Martucci tend to reveal the fact that the Italians are not exclusively addicted to the boards. Of late some fine compositions for the piano prove that they are giving their attention to that instrument. Ah! the piano. That bugbear of such men as Ernest Reyer and Theophile Gautier! Their philippics, we are convinced, will not be able to annihilate the instrument which inspired Bach, Beethoven and Chopin to write the well-tempered Clavichord, the Appassionata and the Adagio of the F minor concerto.



PIETRO MASCAGNI.

The two modern representative composers for the piano in Italy are Martucci and Giovanni Sgambati, the latter born

in 1843 at Rome. Sgambati manifested talent for music at an early age. In 1866 he published a piano-quartet, which together with a piano quintet and a second quartet for piano and strings was brought out by the celebrated publishing house Schott, upon the recommendation of no less an authority than Richard Wagner. Sgambati has also essayed the higher forms of instrumental music by the composition of a symphony, of which the serenade is a dainty piece of writing. Sgambati's principal efforts, however, have been devoted to the piano, and it is as a composer for that instrument that he must be considered. His Concerto for piano and orchestra, in G minor was probably composed while its author enjoyed the teaching of Liszt, for that master's influence is easily perceptible. It is worthy of notice that Sgambati is recognized as one of the most brilliant exponents of the great Abbe's school. Sgambati excels in the smaller forms. His "Fogli volanti," a collection of eight pieces, and the "Pieces Lyriques" of which "A la Fontaine" is unique in its way, reveal a talent of no mean order. Unless I am mistaken, Sgambati's name was first introduced to the American public by that excellent pianist, Mr. Richard Hoffman. That artist was one of the first to perform Sgambati's Gavotte, Op, 14. The latter composition immediately became known, in spite of its stumbling block to popularity—a wilderness of flats, seven in number. [An artist who stands very high in the opinion of the world as a composer and pianist, whose predilection for tonalities with a few sharps and flats is well known, probably alluded to the above mentioned "bete noire" of all amateurs. He is said to have levelled the shafts of a good-humored witticism at some of his contemporaries by declaring one day that when his worthy colleagues penned the simplest musical thought, it always assumed a form somewhat like the following:



which, as every child will see, expresses the simple chord of C major by five flats.]

Sgambati's "Vecchio Menuetto," Op. 18, with its flavor of antique grace, forms a companion piece to his Gavotte. It merits greater popularity than it has received. The "Vecchio Minetto" as well as the "Melody by Gluck" would not dishonor the program of any pianist. Gluck's Melody, taken from that composer's "Orfeo," has been transcribed by Sgambati with the most exquisite taste. Sgambati gives it an intricate accompaniment, alternating between both hands. The writer of this article was fortunate enough to hear Mme. Essipoff perform this piece in her well-known inimitable style, and must express his surprise that it is so rarely performed in public. Among the remaining compositions by Sgambati, a very interesting Prelude and Fugue Op. 6, and a very effective Etude Melodique (the latter more on the Salon order) are worthy of note.

We will close this short sketch of Sgambati by mentioning that in 1877 he was appointed professor of the pianoforte department at the Cecilia Academy in Rome.

Within the last few years the name of Alberto Franchetti has been frequently mentioned. His opera "Asrael" was produced for the first time in Italy in 1888. In America it was given at the Metropolitan Opera house during the season 1890-91 with scarcely more than ordinary success.

The composer undoubtedly possesses the art of producing brilliant orchestral effects, and handles choral forces with great skill, but on the whole the impression left by the opera is an unsatisfactory one. Franchetti lays the scene of action alternately in Heaven, on the Earth and in Hell. [It is his treatment of the last which we prefer reminding us of the well-known irreverent gentleman, who, having visited the celestial as well as the infernal regions, when questioned as to which place he preferred, replied that: As far as the temperature was concerned he perferred the celestial regions, but as to the company and interesting society, the infernal region were decidedly more to his taste] Franchettis' demons and devils are more interesting than the heroine Nefta and her associates. In the Inferno we hear weird rhythms, chromatic progressions after the Berlioz-Liszt school. From the supernatural we are then carried into the

world of reality to Flanders, where in the third Act we listen to a beautiful love duo between Asrael and Loretta. The latter's soliloquy "Io t'amo," previous to the duo, is also worthy of note. In the employment of representative themes (leitmotif) Franchetti follows in the footsteps of Wagner closer than any of his Italian contemporaries.

Without showing great originality, the composer of "Asrael" gives proof of great technical ability, which, when allied to a more natural flow of melodic invention, will certainly bring forth greater results than he has hitherto achieved.

Arrigo Boito, the now well-known literary collaborator of Verdi was born in 1842 at Padua. His "Mefistofele" produced in Milan in 1868, did not obtain immediate success,—on the contrary proved a total failure. It was probably owing to the anti-Italian tendencies, musically speaking, which were exhibited in the work. Boito had travelled in Germany, and becoming acquainted with the ideals of Wagnerian art-creations sought to transplant his acquired theories upon native soil—at first without success, as we have seen.



ARRIGO BOITO.

Later, in 1875, Bologna gave Boito a warmer reception. (Bologna is today the seat of Wagnerianism in Italy. Thanks to the efforts of Martucci, who conducted the first performance of "Tristani and Isolde" in that city.) In 1880 Hamburg was

one of the first German cities to produce Boito's opera, and was quickly followed by all other leading cities of Germany and Austria. The writer of this article was present at a performance of "Mefistofele" given in Vienna in 1886, upon which occasion the composer was frequently called before the curtain with great enthusiasm. The first performance of the opera in America took place in 1882, Christine Nilsson taking the double role of Marguerite---Helena. The quartette in the garden and the opening scene of the introductory Inferno have called forth special praise from both critics and public, but the opera as a whole has never obtained the popularity of Gounod's "Faust." Some unkind friend has said of the composer of "Mefistofele:" "Boito is too much of an author to be a great musician, and too much of a musician to be a great author." The truth of the matter is that Boito, like his master Wagner, has great literary ability. Besides a collection of poems entitled "Libro dei Versi," and some novels, he has written the libretti to Ponchielli's "Gioconda," Verdi's "Otello," and is at present engaged upon "Falstaff," to which Verdi is writing the music. Boito belongs to the representative living musicians of Italy, which accounts for the fact that the musical world at large is looking forward with great interest to the first performance of "Nero," the opera to which he is now giving the last touches.

With the above sketch we have endeavored to contribute our mite to the history of contemporaneous music in Italy. The distinguished composers forming its subject have all given the world evidence of a superior talent, but we unhesitatingly give the palm to the youngest amongst them. From a youth, who at the age of twenty-six gives us works like the "Cavalleria" and "L'Amico Fritz," great things may be expected. We agree with a friend with whom we recently discussed Baudelaire and the "shudder" in Literature. "If," we asked him, "you were to transplant this "shudder" of Baudelaire to the realm of music, transforming it from a sensation of mysterious dread and anxiety to one of artistic satisfaction, from a shudder of pain to a shudder of pleasure, so to speak. What,

in the world of music within recent date, has given you this shudder?" My friend who is somewhat blase, having seen a great deal and heard almost everything, replied: "There are two artists by the grace of God, that have given me the sensation in music of which you speak. The first gave me the Chopin shudder—it was that simian creature with the soul of an angel in the body of an ape—Vladimir de Pachmann. The second gave me the Mascagni shudder—it was that young gentleman from Italy who is known as the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "L'Amico Fritz." May we be allowed to add—no small achievement in this age of musical satiety.

ALFRED VEIT.
Prof. at the Scharwenka Conservatory.

GYPSY MUSIC.

FROM DOCTOR LUDWIG NOHL'S "HISTORY OF MUSIC."

"I am yet able to recall the imperious charm which he exercised, when with absent and, at the same time, melancholy negligence, in strong contrast to the apparent cheerfulness of his temperament and the animated glance which he sent, so to say, experimentally into the soul of his hearers, while taking up his violin; and then for hours, as if forgetting that time fled, he knew how to elicit from it cascades of sounds, which now tumbled tumultuously over each other, and again glided along, as if floating over velvety moss. The secret elixirs which the alchemists of the middle ages concocted in their dark laboratories, and the healing fluids which pretended to instil new life into human veins, giving strength, manliness, courage, pride, invulnerability and imperishability, might well have created a similar sensation in those partaking of them, as was experienced by the playing of this great gypsy virtuoso.

"Like drops of a spirtual fiery essence, the sounds of the bewitching violin struck the ear. Should my memory be made out of soft clay, and each of its tones a nail made of a diamond, they could not have been retained there in a firmer way. If my soul had been earth, softened by overflooding, and each tone of the artist had been a fruitful seed corn, it could not have rooted any deeper."

Thus writes the greatest of all virtuosos, Franz Liszt, about the best known, the most celebrated and popular hero of gypsy music, Johann Bihary, who had raised its reputation to the highest pinnacle, and whom he had heard as late as 1822. Another countryman of Lizst supplements these remarks with the expression that Bihary's playing had been tumultuous, and that certain melodies played in the simplest manner had by their expression captivated every one. The "Frischkas" he executed with tremendous, intoxicating

fire; the Lassans with a deep elegiac melancholy, which made even a strong impression on professional musicians, these latter judging such music from the standpoint of natural (unscientific) music.

Wherein lies the reason of this irrestible, ravishing effect and what is the peculiarity of Gypsy music in comparison to our occidental art?

We will here state that the playing of these virtuosos consisted chiefly in improvisations, free fancy pieces, mostly on given, popular airs and rarely on self invented melodies. Soul speaks directly to soul; sense to sense; no transmitted form hinders the free flowing perception. And this, with so immediate children of nature as the gypsies, possessing nothing in the world, loving nothing so well as this their holy mother, nature! These gypsies are said to be a people from out of the human cradle of far away India, who were robbed of their possessions by another branch of their race, which besides destroying their civic existence, ended by destroying their belief in God. They now have wandered about for hundreds, nay, perhaps for thousands of years, without country, laws, culture, and, as far as we know, without religion. The entire world is their home, and wherever the Gypsy wanders, he considers himself at home.

Nature is everywhere the eternal, powerfully sublime, the unceasingly spending mother, and may it be winter or summer, north or south, only the greatest hardships will bring this son of the wilderness under a covered roof. It is in the open air where he feels best, inhaling the charms of the eternally young mother nature, that strengthening and enlivening elexir, that fiery fluid, which by listening to his playing circulates in our blood, like a forbidden delight. It is calculated to create in us an idea of how the music for the Bacchanalian dances at the festivals of Dyonysius might have acted on the listeners. These dances, as has been amply proven, came from the lands of Asia Minor, which were connected with those ancient people whose entire religious cultus was a deeply seated mysticism of nature, reigning through magical influences, such, perhaps, as our senses experience under the influence of music.

A reliable historical bridge has thus far not been erected, but so much can be accepted from the music of the far off east, that it much resembles the music of the gypsies so that the latter can be looked upon as the highest model of the former. The inclination of the finest, and for our less delicate senses hardly perceptible, shades, remind us strongly of the enharmonic scales of the east Indians and Arabians, who had smaller intervals than half tones, namely, third and quarter tones, while we can consider it a decided victory of the Greek school, that it founded the diatonic scale, that is the series of whole and half tones, which has been accepted as the foundation of the complete occidental-European music.

This also forms the principal and most thorough difference of both styles of music. Their fundamental material, scale, is in itself materially different. The music of the gypsies, no matter where, shows this particularity, and if they now and then have adapted means and ways of other nations, the peculiar way of executing their music is their own individual property.

It is well known that in Hungary, Gypsy music is a necessity to national existence, that at no festive occasion it can be dispensed with, not even on the coronation day of the ruler of the land; and while it has been there cultivated to a higher standard than in any other country of the world, the Hungarians have claimed it as entirely their own property. This, however, can only be conceded in so far, that they, (the Hungarians) knew by humane treatment how to captivate more than any other country this wandering tribe. With the genuine Magyar, the fiddling Cygan must, on a festival occasion, be constantly on hand; the latter must always give new zest. Then there is also a rich giving in return, besides the offering in their old, inherited national airs, new material is found for the immigrated Cygan to improvise upon. But even these latter will always remain the property of the gypsies, and Franz Liszt, whom we follow here from his very attractive article "*Sur les bohemiens et sur leur musique en Hongrie*," emphasizes properly that the virtuosity of the Gypsies is self creative, that the virtuoso

on the height of his work "in the most direct manner revealed the overpowering strength of the Pythean god, who extracts from the proud muse, in fiery embrace, the most hidden secrets." Furthermore, it is to be considered, that just to such homeless people and a people without religion, music was ever a sort of home, a place of rest for their souls and a reuniting with the eternal.

It is, therefore, stated with good reason, that music is to the Gypsies what sagas and old traditions are to other people—their national epics, in which they preserve the history of their race, their ancient song, their constantly rejuvenating themselves on the bosom of nature, their pride, their hope, in a word, the total internal consistence of their unsteady existence is told and always enlivened by it.

We have now, from the foregoing source, to give some dates about the history of Gypsy music in Hungary, where it shows itself in its highest state of cultivation, and then to show how in this, her last development, her peculiarity compares to our occidental music.

As early as the thirteenth century, the Gypsies were, according to history, in great numbers in Hungary. In the fourteenth century they were celebrated as excellent musicians and indispensible with their art at the festivals of the land. About the year 1550 a virtuoso of the first rank, Karmann, was known, whose genius on the violin procured him great riches. When the violin, their present principal solo instrument, became first known to the Gypsies cannot be stated with accuracy. The eighteenth century, however, is the great era of their art, and it was then that distinctions were showered on them, falling little short of those, shown at a later age to Liszt and Paganini.

Michael Barum was called the "Hungarian Orpheus." He remained victor in a contest between twelve of the best violinists, which had been arranged by the rich owners of these virtuosos, the former being magnates of Hungary. The bare fact of their later contest of the Wartburg is sufficient to undeniably establish the great importance which our half barbaric friends and rivals exercised in music, at least in the lands of the danube.

About the year 1772, Csinka Panna was considered the principal artist. In spite of an unevenness of her figure, she was of a graceful appearance, celebrated for her manners, gentility and rectitude. She inhabited, at least during the winter, a roofed house, which had been presented to her. Her death was much regretted and celebrated, in hymns of praise.

And now follow in quick succession a large number of virtuosos, who were at the same time composers, inasmuch, as we will see later, their way of performing awakened a richness of sentiment in the constantly changing ornamentation. Unfortunately their ignorance of the notes prevented them from writing down these compositions, which went, so to say, from ear to ear and assumed from time to time different forms, leaving us no authentic proof why they created such enthusiasm. The latest of these masterly virtuosos were Paticarius, Kekskemety and Sarkozy, which last we were able to admire in Germany as late as 1860.

In the most popular of all gypsy musicians, Bihary, mentioned in the beginning, we find without doubt, influences of Liszt's unsurpassed, nay, even unapproachable, deeply poetical and at the same time demonically overpowering delivery, which in a still higher spiritual sphere, only Paganini attained. Bihary's band assisted to celebrate the triumphs of the Vienna Congress. Through the latter, Gypsy music became fashionable and has by degrees acquainted the whole of Europe with the melodically and rhythmically, so strange and oriental appearing productions. Bihary himself possessed in a high degree the gift of the Gypsies, quickly to appropriate and reform, apparently strange and incompatible elements; a single hearing was sufficient to reproduce a motive immediately in his own particular way. For this reason occidental music found its way into his orchestra. People in Pesth danced to his minuets, ecossaises (schottische) and quadrilles, strongly spiced with Hungarian eccentricities. He has, however, written nothing down, and for this reason we are unable to form an estimate of the value of his compositions.

Such only we have from Lavotta and Csermak, who although not being native Hungarians or Gypsies, have to the

fullest degree made the style of Gypsy music their own. The works of Csermak have so unmistakably the principal characteristics of Gypsy music, that we are led to the conclusion romany blood must have flown in his veins; while, as Liszt says, in such only the spirit of Gypsy music could be kindled. We will later on recognize Liszt as the real writer and the one who gave the last finish to that kind of music. Csermak, though having probably been born in Bohemia, was considered as Hungary's greatest, most illustrious, immortal, national composer: "His melancholy lassans, his fire-emitting, spur-clanking frischkas, his elegant Csardas, the clear, musicianly setting of the rich foreboding mysticism of its contents, has stamped him as the idol of the Hungarian nation," exclaims an enthusiastic magnate, Count Fay. Principally the aforementioned Bihary had inspired Csermak for this high art. Since then, however, Gypsy music has quickly retrograded. Such a flower of the mysterious power of nature could not endure the blinding light of civilization and had soon to wilt. Here and there scattered seeds of this outlandish blossom have now and then been appropriated by other masters. We hear it in Haydn as also in the scherzo of Beethoven's seventh symphony, and still more complete in Schubert's divertissements hongrois, one of his most charming works, which was composed by the young master in the family of a Hungarian magnate. But both, as Liszt expresses himself, could admire these exotic plants more, than to acquaint themselves thoroughly with the spirit and sense of its sounds; they only gave the broad and beautiful outlines of the melody, without fathoming and understanding the peculiarities of the modulation and rhythm as also their rich ornamentation. They did not observe that entirely different art principles had here to be considered.

Only Liszt threw himself entirely into the composition of gypsy music, and his Hungarian Rhapsodies, as he called them, are the ones which have preserved for our successors the gypsy part of human art production in their full peculiarity.

What are now, we ask, these "recognized peculiarities,"

which we meet here on an entirely different foundation and which, although an independent music alongside the serious tragedy of a Beethoven Symphony, have created a complete and well ordered Satyr play?

In the first place, let us observe, that the gypsy, in life as well as in art, recognizes neither law nor order. His modulation is simply a kind of abnegation of any similar system in existence. Art with him, is not a trade, but a spiritual language, and a song, intelligible only to the initiated. He is not scared by any modulation, so long as through it he can express his joy or sorrow, and as soon as his mood changes, the modulation also is changed. They know of no relation between the keys, and have therefore no mediating changes, making the boldest use of any key, and this very boldness imposes even on the professional musician an indefinable charm, leaving him no time for criticism, the same as looking at the celebrated oblique head of the woman in the Pinakothek of Munich. The beauty in their music reveals itself in the abandonment of all traditional fetters.

Individually, we can assert that after all, they have a singular traditional scale, the minor scale which mostly has the enlarged fourth, diminished sixth and the major or enlarged seventh—a wonderful difference from our harmony! And which just through this uninterrupted change of the so-called defined intervals by nature, keeps our feelings in a state of constant excitement. The latter is what the Cygan fancies, who like the child wants constant excitment. The gypsy melodies, through these augmented intervals, particularly through the augumented fourth, receives a strange glitter, dazzling lustre, and here their natural instinct leads so surely as ever great genius is led by soverign artistic knowledge. We will only cite two examples of no lesser masters than S. Bach and R. Wagner. In the second part of the St. Matthew Passion music, where the high priests refuse the blood money of Judas with the words: "What is that to us?" Sebastian Bach, twice in succession gives expression in a cutting way, by the use of an augmented fifth, and the grand dramatist surely knew well what he was

about, when dealing with the greatest tragedy, nay with the eternal tragedy of the world itself. In the above example we could yet mention a passing note, Richard Wagner, however, makes use of the augmented dominant, without any preparation whatever, in the shout of joy in the "Walkure," and at another time in the "Jevum" of the shoemaker's song of Hans Sachs, in the "Master Singers of Nuremberg. "In the first example the use of this most seldom used, but sublimest of all intervals, signifies the youthful exuberance; in the other, the tearful humor in the deep teutonic chest of this fatherly shoemaker and poet.

The musician who, like the gypsies, lives mostly out of doors, knows the extremes of our natural sentiments, and turns them to account.

The enlarged fourth, which in most of the arrangements of the well known Rakoczy March has been extirpated, is as essential to it, as the pointed arch is necessary in gothic and the horse shoe form in Moorish architecture. Liszt, in his arrangements of the above march, has wisely made use of it. Without these intervals, such music is not gypsy music in the proper sense, since just such intervals are the heritage of the primeval part. In the practical execution, however, the finer melodic turn of enharmonic, is of great assistance, not merely in the chromatic half tones, but even in finer shading, their stream of melody glides along.

The second decided difference of gypsy music is the rhythm. This has a richness, the like of which is not to be found in any of our music. Free as the body of the gypsy is from any irksome dress, or his soul is from accepted fetters, so moves everything belonging to this elastic son of nature, without hindrance. The rhythms change unceasingly, entangle, cross and dare each other. They adapt themselves, as Liszt expresses it, to every mode of expression, from the wildest fury to the most endearing tenderness, from the martial sturdiness to the rocking dance, from the triumphal march to the sombre funeral procession, from the elfin dance, as the nightly fiddling Cygan perceives it moving around the trees of the forest by moonlight, up to the Dyonysian bacchanalian song; and by listen-

ing to it we may experience something of the feelings the Greeks had while hearing their festival choruses and dances.

The rhythms are all very characteristic, full of fire elasticity, swing, wavy motion, sentiment and fantastic strange inventions, which is the reason of our becoming poetically excited to an uncommon degree. They stir the soul with impressions, the imagination with pictures. Now briskly advancing like a coquetting beauty, now sighing like complaining lover's confessions, now storming along like a full blooded race horse, and again hopping like a little bird in the sunshine, now like the frightened run of the pursued stag, and again like the groans of the wounded boar, now high stepping like the childlike gypsy himself, now talkative and lively like a bevy of girls, and again like the galloping of a whole troop of snorting horses.

All these and similar effects can be produced by this free natural music and in this regard we can learn much particu larly in the way of rhythm. We have on the one hand lost the fine metre of antique poetry, and on the other the etherial rhythm of the polyphony of the middle ages, and possess in the dance form, on which our instrumental music principally depends, a comparative monotony of the rhythm, to which we now have accustomed ourselves, which is often poor and insipid, as so many choruses of Handel and Mendelssohn prove. It was Beethoven who, mainly in his last Sonatas and quartetts, out of a deep sense of life, and out from a deep poetical view, broke through the meshes which were a hindrance to his free motion. Richard Wagner also knew, principally in his "Master Singers," to suit his rhythm to the emotions which were produced from natural causes. We need only point to Beckmesser's entrance into the workshop of Hans Sachs, as differing from the traditional rhythm of the prize singing.

Finally, the ornamentation in gypsy improvisation is most notable, and therefore fleetest and the most difficult to transfix on paper. Even the most exquisite ornamentation of the sopranos of the last century must stand back in regard to fullness and sweetness. The gypsy improvisations, as Liszt so comprehensibly remarks, indulge in every conceiva-

ble caprice, like the twirling of snakes, in the most complicated circles, the most confused zig-zags, they rock themselves in syncopated rhythm, in cadences, as if dancing ahead of the stars, sparks flying in rocket-like trills, and finally resting on a soft and lovely mordent.

With these high colored and finely formed productions, the substance of gypsy music is exhausted. They often ascend to the liveliest and most catching effect, they remain however, as in the lyric poem, concentrated on a single subject, and out of wonderful arabesques a dreamy, melancholy, satyr like, the presumptuous half-wild gypsy countenance stares at us.

For this reason the forms cannot in the least compare with the rich changes in our own vocal and instrumental music, from the heavenly polyphony of Palestrina, to Beethoven's ninth Symphony, or Siegfried's funeral March, composed by Wagner.

The gypsy sought a form in which to express all the exuberance of his joy and sorrow, and found it in the two dance forms belonging to each other, at first slow, then quick—Lassan and Frischka, which in their present ornamentation are called "Hungarian." Whether they were created from out of the sentiment of the music, is as little known as the time when they were called "Hungarian." The dances soon made use of the quicker movement, only while the player possessed himself of the more serious first part, using the same as an outlet of his better feeling. The Lassan(from *lassu* slow) should be translated as our maestoso, dolente, pomposo. To this class belong the solemn national marches, which like Liszt's grand symphonic poem, "Hungara," forms a memorial in monumental style, to his nation. The Frischka increases in its rhythm, and cannot be compared in its wildness to any other fashionable dance. It is brusque, interrupted, invariably written either in 2-4 or in 4-4 time, and to an incredible wildness.

According to the description of a traveler, the inhabitants of the Crimea, when making music through the dreamy nights, use the same change of time as the gypsies. Since, like the Hungarian they are of Tartar orign, the source of the

Hungarian music of the present time, is readily explained.

The Lassan is generally written in minor, the Frischka in major. They are often used in conjunction, by alternating three measures, which produces a wonderfully charm ing effect. The Hungarian music of the gypsies expresses their ancient sorrow in regard to their outcast position, their titanic, demonlike laughter over the foibles of the world, (the fundamental idea of the satyr play of the ancients), which through the sorrows of the tragedy of life, should lead them back to the immortal, eternally smiling and never resting nature; an old heathenish idea which forms the transition to our deeper and more inward idea of the world and human nature, and which has its origin without doubt in the old Asiatic Indian mysticism of nature.

And now in conclusion a few words about gypsy orchestras. It was formerly made up at random, but had invariably the violin and cymbal as head and foot.

The last, the old dulcimer, is a trapeze shaped instrument with strings of steel, which are struck with drumsticks and produce a penetrating tone. It is of a wonderful age and of oriental origin and at present only used by gypsies. Of late it has been greatly improved in Pesth, particularly by the addition of a pedal. The other instruments, second violin, cello, double bass, clarinet and trumpet, are only used to strengthen the harmony, and emphasize the rhythm. Gypsy music shows its ancient origin in the fact, that it is throughout homophonous, or in other words, melodic never polyphonic. The first Violin glides through all the intricacies, while the cymbal marks the same more clearly, now quickening, now retarding the time. The execution of a cymbal player is often marvellous, and Liszt, in 1873, designated one he had heard, as being a virtuoso of the same rank as himself. For this reason, he has like the first violinist, the privilege of playing passages and variations all to himself. Seldom is this privilege given to a cello or clarinet player.

In this kind of improvising of the solo virtuosos, is contained the real charm of gypsy music, and it can of course not be reproduced by signs (notes). Even the writing down

of the music, which has lately been accomplished by Gypsies and others, can only give a very remote idea of the splendor and expression of this kind of playing. The constant rhythmical changes, the persuasive fullness of the ornamentation, the singular declamatory accent, cannot be written down. Their art thrives like the actor's, for the moment and can only be fully understood if one hears an orchestra made up of veritable children of Asia, may it be a celebrated one or what is often still better, a wandering one, half starved and in rags. To such, music is a refreshing sanctuary, a kind of holy grail, which nourishes and ennobles them, and here we receive a dark presentiment, that there are in our cultured age matters appertaining to mankind, of which our wise men can give us no explanation.

For our benefit, Liszt has characteristically written down this at present very retrograding music. He has given us the so called fifteen "Hungarian Rhapsodies" for the piano, of which the second is one of the best known composition of our times. The Rhapsody Espagnole, however, is still more beautiful and rich. The Hungarian Fantasia with orchestral accompaniment, is a special Hungarian feast.

Pride and sorrow, soulful enjoyment, and again demonaical wildness, are mixed in the work, making a full picture, thousands of miles distant from our present state; it is that dream of a renewed rising of pariah clan; in such moments the gypsy seems to forget by grasping the bow of his beloved violin, which for a short space of time is like a scepter in his hands.

PHILADELPHIA. THEODORE MOELLING.

CHARACTER IN PIANO LITERATURE.

Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, (1809—1847,) received a most careful musical education and whatever could benefit the general development of his rare talents was brought to bear on his susceptible nature. By a remarkable ability as conductor and pianist, by superior refinement in taste and the genial influence of his personality, which he freely and unselfishly used in the service of musical art he gained easily the first place among cotemporary musicians. After a prolonged visit to Italy and England he located in Duesseldorf, 1832. Became the conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts in 1835 and founded the conservatory in 1843.

A most detailed and careful musical training based on the classic principles of Bach, Haendel and Beethoven gave him a technic in composition, which results in superior clearness and elegance of form. Though he does not introduce an essentially new element in musical art, his extraordinary insight and circumspection develop some of the latent features in an ostensible manner. Weber's operas with their world of romantic fancy, gave rise to a host of capering, frisking genii in the provokingly romping, frolicsome effervescence of the music to "a Midsummer night's Dream" and the Scherzos and Rondos for piano. New and original, strange and yet so catching and winning is Mendelssohn in this genre, that one almost feels the presence of these beings of elfish lightness and is eager to join them. In his songs Without Words he attains a genial warmth in melodious form which, though not so expressive and touching as Schubert's, is of great artistic merit and nobility of human sentiment. With all this he develops a peculiarity of style in his piano compositions which, though it appears in ever new and novel form gives them an outward character which at times almost touches mannerism, and can be traced throughout.

The songs without words have always been a vade mecum with the better class of amateurs; of his other works for

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piano solo, the concertos and rondo with orchestra and the ensemble works with piano, it may be sufficient to say that they are manifestations of an amiable individuality, which at very early age attained a surprising artistic perfection, but does not reach a higher potentiality in the later works.

Friedrich Kalkbrenner (1788-1849) lacks depth, but his compositions are well finished and pleasing. Ignaz Moscheles (1794-1870) and Ferdinand Hiller (1811-1881) do not obtain in their compositions a uniform excellence, but Moscheles has studies and concertos of good musical quality, while Hiller, besides concertos and ensemble music, has written very interesting character pieces. The most pronounced representative of the light virtuoso type, Sigismund Thalberg (1812-1871), a pianist of marvelous lightness and elegance, developed certain effects in piano playing to the detriment of musical qualities in composition. Though there is a well-bred fluency and equality in his passages, their more or less trivial elegance of manner owed much of its charm to the pretty operatic melodies which are the main stay of his fantasies. His "Art du Chant" op. 70, however, offers very desirable material for study in touch and the use of the pedal, in both of which Thalberg must be considered a great master.

Robert Schumann (1810—1856) born in Zwickau, the son of a publisher and bookseller from whom he inherited great love for the belles letters and art. In connection with other studies, musical education was carried on leisurely and, though remarkable talent was noticeable, little effort seems to have been made to insure an early and careful development. Literature of the romantic school and particularly Jean Paul (the master in all tender effusions, of an exuberance of feeling which continually alternates in tears of joy and sorrow, phantastically playing with romantic shadows without the power of artistic shapeliness) are his daily food; and even after he attends the university, ostensibly to study law, he "works much in private; *i. e.* at the piano and writes Jean Pauliades." Thus he spends his years at the universities in Leipzig and Heidelberg practicing at the piano all the morning and "enjoying musical evenings with his friends'

whom he often astonishes by his powers of improvisation. Finally in 1830 he takes up music in earnest, studies with Friedrich Wieck in Leipzig—but with such energy and withal such impatience and imprudence that in the course of the year his right hand becomes affected and the fourth finger, in spite of medical treatment, remains lame. Debarred from the pursuit of mechanical work, he begins 1831 to study composition with Heinrich Dorn, and again labors with constant energy though without system, probably in consequence of the high pressure of artistic impetuosity.

His early literary inclinations and the desire to exert his influence for the improvement of musical matters (which had become sadly deteriorated as an art in the fashionable display of the small virtuosos, and seemed almost overcrowded by the worthless jingle of such writers as Herz and Huenten) induced him in 1834 to begin a "New Journal for Music." Schumann's tersely written aphorisms, the novelty of his style and the poetical coloring of his articles soon made themselves felt. And in thus forcing himself out of a dreamy visionary vegetation into the midst of musical life he gained many an impulse for his artistic self, which is lacking in most of his earlier compositions.

The Davidsbuendler, a fictitious society of Schumann's invention which included the co-workers of his paper and many musicians, perhaps personally unknown to him but valued by him for their thoroughly upright musical qualities, was of great power both in his literary efforts and in his compositions. How closely interwoven his work is in both directions, and how clearly individual both the literary and musical effusions are, is proved by the wholly imaginary representation of Schumann's artistic individuality in either of them by the three characters, Florestan, Eusebius and Master Raro. The irrepressible, rash and headlong Florestan; Eusebius, tender, susceptible and dreaming, and that personification of his own maturer self which was to be; Master Raro, to whose superior judgment all disputes on artistic merit were submitted.

Hand in hand with this literary work Schumann enjoys the most vigorous period of composition. Rapturous juvenile

moods, humorous and merry quibs and an often ecstatic depth of sentiment pass by with unimpaired freshness, and his many-sided ideal life gains a force of dramatic impulse which claims attention and forces the player to individual thought and consideration. With almost second sight he enters the remotest depth of feeling to find the tenderest, luscious expression. He composes only for the piano, and these works are so "claviermaessig" in their conception that he seems to have almost drawn them from the instrument; his mode of treatment is perfectly new and original in the quasi orchestral polyphony, in the use of the pedal and wide harmonies; the indiscriminate use of both hands for every purpose in crossing and interlocking or in melody or accompaniment, give him a great variety of new effects. His technic is markedly different from others, and the difficulties that are found are hardly of a merely mechanical kind, since they are the very embodiment of the musical idea. The smaller forms of the lied or dance carry his ideas most delightfully, and many of these musical tid-bits are joined into larger forms; the variety which he develops and the marked characteristics prove ever and anon his creative power. The sudden impulse of a spontaneous outburst gives them a bewitching freshness and causefulness which seem always incidental.

Large and well developed melodies are scarce in these early works, but the logic of the ideas is conclusive and unyielding, and the very conciseness of the melodic form causes a superabundance of fragmentary phrases full of life and meaning, thus giving a spring-like pressing and budding to the idea which in its very essence and make up is full of romantic spirit. A soulful enraptured feeling and a fantastic, dreamy spirit are mated to a healthy, vigorous artlessness and sincerity of purpose which often insures a markedly popular character; playful humor is constantly alive and gives the artistic individuality greater power and freedom of expression. Harmony, rhythm and melody are one and all true types of Schumann's character. Polyphonic writing appears frequently; the counterpoint is mostly of the budding, presentient kind, so that harmony becomes in truth a

moving essence. Rhythmical formation—sometimes modeled after the more refined of the Greek meters—adds its charm and produces many novel effects, yet lacks the clearness and force of the classic composers: the less orderly essence of the syncope and negative accents becomes at times too prominent for greater precision.

The smaller forms in the Papillons, Davidsbuendler, Carnaval, etc., have no organic connection (save in individual moods of the writer or in the incidents of his daily life) but one and all are of the same poetical impulse which rushes onward to the inevitable climax. Many of the superscriptions to the pieces as, "Glueckes Genug," Verrufene Stelle, im Walde, etc., are well calculated to fix the indefinite spirit of romantic dreaminess to a distinct idea, though it can hardly be said that the words are necessary to explain the meaning of the music.

In the Variations Schumann uses the form with greater freedom than had been done heretofore, but with a superior lavishness of feeling and vital energy. The first (op. I) shows some of Moscheles, technic, and the Impromptus (op. 5) are fashioned after the manner of Beethoven's Eroica variations over a fundamental bass, while the Symphonic Etudes—in form of variations—are on the largest scale, and insure him a place among the foremost composers for the piano; the form is here treated with the most genial audacity, and the technic necessary for the expression of the exuberant flow of ideas is reinforced to the utmost limits of true bravoura style. That Schumann was not inconsiderate of technical development is apparent in his version of the Paganini Etudes and the "Toccata."

The power of shaping his ideas to the requirements of larger forms seems to grow on him in course of time. He is most lavish in beautiful ideas in his first two sonatas, and considerable improvement in the adjustment and congruency of form and idea must be admitted in his third sonata (op. 22) over the two previous ones; still he fails to obtain unity of form at least in the allegro movements. The phantasie, op. 17, is of these larger works the more unique and satisfactory, carrying out its poetic sentiment in the loosely connected

fantastic pictures of the first movement, the triumphant march and the dreamy restfulness of the third movement.

Upon his marriage to Clara Wieck follows a time of glorious song; with his usual ardor and impetuosity he composes over 100 lieder in the same year, and when he returns to the large form in his first symphony there is an unmistakable clearness of purpose and maturity of power. The impassionate earlier impulse seems somewhat quieter, the work shows greater consistency; feeling, imagination and artistic judgment of the proper form are more evenly balanced, while the perennial bloom and freshness of his earlier days seems at times unabated. The Quintett (op. 44) with Piano, in the resplendent originality of invention, beauty of sound, the well balanced proportions, and most of all in the reiterated climax, is one of the master-works of ensemble music; the Quartett (op. 47) is almost equal to it save for the impassioned power of inspiration; the Trios in D minor and F major are of high merit though hardly to be ranked with the two other works (op. 44 and 47). The concerto in A minor is undoubtedly one of Schumann's noblest works, in its true musical qualities, and in the happy organic connection of piano and orchestra equal to the great concertos of Beethoven.

Schumann's personal appearance made the impression of a healthy vigorous constitution, but his nervous system was easily affected, a morbid tension of his feelings became stronger with his years, and the inclination to follow out unhappy moods seemed to grow on him. Dark presentiments filled his mind, and strong emotions would bring on deathly apathy followed by days of deep depression. The power of a naturally strong constitution and youthful energy would for a time gain the upper hand and restore him to his own self, but every mental overtaxation would scatter the nervous system anew. A habitual shyness, which had kept him under continual restraint in his intercourse with the world at large, may have been aggravated by uninterrupted musing and pondering; unpleasant occurrences of his daily life may have exercised a baneful influence; as it is, his later works often show again the aphoristic form of the first period, but

the fresh vigorous rhythm of yore seems to lack repose, and the former popular vein in melodious form gives way to increased moodiness, which often results in a darksome, passionate coloring. In one of his moments of deepest depression Schumann left his house in Duesseldorf,—fishermen rescued him from the waters of the Rhine, and with all the symptoms of mental derangement he passed the next two years in a private asylum near Bonn, where he died, in 1856.

Adolph Henselt (1814-1885), one of the great pianists of of later times, has written two sets of Etudes which are considered by many of the highest value, a concerto of great technical difficulty, ensemble music and character pieces. His works have undoubtedly considerable influence on the development of modern piano technic, and his character pieces are, in the originality of style, depth of feeling and careful adjustment worthy of high consideration. Theodor Doehler (1814-1856), a pianist of elegance and taste, writes pieces in the light genre which are melodious and showy. Alexander Dryschock (1818-1869), celebrated for a finished execution, has left piano works which are especially calculated for brilliant playing. Henry Litolff (1818-1892), highly gifted as pianist and composer, leaves a great number of works of very uneven merit. William Sterndale Bennett (1816-1875), friend of Mendelssohn and in his works not unlike the latter, is given more to a gentle sentimentality than manly energy. Niels W. Gade (1817-1891), also largely influenced by Mendelssohn in his style of composition, shows marked individuality of invention and a coloring in melody and harmony, which gives his works (mostly ensemble) frequently the freshness and fragrance of national character. Stephen Heller (1815-1888) makes his compositions the impression of a well balanced individuality, and shows in rhythm, melody and harmony poetic essence and romantic spirit.

One of the most fascinating individualities in musical art appears Frederic Chopin (1809-1849), a native of Poland. Born near Warsaw, where his father, a French gentleman from Nancy (married to a Polish lady), held a professorship at the Lyceum, he was brought up in a refined literary

atmosphere. and his musical education was carefully looked after. A prolific power of improvisation and mimicry were noticeable in him in early boyhood and in later years he often made use of the latter for the amusement of his friends. A short concert tour to Vienna (1829) served largely to increase his artistic self-esteem, and 1831 he left Warsaw for Paris, where he found his second home.

Unlike other composers, Chopin gives in his works no trace of any development in style or character; with the exception of some reminiscences of Hummel's technic in the first Rondo, there is no influence of any kind manifest; ully developed this musical genius enters the artistic world at an age which seems to put even Mendelssohn's early precocity into the shade. When twenty years of age he had played his E minor Concerto on several occasions, and in 1830 he played his second Concerto in F. minor (op. 22); presumably all the previous works had been finished before that time and, if we consider that he had written altogether some 70 works, all of which he perfected and polished most carefully, we may rightly estimate that he had hardly entered his teens when he wrote the first Rondo. More astonishing than such premature development is the fact that Chopin has hardly written a musical phrase which is not altogether his own, and that everywhere he manifests the most scrupulous nicety in form and idea; only in his last works a noticeable decrease in artistic power is apparent in the lack of clearness and roundness of form. In all his works of whatever nature and form, Chopin is most markedly original; a veritable magician of inimitable grace and nobility of expression, with a sweet attractive grace and gentleness of nature, and a mild sadness in his dreamy reverie which is as bewitching as his passionate, forceful and wildly impetuous energy is inspiring.

Limited in his creative power, though by choice only, to the piano, he appears totally one sided in comparison to the number of great composers whose productions, embracing almost every known variety of art form, firmly establish their claim to musical glory; yet in his narrow sphere he unfolds a truly masterful, rich and exuberant individuality.

The wealth and truth of his ideas find utterance in a language which is subject to the syntactic rules of musical form only in the widest and most universal sense. The symmetry of artistic formation gives inner connection and correlation to ideas, so that the affinity becomes clearly apparent, and the grouping of parts, which defines their impulse in the whole work, is often lacking; the whole inner organism is peculiar and extraordinary; harmony, melody and rhythm are of small import as factors in musical construction, but, as the master's power wills and occasion requires, they give greater insistence to the flow of ideas, which passes by as in a succession of fanciful picture-stories. His conception of tonality is often vague and undecided; the different intervals in the harmonies are so circumscribed that the import of their tonal character is frequently lost, and a harmonious construction is developed by enharmonic changes and chromatic alterations which is thoroughly capricious, albeit extremely sensitive. Replete with all the siren-like beauty of sound, this fantastic exposition fills the hearer with a languid sensibility which, though always latent, never assumes definite shape. Of similar character with this harmonious structure are the melodic and rhythmic forms which it engenders. Melody, with the stately breadth and power of a beautiful cantilene, suddenly assumes the character of a recitative, or continues in wonderfully arabesqued ornaments; rhythm, now moving complacently with quiet composure, brings new expression, and changes character almost from measure to measure. Rhythmical symmetry is, thus continually broken in upon, and, while artistic repose is sometimes impaired, the composition gains in strength of coloring and temperament.

In a thousand different ways he revels in romantic visions, and loses himself in lingering languishment until sadness and gloom deepened to despondency seem to abandon every effort; but when with full assurance of his power he strides along in the splendor of martial rhythm, when positive harmonious construction moves with almost crushing force, as though despair impelled to sterner action, he creates an impression of heroic strength and calm energy which is truly imposing and overwhelming.

But his heroism lacks the power of endurance; we miss the crowning triumph; the silvery notes of a lightly fleeting mazureck whimsically take its place, or darkness and gloom gather anew oppressively. Thus in ever changing variety moves the dreamy substance of his poetic spirit—now with grave formality, now rapt in ecstatic visions of innermost fancy, and in all the grace and splendor, mirth and humor, pride or defiance, he is shrouded in melancholy sadness as though overshadowed by impending doom.

This ideal life of Chopin's bright visions and delusive phantasms has no touch of nature, no refreshing breeze is astir in sunny plains; its very source is the refinement of high-bred society, the grateful fragrance of the boudoir, the festive array of brilliantly illumined scenes. With the full assurance of inner merit, even in outer appearance, aristocratic elegance guides the depth and novelty of feeling, and obtains an expression of such sweet, melodious sound and sonorous dignity, that the qualifications of the instrument seem materially improved. With this increased power of utterance in the beauty and variety of new combinations, a new world of sound seems to arise in the wider chords and arpeggios, and the groups of ornaments rising and sinking like cascades of pearls in fermenting foam.

Chopin's organism was naturally refined, his constitution, though wanting in physical strength, not unhealthy; a nervous irritability increased in later years often to gloominess through distress of mind and violent nervous agitation, but his imagination had a healthy glow and his emotion was all-powerful. What wonder that in such contrast of mental vigor and bodily infirmity his very passion should be replete with feminine indulgence, his energy void of manly strength, and his very humor veiled in sadness. It is certainly a triumph of his artistic potentiality, and shows the power of his creative genius, that in this often inartistic weakness of feeling and the sudden extravagance of his moods he finds the fitting form which makes us overlook the cause in the beauty of the work.

A consequent syntactic exposition of contrasting motives is often deficient in Chopin's art; and all the

larger works (the concertos, sonatas and the few ensemble works), where the larger form makes the dramatic impulse of thematic work desirable, are in their inner nature as works of art less satisfactory. In the concertos the inner-connection of the piano and orchestra is altogether wanting, and beautiful in its conception and the artistic repose as is the orchestral introduction to the E minor Concerto, it only opens a series of episodes of wonderful poetic depth and refinement for the solo instrument, which could as well miss the orchestral background. Even more replete with poetical essence is the second Concerto, in F minor, in the romantic sonority of the first movement and the inspired reverie of the Larghetto, while the light, fleeting, extremely graceful Mazurka lacks the force and dash of a fit climax. The sonatas (op 35) and 58—sonatas in outer appearance—are full of the fantastically capricious and impassionate spirit of the master; with the subtileness of cunning the poetical idea is realized in the sonata in B flat minor, while the sonata in B minor in passionate coloring of the material display and great impulse in the last movement is the more effective for concert purposes.

It is in the smaller forms of the dance and in the nocturnes especially that Chopin stands unrivalled in all the beauty of poetic conception, and a picturesque, fantastic realization of his dreams. He dances with his whole soul, and with him the spirit of his people in fanciful stories passes the romance of Polish life in all its pristine glory and recent destiny. The delightfully humorous, melancholy and quizzical chitchat of the mazurkas tells of requited affection, secret love, longing desire, tender abandon and lofty passion, and finds no end of sadly sweet enigmas. The valses are full of the spirit of enjoyment, and a merry throng enlivens the festive scenes; but the polonaises disclose all the ancestral pride and innate grace of his ill-starred nation, with a wealth and depth of feeling and expression that seem to speak wild energy and bold defiance in the roll of drums, and the call of trumpets; in the measured step of marching hosts and the trot of charging horse; in the clash of arms and the rush of battle; in the passionate lament of tearful wailing and the manly sternness of mourning heroes.

All the power of song, lavishly ornamented with the fantastic bric-a-brac of interwoven fiorituri, scintillating like the silvery rays of a starlit night, bursts forth in the nocturnes like a breath of heavenly inspiration. The elegant finery of the impromptus; the bolere, picture of southern passion and languor; the whirlwind of the tarantelle; the breadth and fiery impulse of the fantasie; the idyllic charm of the barcarolle, and that sweetest of all musical phantasms, the berceuse—all show the subtle refinement of the Polish tone poet, and his ballades and scherzos are striking innovations on the old forms, of great diversity of character and dramatic force.

The preludes, sketches in all the resplendent variety of Chopin's style, admirable minature portraits of his ideal character, deserve with the Chopin student a prominent place; and the etudes, full of the most excellent technical and musical material for the thorough and complete mastery of the modern piano, will always insure their composer a place in the front rank of piano literature even with those that fail to recognize the full import of his artistic mission in his other works.

The central figure in the musical life of the nineteenth century is Franz Liszt (1811-1886), the greatest master of pianistic art, whose influence in musical matters for a number of decades was the most remarkable, steadily maintained in his personal magnetism, in his phenomenal executive ability, in his essays on musical subjects, in the notable compositions in the various branches of musical art, in the pianoforte transcriptions and the long list of famous pupils, artists and rising composers whom he befriended and brought into prominent notice for art's sake.

Liszt was born in Raiding, Hungary. His father, a good amateur and musical enthusiast, developed his talents, so that when nine years old he played a concerto by Ries in Oedenburg. Materially assisted by wealthy admirers of his great promise, he pursued his studies in Vienna under Czerny and Salieri and, after 1823, in Paris under Reicha and Paer. Various concert tours were finally interrupted by the father's death in 1827 and for some years he seems to

have been occupied with teaching and literary work, eking out a livelihood in Paris. The new social and religious ideas fermenting in the revolutionary elements of the times found in him an enthusiastic supporter; sounder principles, however, prevailed, and in course of time he enjoyed the friendship of such men as Lamartine, Heine, Meyerbeer and Chopin. When Paganini appeared in Paris (1831) in the height of success surpassing all previous virtuoso displays, Liszt's fiery nature, thoroughly roused again, concentrated its efforts to the piano, and within a few years a series of works appeared of the most gigantic pianistic aspirations. Thalberg's success in Paris (1835) again brought Liszt to the front in the concert room, and for a number of years (1837-1849) he scored a series of unheard-of triumphs in almost every country and city of Europe. In the last year he took up his abode in Weimar, where for twelve successive years he conducted the court concerts and operas, composing and teaching. After 1861 he lived partly in Rome, where he took church orders, known thereafter as Abbe Liszt, partly in Pesth as director of the Hungarian musical academy, and in Weimar, where a large and select circle of friends and pupils surrounded him.

A great pianist, composer, conductor, teacher, writer on musical subjects and promoter of art for art's sake, Liszt was one of the most remarkable men of the times. As pianist he has been styled the matchless, the "only" Liszt in the use of the instrument which excelled all previous efforts of virtuosos in brilliancy and dash of execution, astonishing power and qualification of touch and great intensity of feeling, but far more so in the truthfully characteristic rendition of the master works of piano literature. As a composer, in his piano works, in his orchestral arrangements and symphonic poems, his songs, the masses and oratorios, he covers every branch almost of musical art. As conductor he elevated the musical standard at Weimar by many a superior artistic performance of old and new works; as a teacher his influence on nearly all the notable great musicians and artists of the day is undeniable; his essays on musical subjects are of the highst value, and his memory

will be dear to all that believe in the progressiveness of music as an art.

Liszt's piano works are exceedingly numerous and of great variety and may be classified as fantasies, studies, transcriptions, arrangements and original works and it admits of small doubt that most of them were finished either before or during the years of his pianistic triumphs and that comparatively few additions to the list of piano works were made in the later years, which were devoted chiefly to orchestral works, songs, masses and oratorios. Written under the high pressure of youthful enthusiasm and with the express purpose of showing his pianistic ability, these works necessarily vie with similar productions of the day. The fantasies on operatic airs or classic themes offer slight occasion for the display of individual ideas, yet, in the arrangement and the work of his own, he manifests his superiority over the more conventional, pattern-like fantasies of Thalberg and others. The Robert and the Don Juan fantasies are the most satisfactory in their musical make up and especially the latter, a work of the most brilliant display.

The Paganini studies are proof of the marked impression made by the novelty of style and execution in the dark Southerner's caprices, and show the playful ease with which Liszt enhances the technical difficulties and adapts them to the character of the piano. The systematic development of difficulties in execution in his "Etudes d'execution transcendentale" evinces a technical mastery and knowledge of the possibilities of the instrument that gives his style all the material advantages of Chopin's ærial facility and grace and Schumann's orchestral polyphony. Yet while Chopin's etherial wellsprings rise and sink in pearly showers with a genuine artlessness, void of method in their genial spontaneity, Liszt's pyrotechnical display takes a well arranged and systematically developed flight and his orchestral polyphony lacks Schumann's harmonic and rhythmical fermentation.

The complete mastery of the piano, the consummate knowledge of all its possibilities and the master's discrimi nating powers as illustrated in his transcriptions of a host of beautiful songs must be admired in the truth and simplicity

of their reproduction. The arrangement of a number of overtures, organ fugues and fantasies of Bach for concert purposes, and the symphonies of Beethoven make a valuable addition to piano literature. In his original works —some written for display and very effective: the two concertos, the polonaises, tarantellas, legendes, nocturnes and the galop chromatique—others reflecting more strongly the qualities of his inner life: the Consolations, Harmonies, Annees de Pelerinage and a sonata in B minor—Liszt does not obtain a uniform artistic and musical merit; the works are full of a certain material magnetism in their sonorous quality, of a make-up that is often sober and unimpassioned, yet where the laborious effort of compiling for artificial effect is unobtrusive, a noble ideal life engenders occasionally passages of transcendental beauty.

In his fifteen Hungarian rhapsodies—to which seven more were added later of more indifferent quality—Liszt, following the precedent of Chopin, introduced an element distinctly national in rhythm and melody, an element which was destined to become a prominent feature in the further development of instrumental music. Sarabande, allemande, gavotte, gigue and other dances, utilized in early days in the suite, were in name and movement of national origin, being respectively Spanish, German, French and English dance measures. Idealized in the suites they became to an extent individualized by the various composers as the valses and laendler were, in virtue of greater expressive quality in melody and rhythm, elevated by Schubert to an artistic standard and endowed with his own youthful individuality.

Under different climatic influences, unequal conditions of existence and unequal fortunes, the various nations assumed a different tenor of thought and feeling strongly pronounced in their domestic habits and social customs, which developed marked characteristic traits in their folk songs and dances. The melodies of the southern people, living under a serene sky with scanty care of existence, show the marked enjoyment of a sensuous beauty of sound; the northern nations, surrounded by darker prospects, toiling from day to day, always hopeful yet scarcely sure of the morrow, sing in

grave and somber strains, sadly longing and touching—even their harmonious essence shows an instinctive drifting into the more plaintive minor mode. Whatever strongly moves the heart bursts forth in song spontaneously, with no other rule and order than what natural instinct suggests; and folk songs are the almost unintentional outgrowth of human feeling, which seeks expression where language begins to fail. As the nations by commercial and political intercourse acquire some degree of culture and improvement, their instincts become more refined and by a certain discipline in mental training even artistic; and their songs, though still developed instinctively, reflect their improved taste.

The free reproduction of an ideal beauty in music as an art is accomplished according to strict artistic rules, and requires a certain degree of symmetry and perfection in the work which fashions, forms and co-ordinates the material. The material may reflect a certain character, may represent to the imagination the various phases and aspects of life as it left its impress on the different people, and as it appears in their national songs and dances. These more or less natural and unartistic melodies, with their quaint rhythm and distinctive harmonies, in themselves in musical *art* somewhat heterogeneous elements, must be refined and purified to become proper constituents and components in a work of art, and the more this material in the process of preparation loses the outer peculiarities and the more it reflects the inner character of the national idiom, the more valuable will it become in musical art.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOGARITHMS IN MUSICAL SCIENCE.

I can scarcely imagine that there is to the musician either beauty or inspiration in the term *logarithms*. I ought to begin therefore with an apology for so *mischievously* touching a note foreign perhaps to the harmony and melody of his whole being; for we know that no matter how good the quality of any single tone may be in itself, it does not and cannot make for any of us the least music whatever, if entirely out of and too far from certain vibrational relationships. The undecal chord mentioned in a former article vibrating as 8:11, is an instance, and one which will illustrate the apparant incongruity of placeing logarithms and music in juxtaposition!

The musician is usually but little at home with the nomenclature of mathematics. He is nearly always such an organization as does not take to that line of culture, and therefore the very terms identified with it are largely outside of his intellectual life. Yet there is danger of carrying the above illustration (that of the undecal chord, or discord), as is frequently the case with comparisions, too far. The number 11 belongs as much to general science and common-sense as any other number; and it is in nothing to blame if the vibrational structure of music has no use for it, or if it is too odd and ungainly a thing

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NOTE.—By the way, concerning "The Musical Prime Numbers," in the Cctober issue—the title accidentally omitted in the outside table of contents—I here make a correction or two, although the manuscript was doubtless in fault, I may be allowed to do so especially because of the unfamiliarity of the reader with the subject. The last paragraph, however, was the only serious sufferer. In its third line, for "even" read *ever;* in the fifth line, for "is" read *as;* and in the last line but one—and this is what demolished the idea intended—for "numerical" please read *musical.* On page 555 also, near the top, read, *is mostly unknown to English readers,* instead of what my interlined and too obscurely canceled writing caused to be printed. "*Hæc fâbula docet,*" etc. This fable teaches the virtue of carefully writing for print, for the proof-reader, even in his best estate, is not altogether to be envied.

to stand on an equal footing with its more favored and more seemly, but less original neighbors, 10 and 12; and it has perhaps no near neighbor very companionable with it except the equally awkward and ill-omened 13. It would be absurd, however, for us as intelligent beings to seriously ignore or treat these or any other numbers with the least disrespect; and so the word *logarithms*, merely a name, it is true and rather a heavy-sounding one, if we may judge by the first syllable (but now for two and three-quarters centuries belonging to mathematical science), I now beg the pleasure of introducing or re-introducing to the musical reader. And it is an introduction which could not be avoided in the real study of musical intervals, how little soever musicians pine for logarithms, and how much soever logarithms are *down*, with all their crushing weight, upon the sensitive souls of musicians! Our prejudices—and we are all more or less subject to them—are the obstructions to true science and human advancement; though they sometimes have also their good uses in saving us from many an evil.

The word *logarithms* is the name of an idea essential to musical science, and why not welcome from mathematicians both the name and the light signified by it? They have herein given us true calculations about a matter of prime importance on the intellectual side of music, which, however, would have puzzled us as musicians for ever. Why not then say simply "thank you" "come again," or some other little thing, just to let them know we love them! As musicians, we must not only not ignore the mathematician, but we must "scrape" a better acquaintance with him. But in saying this, I am not at all in favor of filling the pages of a musical magazine with mathematical treatises which scarcely any one but the mathematician himself could profit by, even if I were capable of furnishing them. I confess to having a musical soul and a mathematical mind, and yet could not be called, except by mistake, a musician by a musician nor a mathematician by a mathematician, being merely a vain attempt of nature to make both in one person! Imperfect formations are sometimes

useful notwithstanding, and I hope to be an interpreter, at a pinch, between musician and mathematician. At least I will help musicians and any others who care anything about understanding the numerical relation of music, to use a few of the intellectual tools of mathematicians; and, as to logarithms, they are something even more to musical science than mere utensils, being numerical results containing in some cases the very answers and in others the data for easily obtaining them, to our questionings as to the relative magnitudes of all tone intervals.

But it seems very probable to me that the inventors and constructors of logarithms, in the early part of the seventeenth century, Napier and Briggs, did not for once think of *musical* science in connection with their invention. If this be so, they built better even than they thought, for, while the object of their elaborate tables was to abbreviate the tedious labor of long arithmetical operations of multiplying, dividing, raising to powers, and extracting roots, for the use of astronomy and other sciences, the tables were at the same time necessarily the *measures of ratios*, really and truly so; and this is just that about which musical arithmetic had heretofore been all at sea, though it had been barely possible even before the advent of logarithms for an extraordinary mathematician—if he cared to apply his mind to these musical studies—to arrive at the same true results in reducing musical intervals to some definite unit of measurement; yet this was equivalent to making a few logarithms, though the name was not as yet known. Vibrational ratios were of course known to musical scientists long before; but to measure these ratios and thus to know the comparative sizes of the tone intervals formed by them, was practically impossible for even the intelligent musician. And great Pythagoras, centuries before the Christian era, could not, as there is every reason to suppose, really measure, in any kind of numbers whatever, the tone intervals associated with his name. The Pythagorean theory of "thirds," which we now for centuries have known to be very false, although formed by three or four perfect fifths; the two Pythagorean semitones, which are hardly worth describing here; the Pytha-

gorean comma, which is the difference between the whole twelve fifths and seven octaves;—these intervals and others which still bear the name of the great philosopher, were unknown to him as to their correct quantities in relation to intervals in general. But logarithms furnish us with what neither the numerical relations of string lengths nor those of vibrations can directly do, namely, the simple magnitudes of intervals, even to the certainly not very practical but not entirely useless information that it would require 51-15+ of the commas invented and patented by Father Pythagoras to fill an octave! But he himself could not well measure even a single fifth with the octave interval, though we, by an inheritance from our more immediate predecessors, can easily find that a fifth is .585 of an octave (58½ cents, if the octave be valued at a dollar, and it is probably cheap at that!); and this is an *acoustically* perfect measurement. But a much better result for the mathematics of the thing is by using seven decimal figures, namely, .5849625 (my logarithmic tables are much farther carried out than those in general circulation in school books). Or, if anyone would like something wonderfully amusing, and yet perfectly true so far as it goes, here it is; and, in all likelihood, it has never been in print before: The interval of the fifth, when supposed to be of vibrations precisely as 2:3, is .584,962,500,721,156,-181,452,742+ of the perfect octave interval (1:2)! Neither is there any difficulty at all, but only a little patience with a rather large dividend and divisor, in finding from extended logarithms the *stupendous* approximation to the truth which these twenty-four decimal figures give; and I present this fruit (or flower!) of a mere amusement of years ago just to show how easy it is to obtain far greater approximation in these matters than we need even in the science of intervals. This reminds us of the diameter and circumference of one and the same circle, which, like tone intervals, are also incommensurable quantities; but the relative magnitudes of these two dimensions have been approximated far more exquisitely than I have done here with the octave and fifth. I shall be pardoned for thus dwelling upon, and so minutely treating of this point, for I find that the fact of the

usual incommensurability (no less a word can express the idea) of tone intervals, like that of many other well known dimensions in common life, is hardly known and recognized by even the more cultivated portion of humanity.

The etymology of the word *logarithms* does not quite explain it, nor would I attempt to treat of the general subject, even if that were necessary in these pages. The Greek *arithmos*, number, is definite enough; but *logos*, the other factor of the word, which also helps to form so many of our words, namely, those ending in *-logy*, has a rather variable meaning. In the original Greek Christian Scriptures, the Logos is translated the Word which was in the beginning with God, and the Word which was God. It also signifies *science*, *reason*, *ratio*, etc. Anyhow, logarithms are the *numbers*, that is, the numbers which *measure ratios;* and this is one of the two definitions that have been given them, the best one probably, and the only one fitting for them in relation to musical science.

It would certainly be something advantageous in this line, if all writers about music who are not familiar with the real function of logarithms, would only be content to let them alone. Lecky, however, in his article "Temperament," in Grove's "Dictionary of Music," has been very good in this respect. He says: "We shall omit from the present article all reference to the arithmetical treatment of temperament, and simply deal with its physical and audible effects," and, in a note, refers the reader to Bosanquet, Helmholtz, Ellis, Perronet Thompson, Woolhouse and others, for his enlightenment in a phase of the subject which he himself is so exemplarily kind as to be silent upon; contenting himself with treating musical temperament as well as possible without interval measurement, that is to say, acoustically and not mathematically. This was certainly honorable, though if he had been familiar—and I will not say he was not—with the arithmetical phase of the subject, which, indeed, extremely few even among scientific musicians are, I cannot conceive how he could have been willing to trust his subject apart from its arithmetical side.

But musical writers will frequently represent somehow

that logarithms are merely *another way* of measuring musical intervals, as if there was more than one way! The vibrational ratios, that is, the very numbers which form the ratios, do not measure the intervals *at all*. It may be that some of these writers have tumbled into the idea that logarithms have been carried into this science for variety or for fun, and because they were truly invented for the purpose of *shortening* arithmetical operations; but, with reference to *musical* science, logarithms are the real *results* of interval calculations, and are really "Hobson's choice." There is no other way of arriving at the comparative magnitudes of the intervals. We must either make logarithms ourselves or else use those already made, in order to have this knowledge of tone intervals. Neither vibrations nor ratios of vibrations, if you mean simply the numbers forming those ratiso, can measure the intervals between tones. To a tone vibrating say 400 times per second, add another 100 vibrations per second, and we shall have a true major third (4:5). Add the same number again, and we do not have another major third, but a minor third (5:6); and although we shall notice the fact that as the ratio numbers differing by unity grow larger the interval grows smaller, and, also, that the smaller they thus grow, the *less* smaller they grow every time, still you cannot find out the curious law of their decrease by any ordinary methods of puzzling over those simple numbers. You are not now dealing with ordinary species of magnitude at all, but with *occult* magnitudes, and they are hidden from you in those vibration ratios, simple though the ratios are. You must measure the ratios themselves, a peculiar species of magnitude. But this you cannot in all probability do yourself; you must therefore use logarithms, which are the measures of all ratios (to a limit, of course), whose first terms are one, and from these the measurements of other ratios are easily found; and in this way alone have we the comparative extents of two or more tone intervals.

It is true, however, and it is also well known, that we can add or subtract ratios quite easily (when we only wish for other ratios as a result) without logarithms. To add one

ratio to another, we merely proceed with the four numbers, and this may seem curious, precisely as in multiplying one fraction by another. Thus, in adding the ratio (4:5) to (2:3), we have (8:15) as the sum. A fifth plus a major third is thus a true major seventh. And to subtract one ratio from another, we merely proceed as in dividing one fraction by another (although ratios are *not* fractions at all.) Thus, the ratio (5:6) taken from (4:5) leaves (24:25), which we suspect from the much increased size of the numbers differing by only unity, is a much smaller ratio than either of the others. It is indeed vibrationally a very small semitone, only about one-seventeenth part of an octave, and much smaller than the more usual semitone (15:16), of which only about $10\frac{3}{4}$ would fill an octave; but the moment we attempt to ascertain from any of those ratio numbers, by any sort of every day calculation, *how many* of one it takes to make another, we are baffled. I well remember my pre-logarithmic days of inquiry into tone intervals! But they were soon numbered —that is, the days.

In this connection I may as well allude to a much earlier period of a life, in which I had encountered a brief table of logarithms in one of my school books. I received the impression from my teacher, however, that logarithms were a very simple affair, and that I need not do much with them. In this he may have been perfectly sincere, for he doubtless referred to the ordinary *use* of the tables in shortening long multiplications, etc. Yet I thought the table a queer sort of numbers—the log. of 1, for instance, being 0, while the log. of 2 was a very irregular decimal fraction; and even the school studies of maturer years did not greatly enlighten my understanding as to the nature of logarithms. It was not, in fact, till I had, years after, become dead in earnest in the philosophy of musical intervals (winter of 1875-6), that I sought and found such treatises as could acquaint me with the real idea contained in this word which I have just had the pleasure of introducing to the reader of these pages; and it is from Great Britain mostly that such knowledge has come to the world, and from works written previous to our century.

In another article I shall present more about these musical logarithms, and possibly something more satisfactory to the reader; and, in succeeding articles—after all this log-rolling!—we will look at as many points, both scientific and practical, in this numerical phase of music, as we like; but, meanwhile, we must not allow ourselves to be afraid of meeting the ghost of something which is not practical!

JAMES PAUL WHITE.

DECEMBER 12, 1892.

EXPRESSION.

What eloquent utterance, noble and full,
The wandering wind has; how enviable!

With its myriad voices,—tempestuous, glad,
Clear, plaintive, sonorous, weird, wrathful and sad:

With its breadth and abandon, its volume and ease,
Caprice, strength and passion, and far more than these,

How gifted the wind is! How mighty to wreak
Its wild self on expression, and all its soul speak!

Could the mortals so utter our sorrow and ache,
Our music, our madness—our hearts would not break.

JENNY BURR

WHAT BOOKS SHALL I BUY FOR MY MUSICAL LIBRARY.

Many of us can recall the day when music was regarded simply as an accomplishment, an amusement, a pastime. This false estimate of the art has rightly given place to the appreciation of it at last as an educational force, a power. The earnest students scattered up and down the land are doing an important work in helping to place the matter upon a higher plane.

As our interest in our work deepens, we long for more information. No matter what our chosen instrument, we must know of the great moving, living *world* of music. A helpful aid in this direction can be secured by a careful selection of literature. Especially valuable does this agency become if our work lies at a distance from those art centres, the great cities. It is in response to many inquiries from students who wished to make a "beginning" to a library, that the following list is given.

Let us start with the histories, the frame-work of our structure, for at least one desirable book of this kind is indispensible. If the encyclopædias are beyond our means, we can content ourselves with the shorter works which answer our purpose admirably. "A History," by Rev. H. G. B. Hunt; "Student's History," by F. L. Ritter; "History of Modern Music," Hullah; a history by Rockstro, and a little history, by G. A. Macfarren (which also comes in Harper's "Handy Volume" series), are all useful. We must not overlook those two readable works, "History of Music," (two volumes) by Naumann, and "A Popular History of Music," by W. S. B. Mathews.

Among the biographies we find a series by Nohl, of which Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Wagner and Liszt are good examples. Hector Berlioz, (translated by Wm. F. Apthorp), "Johannes Brahms," by Deiters, (translated by Rosa New-

march), two volumes of "Frederic Chopin," by Niecks; "Life of Handel," by Rockstro; two volumes of the "Life of Schubert," (translated by Coleridge); "Life of Schumann," by Reissmann, translated by Alger, are a few of the many of this kind.

Among the miscellaneous collection, "The Standard Cantantas," (their stories, their music and their composers); "The Standard Oratorios," and "The Standard Symphonies," are all from the pen of Mr. George P. Upton, whose critical writing is so well and favorably known. Beethoven's "Nine Symphonies" are treated analytically by Sir George Grove. (These are also published separately in pamphlet form.) "The Great German Composers" and "The Great Singers," by Ferris, are standard works and can be found also in a cheaper edition issued by Appleton. Two volumes of "Music and Musicians," by Robert Schumann, "Recent Music and Musicians," by Moscheles; "Musical Sketches at Home and Abroad," (an English work), by Prof. Ella; "Music and Morals," by Haweis; "Music in America" and "Music in England," by Ritter; "History of German Song," by Elson; "Jenny Lind, the Artist," (two volumes), by Holland and Rockstro; "Women in Music," by George P. Upton; "Memorials of John Curwen," by J. Spencer Curwen; "Music in the Household," by Hullah; "Musical Statics," (the border land of science and art), by John Curwen, and "My Musical Memories," by Haweis, (a very entertaining volume, also to be found in paper in the "Standard Library,") are all worthy additions. "Mendelssohn's Letters," illustrated by himself, has found a faithful historian in his c ose friend Moscheles, and the sketches give evidence of much talent and fertility of invention on the part of the gifted Mendelssohn. His pupil, Elise Polko, has written some reminiscences of her master in a very graceful way. "A Conversation on Music," by Rubinstein, is one of the most recent contributions to our literature, and is provoking wide-spread discussion by the bombs it fires, some of which are bound to explode. "Pianoforte Music," by Fillmore, treats of the early masters of this instrument down to the present school. "Mu-

sical Instruments," by Carl Engel, gives a more detailed account of old and obsolete instruments than a short history has time for.

The critic of the modern newspaper has not been idle all this while, so we have from those who wield the pen in this direction "Curiosities of Music," (a collection of facts not generally known regarding the music of ancient and savage nations), by Louis C. Elson; "The Story of Music," by Henderson, which is really a history after all. "Studies in Wagnerian Drama," by Krehbiel, and "Chopin and other musical essays," by Henry T. Finck. Those students who especially enjoy the great Polish composer will find Mr. Finck's book of value, since he reveals an insight into his subject that is quite unlike most of the historians.

In one of her poems George Eliot tells us of Stradivarius, the master workman, whose violins have stood the test of years and are well-nigh priceless. The poem reads:

> "If my hand slacked
> I should rob God—since he is fullest good,
> Leaving a blank instead of violins.
> *He* could not make Antonio Stradivari's
> Violins without Antonio."

Those who desire a clue to some of the mysteries of violin construction will find the two volumes by Ed. Heron-Allen, "Violin Making as it Was and Is;" "History of the Violin," by Messrs. Sandys and Forster, and "Old Violins and their Makers," by James M. Fleming, works of interest along this line.

For connoisseurs, with whom money is not an object, there are two volumes upon the life of Wagner by Jullien, "The Organ, It's History and Construction," by E. J. Hopkins and E. F. Rimbault, and three volumes of Bach by Spitta. Two or three years since, a valuable book by Mary E. Brown and William A. Brown came to our notice, called "Musical Instruments and their Homes." It gives an account of a very complete collection of instruments in the possession of Mrs. J. Crosby Brown of New York. The sketches are etched, and the remote portions of the earth have added their treasures to this unusual list,

which includes Corea, Algiers, Oceanica, Alaska, Siam, etc., while the more civilized lands have not been omitted. But the most magnificent edition of this order is the one by A. J. Hipkins, entitled "Musical Instruments, Historic, Rare and Unique." The plates are colored and are of the finest quality. One can fairly see the texture of the silken hangings and trappings, and the rare old woods in the construction of these famous instruments. These last mentioned works range from ten to thirty-eight dollars.

Our library would indeed be incomplete without some books about church music. Not long ago a celebrated singer was heard to say, "Barnby! He must be a new composer; is he not?" Although her ignorance was not as dense perhaps, as was the *teacher* who asked the same question in reference to Papa Haydn, still she had lost much by not being familiar with some of the best compositions of the age. Since then, no education is rounded without a large share of attention along this line, let us include among our possessions the two volumes of J. Spencer Curwen's "Studies in Worship Music;" some of the topics treated are "Grace to listen well," "The organ in divine service," "Voluntaries, Chanting," "The musical service, of noted churches in all lands," etc.—a most comprehensive and instructive work. "Our Church Music," a book for pastors and people by Richard Storrs Willis, "Common Praise" by Edwards, and "Story of Tunes" by Hezekiah Butterworth will be helpful for praise services.

There are some stories to add to our list, for sometimes we want to leave our serious work and be diverted. Most of us are familiar with Miss Elizabeth Shepperd's "Charles Auchester," which comes to us now in improved two-volume edition with introduction and notes by George P. Upton. Years ago a delightful little volume of "Musical Sketches" appeared, written by Elise Polko—a collection of short stories of noted people, traced with extreme delicacy and care, reminding one of dainty etchings or water-colors. While the dissolving views are somewhat like those rosecolored hues in "Charles Auchester" and the characters almost "too bright and good for human nature's daily food" yet one can

learn very much indeed from such works. In direct contrast to this is Mr. H. Clarke's "Scratch Club"—a little paper-covered volume which gives us the conversation of four imaginary musicians who pass their leisure hours playing chamber-music. One finds much to provoke mirth, and to carry away from the good-natured sparring and frank exchange of opinion. But it is most valuable in that it leads people to do their own thinking if they can agree with none of the little company. "Music study in Germany," by Miss Amy Fay has had such a wide-spread sale that it need only a reference, possibly. While one must take a pinch of salt every now and then, the glimpses into the home-life of the great artists, and the naturalness of style, atones for the extravagant assertions of this bright woman. A more recent publication of this same order is Miss Bettina Walker's "Experiences." Miss Walker is an English girl who travels on the continent in quest of teachers, and recounts her impressions very entertainingly. A large portion of the work is devoted to Henselt, and gives us much information about this gifted composer, of whom there is less known than of most people who occupied so important a place in the musical firmament. These two last mentioned works while not stories are told in such a chattyfolksy way that they belong among them. Two works of fiction that give much pleasure are the "First Violin," by Miss Jessie Fothergill, and "The Blue Ribbon" by the author of "St. Olaves" (Lovell's Library). Miss Fothergill's story comes also in the cheaper edition, and can be found with an addenda explaining those most expressive German phrases (which English-speaking Teutons invariably fall back upon, when our language fails them utterly), for the benefit of those unfamiliar with th language.

We must not overlook the children. They have "their right" and fortunately have been provided for in this line. There is a most beautiful book bound in soft delicate co ors, called "Baby's Lullaby Book" (Mother Songs). The words are by Charles S. Pratt, the water-color illustrations by W. L. Taylor and the music by our own American composer George W. Chadwick (whose setting to the Dedicatory Ode

for the inaugural ceremonies of the Columbian Exposition, has received such favorable notice)—the whole gotten up most exquisitely by Prang & Co. A very suggestive volume with the same theme is "Cradle Songs of old Nations," with music by Reinhold Herman, and Illustrations by Walter Satterlee. These songs are characteristic, truthful, and very simple in outline. Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie's "Story of Music and Musicians" has found its way into many homes and hearts, and should any of the young teachers wish to make use of its' material, a hand-book reviewing each chapter has been arranged by Margueret Gardner.

But perhaps the most attractive book for little people is "Musicans in Rhyme for Childhood's Time." Here we have pictures of our great composers when they were children, presented to us in various characteristic attitudes busy with their musical thoughts which were cropping out thus early. It is told by Rebekah Crawford and Louse Morgan Sill, and illustrated by Albert Blashfield. There are twenty pictures each preceeded by a poem, and the composers range from Palestrina to Wagner.

This list by no means covers the entire field and there are many other works which might well be included. The so-called text-books have not been referred to, because the difference of opinion and preference. One of the latest contributions to this department might be mentioned here, however; the "Septonate" by Julius Klauser, since its theories are creating comment. The magazines and periodicals bring to us every now and then most valuable short articles upon the very latest subjects, and it is well to lay these aside in your library for reference. There may be a little difficulty experienced occasionally in finding some of the books mentioned, but if your dealer will write the large publishing houses or music stores which also often carry this literary stock), they can all be secured. To those who have access to the libraries, additional light can be thrown upon this theme.

CHICAGO, ILLS. JULIETTE GRAVES ADAMS.

"B'HUETT GOTT."

A Musical Story, Translated from the German by Jeanette Hesse.

II.

"I would like to see the gentleman within."

"He is asleep and must not be disturbed."

"But I was ordered to come here at seven o'clock."

The gentleman was not asleep, however. Already dressed, he stood by the window listening to the conversation, which was carried on in a loud whisper.

"Come in," he called, "I'm not asleep."

An insignificant looking little apprentice entered.

"I suppose I am to shave the gentleman?"

"I have already attended to that myself. Instead, I want you to whistle or sing to me the tune they say you whistle half the day long."

The little fellow opened both mouth and eyes in astonishment, but seemed very much pleased. He put his shaving tools on the table looking searchingly at the strange young man to see if he was jesting. Satisfied that he was not, he asked what he should whistle.

"Whatever you can; then I will tell you if it is the right one," said Gerhard.

The little fellow struck an attitude, and, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes blinking in the sun, began, after various attempts, which were immediately interrupted, to whistle the melody from Gerhard's opera with painful exactness. When he finished, he was very much astonished that his listener, instead of looking pleased, seemed much

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depressed, but at the same time anxious to hear the words of the songs.

He shook his head, "I can not sing, sir."

"Nonsense! Everybody can sing. It doesn't matter how well you sing."

The boy scratched his head perplexedly. "But the words, Sir?"

"Do you not know them? Have you forgotten them?"

"I never knew them, sir."

"Then where did you learn to whistle the tune?"

The boy laughed. "Where? I don't know. Some place or other."

"Think a minute. Besides what you would have earned in shaving me, I'll pay you something for remembering."

That was effective. "I believe the miller's boy whistled it for his starling."

"Where is the miller's boy?"

The boy pointed out through the window. "Down there in the valley, the third mill from here."

"Very well."

The boy received his money, and, very much elated, was about to leave the room, when Gerhard called him back. His adventure of the previous night recurred to his mind. He asked the barber's musical apprentice if he knew who played the wood-horn so beautifully yonder in the forest.

"Has the gentleman heard him, too?" asked the boy, with a mysterious smile. "Yes, yes, he played again last night, and it was the same tune that I have just whistled for you. When he plays, every one must close his windows, and no one dare be found out on the road. We used to hear him play once a year, but now it is every full moon."

"But *who* plays? About whom are you talking?"

"The Sennefelder huntsman. He plays for the sake of one poor soul."

"For a poor soul?" Gerhard smiled. "And what does he do with it? Come, be sensible and tell me. Is that huntsman a real person or is he a ghost?" The boy already had his hand on the door. He seemed unwilling to say anything more upon the subject, but only nodded eagerly; "Yes, yes," he said.

"Yes, what? Yes, a ghost?"

"Yes, sir. Really—he is really—truly." With that he was gone.

Gerhard soon left the room and went to his breakfast, which was spread under an old linden near the door, whose fragrant canopy was now resonant with the hum of many bees. He asked the maid who served him if he might not see the school-master. The wood-horn blower, who played his melody so beautifully, and who seemed in league with the evil one, had awakened his liveliest interest. He would fain learn more about him from some reliable source; the maid informed him, however, that the school-master had gone to church.

"Gone to church?" Yes, of course, for today is Sunday, thought Gerhard, "and the master is probably chorister or organist." He decided that it would be better to let the question rest for a time, and instead, start out on a journey of discovery through the valley.

It was a glorious morning. The little guide-book had not praised too lavishly, for indeed the little valley was surpassingly beautiful. The newly built sanitarium, with its tightly closed shutters, was reached after a ten-minutes' walk. Its pretentious architecture and its stiffly laid out grounds could not but merit his disparaging smile; it was only when this specimen of modern taste had vanished behind an angle of the mountain, and the broad valley with massive background lay stretched before him in the peaceful simplicity of nature, that Gerhard regained his former sense of tranquil enjoyment. The distant mountains swam in a purple mist. Below in the valley a foaming brook skipped merrily over its rocky bed. Gray and grim on a picturesque ledge, an ancient castle lay in ruins, while above it enveloped in misty blue, rose a forest of pines.

It was a charming picture, but our wanderer, who started out to hear rather than to see, felt that he could not linger over it. No twittering of birds, no lowing of cattle could be heard, nothing but the soft buzzing of the insects among the blue flowers growing in the earth. The saw-mills were still; the doors and windows of the few cottages

scattered among the mills were closed. Nowhere could be heard the sound of a human voice. Soon the view toward the farther end of the valley seemed to widen; the brook forsook its rocky bed and flowed on more smoothly, a vigorous growth of young forest trees clothed in bright green supplanted the dark pines, and beyond the billowy fields of grain gleamed the red roofs and the church-spire of a little village.

Suddenly the sound of the bells floated out upon the clear, sunshiny air, and, as Gerhard drew near, he understood why the upper valley was so deserted. The people from the far surrounding country had already gathered at the church, which was quite filled after the arrival of those living nearer. Gerhard wandered on into the wood at his right until he came to a narrow dell, from which rose the resinous fumes of a charcoal pit. He was soon glad to retrace his footsteps to the little village where he could linger and watch the returning worshippers. Among the last to leave the church was the pastor in company with a young man, whose courtly bearing and elegant attire at once distinguished him from the inhabitants of the valley. Where had Gerhard before seen the fine lines of those features, those melancholy, dreamy eyes? He could not tell, but found himself still thinking about it when he reached the third mill, the door of which now stood open, and asked for the miller's boy.

An old woman informed him that the boy was not at home, that she did not know where he was to be found. Gerhard comforted himself with the thought that what the miller's boy knew was probably known by others, and in accordance with his original plan, began his musical research among the dwellers in the valley. Their foolish reluctance to sing made it much harder than he had anticipated. They stared at him with stupidity or curiosity, and declared they knew no such song. The girls, especially, blushing with embarrassment, would keep up a constant giggling as long as he talked to them, but as soon as his back was turned, they would put their heads together and whisper with evident amusement.

As he was about to return to the inn, tired and worn, a half-grown girl came out of a neglected-looking cottage and offered flowers for sale. He bought them and then asked his usual question. The girl nodded eagerly, assumed a little air, and, at the sound of jingling coins, began the first verse. The melody had undergone several slight variations, the words were quite different, but the refrain "Farewell" was indeed *B'huetî Gott*. Gerhard carefully copied both words and music in his note-book, after vainly endeavoring to ascertain from the girl where she had learned them. As he continued to question her, she brought from a neighboring garden another girl, who, with a child in her arms, had been listening to the interview. She knew more about the song; she not only knew all the verses, but sang them much better. When asked where she had learned them, she told Gerhard that the summer before she had heard them sung by the matron of the sanitarium in whose service she had been for a short time. Since the sanitarium was open only from midsummer to autumn, and the matron could not now be interviewed, this information availed him little.

After visiting some glass works in a little cross-valley, where his request was met with cold disapproval, because it was Sunday and secular songs were not allowed on that day —the proprietor evidently being a very strict master—Gerhard returned to the inn. As he sat awaiting dinner, a paper several days old in his hand, the flower-girl, accompanied by five or six smaller girls, asked to be allowed to speak to him. They must have concluded that in this case singing was more profitable than selling flowers, so Gerhard had the pleasure, while eating his dinner, of listening to a chorus of thin girlish voices, singing a number of songs in anything but an artistic manner. After he was happily rid of them, he betook himself to the enjoyment of a well-earned siesta, and thought over the result of his investigation He realized that he must accept the incontrovertible fact that the charge of his critic was not unjust, that further investigation could lead to no other conclusion, that there was nothing left for him but to leave the valley. Yet he could not bring himself to do that at once, so that afternoon he

took the landlord's cart and set out to visit a much praised point of view, where there was to be a shooting match.

The poetic mood which had held him the previous night, and whose influence he had still felt during the morning, became entirely dissipated. The region through which he drove was far inferior in natural beauty to the Pocherthal, the road was dusty, the point of view proved to be merely a modern structure, crowning an eminence, which was reached only by the most arduous exertion, and the view, moreover, lay indistinct in the glaring sunshine. The shooting match did not interest him. The contestants were from a neighboring town; the women were dressed with little regard to taste, and the men greatly reminded him of the members of the musical society of the evening before. With indifference he left the discordant music, tents and puppet-shows, climbed into his cart and joyfully greeted the road leading through the scenes of his morning walk. Soon he left the cart, and wandered on foot through the forest, glad to be alone once more, he sought out his own way, as was his custom, with only an occasional glance, into the valley that he might not lose the general direction. Dreamily, he had observed, without special attention, something appear and disappear beyond the gray moss-covered trunk of a fallen hemlock. Drawing near, he saw that it was an old woman who seemed to have been gathering herbs in a basket. He was about to pass on, when it occurred to him that he was there for the purpose of informing himself in regard to the people, and that thus far he had interviewed only the younger people while of course the older ones should know more about such matters than they. So he courteously returned the old woman's greeting and asked, by way of introduction, why she had hidden from him.

"I thought that you were the doctor, sir," replied she, with a crafty smile.

"Well suppose I had been the doctor?"

Then followed a garrulous explanation, from which Gerhard gleaned that the old woman was an herb-doctor well-known throughout the whole region by the healing propen-

sities of her cordials, salves, and other medicaments prepared from various herbs that she was highly esteemed by all except the doctor of the next village, upon whose false charges she had been twice punished by the law. "And when he can no longer help his patients they come to me." she continued with grim satisfaction. Suddenly she interrupted herself, stepped aside, and, shading her eyes with her hand, gazed intently down the forest path. Smiling, Gerhard asked if she still feared the doctor's approach.

"O, no" she answered, "I expect somebody else, who, I am certain, will pass here. Indeed, there he is! I beg you to go, or at least not allow yourself to be seen. There he comes!"

"Who comes, and why should he not see me?" asked Gerhard, shaking his head, but at the same time reluctantly stepping behind a tree as the stranger approached with rapid strides. It was the same young man whom he had seen come out of the church with the pastor that morning, but who now walked toward the old woman with head so erect and such a happy smile on his face that one might suppose him to be greeting his beloved.

"Have you—have you got one?" he inquired, eagerly, with out-stretched hands.

"Not to-day, Herr Baron," she answered, "but I surely will have one next Sunday."

"Next Sunday!" the young man repeated in a tone of deepest melancholy, "Next Sunday! That is so long to wait."

"But in the meantime I have something else for you," said the woman, soothingly, as she took out a bunch of forget me-nots which Gerhard had noticed lying in her basket.

The young man seized them eagerly, and pressed them to his heart with childish rapture. Laying a gold piece in the old woman's still extended hand, with a friendly nod he started off in an opposite direction.

Gerhard emerged from his retreat. "Who was that?" he asked.

The old woman sadly shook her head as she looked after the retreating figure. "An herb-doctor cannot help him

even though she has healed many a one," she said, laying finger significantly upon her forehead. "Every Sunday morning I used to bring here to him a letter from his sweetheart; now, when she can no more write letters, he still thinks I have them, but I bring him, instead, a bunch of flowers. I think, sir, it is no sin; he believes the flowers are from her, and it satisfies him and makes him happy. It is only a few weeks since he returned from an asylum where they had hoped to cure him. He had been there but a short time when they wrote to his father that he is incurable, that he would injure neither himself nor others, and that it would be best to allow him his freedom. So he is again at his father's castle, free to roam alone through the forest. Sometimes he does not go home, but spends the night in a little old hunting-lodge."

"And there he plays the wood-horn?" interrupted Gerhard.

"Have you heard him, too?" she asked. "The poor young man! And he plays so beautifully! He can still do that, even though he is not quite right in his head; indeed, he plays more beautifully than ever. Yesterday evening he must have thought Marie would again meet him in the wood, for he had seen their usual signal, a light in her window; therefore he played his most beautiful tune."

"Marie was the daughter of the school-master, was she not?" ashed Gerhard. "What caused her death?"

The old woman shivered as if she were cold. "They found her in the little lake in the wood," she answered. "It was a winter morning, the water was freezing cold, and her lovely golden hair was full of long icicles. Before that time the Herr Baron was quite well, although somewhat quiet and reserved. He always stood in awe of his father, and for that reason did not tell him of his love for Marie and his hope of marrying her. The old baron found it out accidentally, but did not betray his knowledge. He treated the young man kindly, sent him on a journey, and then laid the matter before the school-master, whom he well knew how to overawe. The father intercepted Marie's letters, and persuaded her to betroth herself to the fat baker, who had long

wooed her. She did not refuse, but postponed the wedding, thinking that her lover would certainly return. She waited in vain, and on the night before her wedding day, drowned herself. Soon after this the young baron returned from his journey and became what he now is. They say that he was not quite right before, and that this would have come, even if he had married Marie, but I do not believe it. How cheerful he always was, and how kind to me when I used to bring him her letters; how cleverly he arranged to keep their meeting a secret. The people about here still believe that the Sennefelder huntsman, who, in the olden time of ghosts and spirits, practiced his wicked arts in this forest, is still in existence; that when he plays on his horn he lures people to some place of danger where they may lose their lives. The baron thought the sound of his horn would keep the people indoors and thus prevent the discovery of their secret. Of course, at that time he did not play a tune, as last night, but blew three deep, single notes that were truly awful in their ears.

"Do you know the tune he played last night?"

"I don't know; I did not notice what it was, but it was very sweet."

Gerhard thanked the old woman, then strolled on through the woods and back through the village to the inn.

"Poor, distressed soul," he mused, "that you should find passing comfort in my music. Perhaps it was your favorite song and it now recalls the blissful past." He looked in the direction of the lodge, and although all was silent, he seemed in spirit to hear the softly solemn echoes of the wood-horn. He was sorry they had taken his luggage to the inn, where room had been prepared for him. He would fain gaze once more from the window out into the lovely woodland valley; once more feel the emotion of the past night. Then he smiled at his own fancy, for he knew he would not dare to light the candle which would be again wrongly interpreted by the lonely watcher. He smiled again, but with a touch of bitterness, as he realized that his pleasure in the thought of his melody comforting one sad heart, came to him on the same day as the dread certainty

that by it he had deceived others.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Two days had the hostess of the Pocherthal cared for her guest, two days which had served to rob him of the last rays of hope remaining to him in his most sanguine moments, two days which had convinced him that he had really woven a well-known folk song into his opera. Even though one young fellow, lately discharged from military service, had sung both melody and words as they were found in the opera, yet his investigations proved it to be a genuine folk song. Whenever he became quite certain of this, he forced himself to regard the matter as quite settled. He had taken careful notes, and sometimes when he compared them, it seemed as if he were dealing with a purely impersonal matter, as if his interest was that of a mere historian. Then again, when he had forced himself into this composure, he would startle with the thought that this song was his own creation, that it was a part of his best work, and that his right to it had been questioned.

Soon after Gerhard's arrival in the Pocherthal, letters from distant friends had been forwarded him, stating that in the provincial towns where the writers lived, it was a much discussed question, and few doubted but that he had embodied a familiar folk-song in his opera. That it was not such a crime—others had done it before him. Would it not be better, they suggested, to acknowledge it openly, or, if he had proof to the contrary, submit it at once.

Gerhard had no such proof to present. He wrote to his friends, as he had already written to Erwin, that he had certainly found the melody in the form of a folk-song; but it could not be a genuine old folk-song, native to the Pocherthal, for it was known only by the young people. He informed them of his intention of proceeding at once to the Wetter See, among the higher mountains, to see if it might there be found among that musical people, and that as soon as he made these further investigations, he would apprise them of the result.

After making this calm determination known to his

friends, Gerhard at once prepared for his journey. The good natured landlady, who had taken a motherly interest in him, arranged a little surprise for him on the day of his departure. She had collected a number of children, who, after Gerhard was seated in the coach, surrounded it and sang once more the song "B'huett Gott." As he listened there came over his sensitive artistic spirit a feeling like that which a fond father feels when he looks upon a beautiful, gifted, yet wayward child. "How it wins all hearts; how it charms!" he murmured to himself with sad pleasure. "One cannot but forgive it for wandering in strange, unbidden paths."

After a journey of many hours through regions magnificently beautiful, yet possessed of a certain inhospitable character not found in the Pocherthal, through districts whose inhabitants had learned to regard the natural beauty of their surroundings only as a means for making money, and the time of the advent of pleasure seekers peculiarly their own, Gerhard stood again in the little inn on the Wetter See, in the same room he had occupied three years before, and looked out upon the lake, shut in by steep mountains, which mirror-like, deep and clear, rippled beneath his window. Close behind the soft green meadows which clothed the lower heights in the foreground, rose the gigantic mountain peaks just as he had seen them three years before, when he had so often from this same balcony watched them flush with the crimson glory of evening, in that most beautiful time of his life. He again felt the chilling sadness that swept over him whenever the flush paled and gradually melted into cold, leaden gray, felt rather than thought, that such must be the end of happiness and love to many souls. So it had been with him.

Tightly closed were the blinds of the little house among the rustling pines where she had lived, the happy child with the fretful old aunt, and now they were far beyond the mountains whence no tidings came to him. He had tried to see them again at the capital, but for a time had been hindered by circumstances; when he at last found the house to which he had been directed, he was told that the old lady

and her niece had removed to a distant city, where, they could not tell.

How sadly altered was the pension on the lake. How comfortable it had been for him in the past with this congenial family. There were three brothers and three sisters who had divided the cares of the house. One, the eldest of the brothers, was the host; the second was the gardener; the third was a boatman, who, when the lake was quiet, took the guests sailing in his snug little boat. The sisters served the table, so no one was at the mercy of careless waiters. Now, of the six, only the host and the boatman were in their places. The quiet gardener, the evidences of whose skill surrounded the house and stretched far along the shore, and who knew so well how not to mar, but to further the plans of the great Gardener,—the quiet gardener had become a Capuchin friar. High upon a green mountain spur stood the lonely chapel where sin-laden pilgrims found rest for their weary souls. That the brother might not lack a woman's loving care, the oldest sister had followed him to his retreat. The second sister had married and gone to live in the lowland, while the third, the most beautiful of all, had died and lay buried under the flowers which her brother had planted. She had made many pilgrimages to holy shrines, where with prayers and offerings she had plead for her young life; but all in vain. Now, there were strange waiters in the house, and one of them stood at the window with Gerhard and told him about these changes.

"So no one plays and sings now?" he asked, recalling the sweet voice of the two older sisters and the gay ballads they sang. He thought sadly of the pale Marie, the youngest, who accompanied them upon the zither, her beautiful blue eyes fastened dreamily upon the distant mountains.

"I'll sing you a song if you wish," said the maid, "and I can play the zither, too."

Gerhard did not answer. He did not care for the strange girl's music. He longed for the old familiar faces,—but especially for one.

The maid misinterpreted his silence. Before he noticed what she was doing, she had placed her zither upon the por

celain stove and had begun to play.

"What shall I sing," she asked, "a new song or an old one?"

"It is all the same to me. Sing the prettiest one you know."

"O, I'll sing a pretty new one," said she, beginning at once.

But she was suddenly interrupted. The strange gentleman sprang from his chair and stood looking into her face in great excitement.

"From whom did you learn that song?" he asked.

The girl laughed. "Learn? I didn't learn it—everybody here knows it."

"But you said that it is new?"

"O, I didn't know it in the lowlands, where my home is—he's a strange gentleman"—the last to herself, as Gerhard seized his hat and rushed into the open air.

"Will you take me down the lake?" he asked the boy who came toward him as he approached the landing.

"Yes, sir; where do you wish to go?"

"O, anywhere. Along the shore. You need not hurry."

Slowly the boat drifted over the green-tinted waves. Gerhard began no conversation with the boatman; he asked no questions about folk songs, neither did he inquire if the boatman's sweetheart sang *B'huett Gott*. He knew without asking. He did not intend to make himself ridiculous here, as he had in the Pocherthal, by going from house to house, pencil and note-book in hand. He smiled to himself when he thought how carefully he had there noted every slight variation in word and melody. Now he could not understand why he did not at once leave the Wetter See, or rather, why he had ever come. His delicately organized nature could never linger in the broad field between the highest heights and the deepest depths. It seemed as if all the triumphs of these later days had never been; as if he were again the anxious, uncertain beginner of those early years; as if all his musical creations were soulless imitations. Everything went to prove that here he had found the song.

Here, where everyone sang, he had probably during his lonely walks, heard some shepherd boy sing it, had woven it into his dreams, and then given it to the world as his own. What could be clearer than that? Who knew but that the writer of that contemptuous criticism was right, that the source of his other melodies might still be found?"

He stopped the boat and walked slowly along the familiar shore, while the boatman rowed back to the landing. Soon he reached the grand old maple which still stood at the foot of the narrow path that led up the steep face of the mountain. Following this path, he clambered among boulders and rocky fragments until he stood panting at a point from which a more distinct path led, now up, now down, into a cool, shadowy forest of pines. Then climbing still higher among rocks and gnarled roots, he once more stood where he had rested on that last day. It was not raining now; not a cloud floated across the deep blue sky, against which jagged peaks of distant snow-clad mountains were clearly defined. How cold, proud and stately they looked, as shoulder to shoulder, framed in by dark pines, the two ice-gray horns loomed above the mighty ice fields glittering in the sun. To the right, a glistening cone, sharp as a needle's point, stood like a solitary sentinel; while majestically, like a conqueror wrapped in his silvery robes of state, rose in the background a colossal peak, flanked at the base by a fantastic confusion of bare brown rock. How magnificent the view had always seemed to him, from this point, how beautiful it still seemed—but lonely, so very lonely. Tired and sad, he threw himself upon the mossy turf, and gazing upward through the dark, low-hanging branches to the blue sky, he thought that he could never again wander alone through the mountains, never again visit the place where he had once been so happy. These thoughts lost themselves in a sad little wordless song. He closed his eyes and softly hummed the melody. Suddenly he sprang up and vigorously shook himself free from the musical impulse that might have brought him comfort.

"Miserable stuff! My thoughts are worthless," said he o himself; "if something good does come to me, some other

has expressed the same thought before me——" and he seized a dry twig and bored into an ant-hill near by: but when he saw the startled little creatures running about in confusion, he would fain have undone the mischief he had wrought.

"Poor little things, you can't find your way home again," he said, "but—I cannot find my home either——."

As he thought it over, he realized that it was probably home-sickness that ailed him. But why? For the capital where he would meet compassionate or mocking glances? Yet he had no other home, for father and mother had died long ago. No home? But had not his home always been with his grandmother in the village of Wiesenheim, the paradise of his childhood? Since his grandfather's death he had received no letter from his old home, for his grandmother disliked letter writing. He had learned, however, from others, that the old cooperage had been sold, and that she still lived alone in the old home. There was room for him there, and much love in the grandmother's heart for the only child of the daughter, dead in her youth. Did not Wiesenheim lie very near the road he would take to the capital? And had he not often accused himself of forgetting in the struggle of life, the old lady to whom he owed such a debt of gratitude? Many years had passed since he had last seen her. He was no longer a child, but at this moment he felt that the change was only outward, that at heart he was still a child—a child longing for home and grandmother because they had been too severe with him at school.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MUSIC AT THE FAIR.

If the plans of the music committee and the World's Fair Auxiliary are carried out with anything like the present prospect of completeness, the musical activities of the present exposition will far surpass those of any former international exposition. Mr. Thomas' idea is to develop the music of the fair according to two general principles:

1. To show America what the world has done in music.
2. To show the world what America has done in music.

Naturally there will be a vast amount of music which is purely incidental—for spectacle, and amusement. In all this there will be an occasional thread of something better than mere amusement, but entertainment will be the ruling motive. Under this head will be the bands, and the processions, the popular concerts of orchestral music and the like. But besides this there will be a great deal of the very highest and most finished performances of symphonies and other high-class music. These will be given partly under Mr. Thomas' direction, with the large Chicago orchestra, which will be able to use its regular repertory for the purpose; and partly by visiting orchestra, of which there will be several—such as the Boston orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Nikisch, the New York Philharmonic, under its own director, who will probably be Mr. Seidl. The writer is not aware of the further engagements in this line. Moreover, the Chicago orchestra will play many times under other directors. Several foreign composers will be here and will direct programs of their National music as well as selections from their own works. It is not known as yet how far this latter feature will be carried. But there is at this moment a probability that the delegation of eminent foreigners will be materially larger than has until lately been anticipated, through the co-operation of the foreign governments in the desire to have their progress properly represented in

all leading specialties. This is likely to take the form of government delegations of the most eminent scientists, artists, and thinkers, sent here at government expense, in order that each government may make a proud showing before the collected public of the New World. Incidentally it may be suggested, out of its due order, that this movement, if it materializes, will make a vast difference in the results of the musical congresses of the World's Fair Auxiliaries.

It is likely that the administration of this high class orchestral music will take the form of regular symphony concerts, on two afternoons of each week, or something of this sort. And there will be special occasions when the interest will reach a higher point through the presence of some foreign leader, composer, or the presence of a visiting orchestra, with performances by the home and visiting forces in immediate comparison.

In the line of song and choral music the plans are extremely far-reaching in their effects. And in this department it is likely that the Fair will prove a great force from which a vast future progress in this line will be derived. The choral director is a man of almost mystical belief in the educational and uplifting character of song. He sees in it a delight and an education as well as an inspiration for the singer, and a form of art calculated to bring together men of all grades of social prominence. In his eyes it has something the character of a religion, in which external distinctions of prosperity or the reverse disappear, and in which all hearts move together in universal brotherhood. In a song well sung, he finds a force calculated to awaken the soul and draw it into harmony with other souls, and in the higher forms of song he finds a message proportionately deeper and more significant, —educational and pervasive to a still greater degree. In his idea music stratifies along several different lines of cleavage. As for instance, that of technical difficulty of interpretation; and along the line of sentiment. Many simple songs of home, country, and love have in them messages of the very highest importance, though in point of technical execution they do not stand high upon the scale. Many other works, very difficult, may lack these more intimate messages to the

soul; or may yield them only in a performance in which singers are truly in the spirit of the message, and in whom the technical training has reached the highest possible point.

He proposes to utilize song in all these grades and degrees, and by the aid of it to awaken in every hearer a new love for this—the sweetest and most precious gift of human nature. Hence the choral music will take as wide a range as that of instruments, with the added element of importance that the performers will be drawn from all parts of the country, and being of the very people, the influence of this work will enter into the very heart of our American social life.

In every month of the fair there will be one week of great choral festivals, in which master works will be performed with all the perfection that thorough preparation, adequate assistance of orchestra and solo, can give them. For example, in the month of May the choral forces will consist of members of leading singing societies in the east, and a month later the choral forces will be drawn from the western circuit. The works which will be given at these two festivals will include the following :

Handel's "Jubilate," selections from "Israel in Egypt," and "Judas Maccabæus;" the first Part of "St. Paul," part of Berlioz's "Requiem Mass," Bach's "A Stronghold Sure," and selections from "Lohengrin."

The disposition of the July festival is in doubt, at the moment of writing, but it is hoped that it will be conducted under the auspices of the M. T. N. A., and be devoted to American works. This is Mr. Thomas' wish, and it would have been accomplished without difficulty had not the Cleveland meeting disarranged things by practically leaving the association powerless to take effective action before 1894.

All the performances of master works will be in abridged forms. The first problem here is not simply to give performances of great works, but to make the great works enjoyable to those who hear them. For this purpose, all the works have had the benefit of a managing editor, who has relentlessly pruned them to those parts of the solo and chorus which are truly expressive and interesting. I

exceptions are made to this rule, it will be in the case of the "Messiah" of Handel and the "Passion Music" of Bach. Both these works Mr. Thomas intends to have performed as perfectly as possible, in the hope of setting up a new standard of excellence in American interpretations of master works. The choral forces for these performances will be those of the Chicago Apollo club and the auxiliary festival chorus, which will then have been under Mr. Tomlins' training so long as to fall more easily into his ideas than new material from collected sources would be able to do.

Not the least important of the influences of these choral festivals will be those attending their preparation. Think how widely the range of local singing societies will be extended by the study of the cream of such works as Handel's "Israel in Egypt," "Judas Macabæus," Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and "St. Paul," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," Handel's "Jubilate" Bach's cantata "A Stronghold Sure" Becker's "Hallelujah Cantata," and other great works. And not only to study them, but later to co-operate in a grand performance where every condition will favor an imposing realization of the intentions of the composer. Certainly this must be an event in the choral history of the country.

But Mr. Tomlins' plans extend much further than this. He contemplates great popular festivals in which less advanced singers will be massed in great bodies of many thousands, for singing less difficult music, and giving it with the grand effect that belongs to mass and to concentrated enthusiasm. Performances of this kind, when properly brought into the plane of sentiment, rather than that of mere brute force, will be of prodigious interest, not alone to the unthinking public, who will then for the first time hear their familiar songs rendered with the fullness and spiritual impressiveness which brings tears to the eyes, but also to musicians as well, who are apt to undervalue the effect of the simpler music.

Upon this point Mr. Tomlins holds no uncertain opinions. As he began with the Apollo club by taking away from it all its difficult works, which it could only at best sing by note, and never with the spirit, and training it to sing sim-

ple music with such depth of expression that it came like a revelation to most who heard it, so he would do with the greater number of our vocal societies. And it is one of his hopes concerning the Columbian Exposition, that, among other benefits derived from it, will be that of a new appreciation of the beauty and universal attractiveness of simple music sung from the heart and with a proper vocal expression. This point, again, would involve a system of training rather different from any which at present prevails outside of one or two city clubs. But of this there will be opportunity to speak at another time. As examples of the range taken by these large and semi-popular musical gatherings, may be mentioned the Welsh Eisteddfod, which will probably bring here more than ten thousand singers; and the German male choruses, which will aggregate a great number of thousands.

Yet another project of Mr. Tomlins, which is in the way of being realized, is that of a ladies' chorus in the train of which several very important results would follow: The first of these would be the awakening of musical amateurs to the fact that there is a large literature of music by the very best composers for female chorus alone, or with organ, piano or orchestral accompaniment, which is now almost totally neglected. This is the more unfortunate because in many places the amateurs, who enjoy music best and lead in its cultivation, are women. Often, owing to the neglect of singing by the men, it is impossible to form balanced choruses of mixed voices; and when a chorus is formed it often happens that the singing is marred by the uncultivated tone-quality of the untaught male singers. When there is a competent director, this will soon be remedied, as it has been in the Apollo club. When the ladies were first admitted to the Apollo club the inferiority of their tone-quality to that of the trained male chorus was very noticeable, and it was only overcome after one or two years of work. But as a rule the opposite inequality prevails, the male singers being noticeably inferior.

Mr. Tomlins' pet idea in connection with this female chorus is by its means to illustrate the effects possible in the performance through massing a considerable number of

flexible, well-trained voices and the emotional, impressive psychological organizations which such voices usually represent. By the aid of this chorus, which will be formed from the states at large, (through the lady managers,) he intends to illustrate the power there is in many familiar songs, no less than the high-class beauties of more difficult music for female voices, already mentioned. The members of this chorus being already of some social and local importance, would become a valuable missionary body at home after the fair, always desiring to realize over again the effects and pleasures of the female music at the fair. The later results in this direction might be extremely far-reaching.

The small halls for chamber music will be amply used. In them an enormous variety of performances will be given, under many different auspices,—such as state, lady managers, visiting organizations, and the musical directors of the fair. Not alone the best standard chamber music, and the newest from all the world, but a variety of song recitals of every class are likely to be given, and piano recitals by the myriad.

As an illustration of the wealth likely to be provided in the line of recitals, the organ may be taken as an example. We have in Chicago, as everybody knows, one of the most eminent virtuosi at present living in the world—Mr. Clarence Eddy. There will be two organs of considerable size, and one very large one—the latter erected by Farrand and Votey, the new proprietors of the Roosevelt inventions and the originators of quite a number of important ones of their own. The appointment of this instrument will be given in full, later.

Up to the present time Mr. Eddy has arranged with about thirty organists, of whom ten or fifteen are perhaps the most eminent foreign organists now living, to give recitals at different times during the fair. Among the names on this list, who have already accepted the invitation are Mr. Alexander Guilmant, of Paris, Signor Capocci, organist at St. John the Lateran, in Rome, and Mr. W. T. Best, the great English organist, from St. George's hall, Liverpool

Among the American organists who will be heard are Mr. S. P. Warren, organist of Grace church, New York,

Mr. S. B. Whitney, and Mr. George Whiting, of Boston.

Even more noticeable than the personnel of the players will be the range and quality of the programmes. There will be very much pleasing organ music, and some of the players, as is well known, incline towards the popular side of their art, but there will also be some splendid programmes of historical value, in which the entire course of development in this line will be illustrated.

And, speaking of the state auspices, it is not unlikely that the music in and about the state head-quarters will amount to a very important factor in the total record of the fair. In some of the states the ladies are planning to illustrate, on one or two days of the week, not alone the wealth of the state in individual performers, but also the music which has been produced in the state, some of the best of which is being collected with care. There has been talk, for example, in the ladies' committee of New York, of bringing Mr. Walter Damrosch and an orchestra here for the entire fair, to play in the state building. In the woman's building, also, there will probably be very many concerts in which woman's work will be illustrated in every department of music.

In short, the Exposition will be a sort of Cosmos in music no less than in other departments, and its educational value to those who take the time to follow up the different suggestions will be very great; and its suggestive value to those who merely note it in passing, as one of the features of the endless many, will also be very great.

In the World's Fair Auxiliary yet other aspects of music will come to the front. This department, which has for its motto "Things, not men," aims at presenting a complete summary of existing knowledge in every department, and intelligent (or more properly, expert) forecasts in every direction, of the ground still remaining to conquer. The various congresses, which are intended to be international in character, will be held in the new art building, on the Lake Front, and will extend through the whole of the six months of the Fair. Several congresses will be held every week, and the total number of provinces represented will aggre-

gate about one hundred and fifty. I believe that the honor of having first suggested international congresses for music, at this time, properly belongs to Dr. Ziegfeld, who took the matter up at the meeting of the Music Teachers' National Association, at Detroit, in 1890, and had a committe appointed, with himself at the head, to carry it out. Unfortunately the association rather exceeded its powers, and later there were personal questions brought up, the result of which was an incompatibility between Dr. Ziegfeld and Messrs. Thomas and Tomlins, which prevented his having further connection with the music of the fair, upon its official side.

When the Auxiliary came to be organized, the present music committee was appointed, and although the plans have been rather slow in maturing there is reason to hope that in the end Music will have a series of congresses in which leaders will discuss the more important feature of the art and its present condition and needs. The greater importance attaches to the congresses, not from their likelihood of being of immediate practical use to musicians, but from the intention of printing the proceeding of all the congresses, in a great series of memorial volumes. These when once made permanent will form a record of great historical value later. And for this reason it is very important that music be properly represented in it. But it is not intended to confine the congresses to large and general discussions. There will be many smaller meetings of advanced specialists, who will read papers and hold discussions along the most advanced lines of their specialities.

Meanwhile the international features appeared for some time impossible of realization. This arose in part from the fact that the leaders, or conductors, and artists from abroad, whose presence the music bureau of the fair proper desired upon practical grounds, were not the leaders in musical thought, whose presence would be most advantageous to the congresses. And for a time there appeared to be no way out of this difficulty. But recently there is a possibility (perhaps a probability) that the foreign governments will take the matter into their own hands and send here representatives of the very best of their specialists in every department, in order to show the world

practically their wealth in men of thought and origininality. Should this be done, it would result in our having here a body of the world's greatest thinkers, in music no less than in all the other branches.

One of the most important good results of the congresses of the Auxiliary, if they should get carried out upon the scale of importance here outlined, would be that of greatly augmenting the estimation in which music is held as an art by our literary classes. The United States in this respect is behind all the rest of the world. Our clerical and learned men are Philistine to a degree in respect to music. Not alone are they totally ignorant of it, in the sense of knowing a Beethoven symphony from Berlioz's "Ride to Hell" or Bach's "Christmas Pastoral," but they have not even the intellectual perception of music as one of the richest provinces of literature, and of tone-poetry as a form of art intimately representing the soul at its best. This arises from our one-sided development. Practically, music was confined to a few leading cities until very recently. Then our philosophy has even until now been almost stationary excepting in one direction—namely, that of theology. All our serious thinkers have been first and foremost churchmen, with a bias and a pre-occupation standing between them and what they would perhaps call "mere culture" as such. The German philosophers, on the contrary, independent of theological trammels, have recognized music along with every department of soul-activity, and have attempted to explain it and include it in their categories. While they have not been altogether successful in this, they have at least created a general sentiment of respect and reverence for the art among all cultivated people.

The Auxiliary, by the eminence of the men it will bring together, and by the solidity of the discussions (it is hoped) will do something towards correcting this defect in our existing standards of culture. More will follow when some great university (like the new Chicago University) shall proceed to inaugurate a chair or department of Music, devoted to original research, and not merely to teaching the rudiments of music as an art or technic. This great advance

is bound to come very soon, and by its aid music will be able to make a still better showing than now, when the next great international exposition shall be held in America.

Up to this point we have dealt with the official music of the Fair, only. But there will be much music outside the fair, and some of it will be important—though it is not possible as yet to ascertain exactly the lines which will be followed by it. Dr. Ziegfeld now represents a corporation called "The International Music Temple," which intends giving concerts of every conceivable kind, by the best attainable foreign and native talent. The plans of this corporation will be laid before the readers of MUSIC as soon as they are ready for publication. While these performances do not form any part of the official music of the fair, they nevertheless appeal to the public, and are not to be overlooked in estimating the effect likely to be produced by music during the six months. Another project, under the direction of Mr. Steele Mackaye, has a sort of theatre outside the grounds, and among its attractions Seidl's New York orchestra for the whole of the duration of the fair. These are suggestions of what may take place entirely over and above that which will be included in the official plans of the fair.

But without going furthur into this branch of the subject, enough has been said to indicate the wide range which music is likely to take, and the manifold relations in which it will be presented. The result cannot but be helpful to the progress of the art in this country at large. And in order that it may be more so it is desirable that every musician and every thoughtful reader who has ideals which he would like to see realized, should write them to some one of the gentlemen officially concerned with the administration of the department, in the fair proper, or in the Auxiliary.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

THE MODERN ORCHESTRA AND ITS MISSION.

SECOND PAPER.

Before proceeding, let it again be noted that this brief treatise of modern instrumentation is essentially a practical one, and necessarily sketchy. You will not be told the compass of the flute nor what trills are difficult on the clarinet; —such details belong in the province of the many excellent and exhaustive text-books on this elaborate subject. But with regard to the practical handling of that wonderful means of musical expression, the modern orchestra, you may pick up some hints that will be of service, and in this hope these articles are offered to the public.

We can look at the orchestra from several different points of view; primarily as a large body of different instruments artistically combined with one another; then, again, as three distinct groups of instruments—wood, brass, (with a secondary group of percussion instruments), and strings; and lastly as a collection of solo instruments, each one of which may be used *obligato* and accompanied by the remainder *ripieno*.

Of these three methods of handling the orchestra, the first is naturally the earliest from a historical point of view, for, as was pointed out in the preceding paper, the early orchestral instrumental combinations played nearly always *en masse*. Gradually, as the especial and more striking characteristics of the various instruments became noted by the composers, the use of certain instruments in a solo capacity was introduced little by little, while the method of contrasted groups is probably the most recent of these three systems. For the past century, however, (and with this period we have chiefly to do in these papers), it is in the artistic and judicious combination of all these three methods that the greatest skill in instrumentation has been shown,

and the best results attained, and, therefore, the same view will be taken for our own immediate purpose.

In the construction of a score, the instruments are arranged in their respective groups, and within the limits of each group the highest instruments above those of lower register exactly in the order of their various ranges.

The arrangement of these groups in the "score" (German, *partitur;* French, *partition;* Italian, *partita;*) is as follows: At the top the wood, below them the brass with the percussion, below these latter the harp, which belongs to no group, and below it the voices in the customary order, (soprano, alto, tenor and bass) and at the bottom the strings. Until the last decade it has been customary to insert all vocal parts, whether solo or chorus, in the middle of the string group between the violas and the violoncellos, and many composers still continue to write in this manner, but the modern method is infinitely better as in it the "group arrangement" is undisturbed and unbroken throughout. Any other method of writing a score is undesirable, and the system here indicated has become practically universal in all countries.

In some older scores the violins and violas are found at the very top of the page, separated from the 'cellos and basses by the whole orchestra, a method which is undeniably disadvantageous. In various Haydn and Mozart symphonies (old editions) we find, for some occult reason, the top of the page assigned to the drums! The modern method has been selected and has become universal because it possesses in the highest possible degree, the elements of order, symmetry, simplicity, clearness and practicality, and to this end we have the testimony of all great conductors and the example of all great living composers.

Before proceeding to a more detailed description of the score, it is necessary to say a few words about this word itself, which is more often misused and misapplied than almost any other musical term or definition. Properly speaking, the score is the complete music, arranged as above stated, of any given work. The orchestration, the solo vocal parts and the chorus, if there be any, are all included, and unless the

work is thus absolutely complete, then the document is not a "score." Any other use of the word is misleading and incorrect.

To say "orchestral score" is unnecessary and tautological. However, the use of the terms "piano score" and "vocal score" has now become so universal in the English language among people who either know no better or who are needlessly careless, that most musicians are forced into the usage of the absurd term "orchestra score" to avoid being misunderstood, although they are aware that in so doing they are talking just about as sensibly as if they spoke of the "rainy rain" or the "noisy noise." The proper term for any simplified arrangement made from the score is piano transcription (with or without text,) or violin transcription accompanied by the piano, or organ transcription, and so on *ad infinitum* as the case may be.

Unless some such exact method of definition be adopted the public at large is most likely to be misled into believing that the various piano transcriptions for two and four hands with which they are familiar are the actual compositions, while as a matter of fact with a few notable exceptions these are the workmanship, or, perhaps, more exactly defined—the handicraft—of musical hacks who are in the employ of the publishers. While it is an undeniable fact that composers should make, or at least superintend, the making of the transcriptions of their works, they seldom do so. Thus misunderstandings are likely to occur which are often amusing.

Professor von Riehl, the great Munich authority on the history of music, once asked of a fair scholar in the course of an oral examination at the Royal School of Music in that city, "for what" Beethoven's Ninth symphony was composed, being desirous of finding out whether or not she had forgotten the fact that, although nominally a symphony, it closed with a choral number. After prolonged and blushing hesitation the unconscious victim replied:—"For four hands on the piano," and sat down in desperate and ruddy humiliation when she heard the jeering laughter of her colleagues. Poor girl, she was really not so much to blame; she had probably played it through once or twice with some fellow student, but had never heard it

There is in this country a great deal of laxity in the use of nearly all musical terms and definitions, which is deeply to be deplored, and it is eminently the duty of at least every professional musician to acquire an absolute precision of definitive language whenever speaking of his art.

* * *

It must be understood that in all references to the orchestra, unless otherwise defined, the complete modern symphony and operatic orchestra is intended. The comic opera orchestra and the dance music orchestra, like the military band, are instrumental combinatians designed to meet particular exigencies and secure specific ends.

The modern symphony orchestra consists of the following instruments:

3 Flutes. (One being interchangeable with a piccolo when needed.)

2 Oboes; (hautboys.)

1 English horn; (the alto oboe.)

2 Clarinets; (in three keys, A, B flat and C—the last least used.)

1 Bass clarinet; (in two keys, A and B flat.)

3 Bassoons; (one being interchangeable with a contra-bassoon).

This is the wood group of twelve players on eight different instruments:

* * *

4 French horns; (in various keys, that in F being most used.)

3 Ventil trumpets; (in various keys, usually in C and E flat.)

3 Slide trombones; (two tenor trombones and one bass.)

1 Bass tuba.

This is the brass group of eleven players on four different instruments. (For the production of especial effects, Wagner has added to this group in parts of the "Nibelungen Ring," four tenor tubas, which properly belong to the miliary band, and the bass trumpet which is a very beautiful

instrument and might well be oftener used. Several French composers have added another fine military band instrument to this group in the shape of an alto saxophone.)

* * *

1 pair kettle drums; (sometimes three are used.)
1 small military drum;(commonly called the snare drum.)
1 bass drum.
1 triangle.
1 pair cymbals.

This is the secondary group of percussion instruments—five instruments and an equal number of players. Tambourines, castagnets, etc., etc., are occasionallyintroduced to give local color:

* * *

2 harps, (which belong to no especial group), and a large body of string instruments divided into first and second violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses.

For an absolutely complete modern orchestra, perfectly balanced, the following would be a fair estimate:

Wood	12	First violins	20
Brass	11	Second violins	18
Percussion	5	Violas	14
Harps	2	Violencellos	12
	30	Double basses	10
			74

Misc.	30
Strings	74
Total	104

Such an orchestra, consisting of carefully selected players, would offer the perfection of instrumental effect. When a reduction of these numbers is undertaken, as it nearly always must be, for the expense of such an orchestra, especially in this country, would be something enormous, it must be born in mind that as the number of the wood, brass and percussion instruments is a fixed quantity, the cutting must be made in the strings, and, occasionally by doubling

up in the percussion, while as a rule only one harp is used. The cutting of the strings must be very carefully done, however, that the proper balance may not be disturbed. The regular playing strength of the Boston Symphony orchestra, when at home, is eighty-five men, there being about sixty strings, and the admirable results attained by this splendid organization justify its method being taken as a criterion.

* * *

THE STRINGS.

Taken from any point of view, either as a group, as individual solo instruments or as a basis for the whole, the strings constitute the most important part of the orchestra. This wonderful body of instruments is divided into five parts, first and second violins (there being, of course, no difference in the instruments) violas, violoncellos and double basses.

Who will deny the first place in the list of all orchestral instruments to the violin, the veritable king of them all? Its remarkable compass, its extraordinary technical possibilities, its kaleidoscopic variety of tone and wonderful variety of color (*col arco*, *col legno*, *con sordini*, *tremolo*, *pizzicato*, *etc.*,) all combine in making this the leader of all instruments considered in its capacity for solo work, while *en masse*, as in the orchestra, all these conditions exist in an even more marked degree. Let us in passing quote the greatest of all great authorities on the art of instrumentation. Let us cite Hector Berlioz's enthusiastic eulogy of this instrument:

"The violin's especially are capable of lending themselves to a quantity of *nuances* which are apparently irreconcileable. They possess *en masse*—power, lightness, grace, both sombre and joyful accents, dreaminess and passion. The violins—faithful, intelligent, active and indefatigable servants. This is the veritable feminine voice of the orchestra; a voice at the same time passionate and chaste, heart-breaking and tender, a voice which weeps, cries and laments or sings, prays and dreams, or breaks out with joyfulness, as no other possibly can."

Despite this glowing language there is no exaggeration here. Had the violin no other claim to consideration than

its amazingly varied and multitudinous powers of expression who would deny it the palm of orchestral excellence?

It is an instrument of great antiquity, not in its present form to be sure, but the course of evolution which extends from the lyre, which the Greeks borrowed from Egypt (and, like the alphabet, through Phœnicia) through a variety of forms to the present violin, covers a period of nearer three than two thousand years.

The lyre and all the kindred instruments which immediately succeeded it were picked with the fingers (sometimes holding a quill as is still the case with mandolins and zithers); who applied the bow, and the date of this innovation is unknown. During the first twelve centuries we find the bow instruments called in different parts of Europe, fiddle, crowd, rotte, geige, rebec, etc. In the thirteenth century when the troubadours were exercising such an extraordinary musical and literary influence over all Europe, they used a peculiar instrument which we call in English the guitar-fiddle, which was, as it were, a rude combination of the guitar (lyre), the hurdy-gurdy and the(vielle) viol, for it was sometimes picked or plucked with the fingers or a quill (guitar) sometimes played with the wheel (hurdy-gurdy) and sometimes with the bow (viol).

From this instrument the various forms of the viol were developed, and as the earliest usage of this instrument was the accompaniment of the voice, generally in unison, for this purpose they were made of various sizes and in various pitches, and these instruments, as they exist to-day, are the different sized violins, violas, violoncellos and double basses which go to make up our string orchestra.

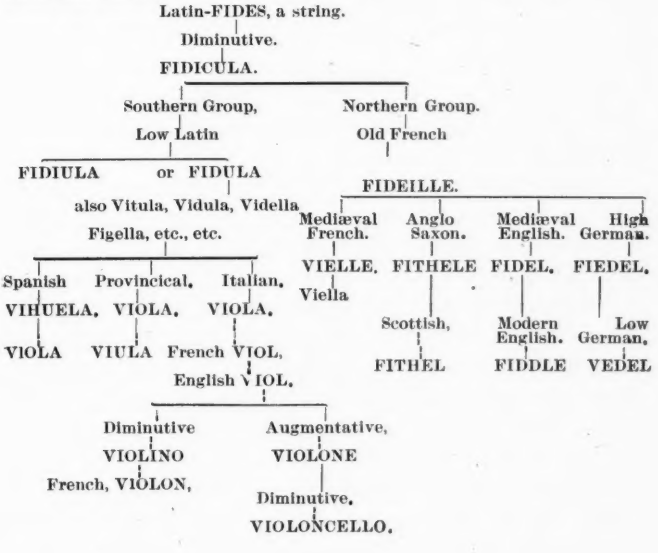
The manufacture of the violin reached its highest point of perfection in Cremona some 120 years ago, but it is pure fallacy to imagine, as do many enthusiastic but meagerly instructed amateurs (alleged connoisseurs), that since that time no good fiddles have ever been made, and that the secret of violin making is among the lost arts. It is a fact that age and constant usage add greatly to the beauty of its tone, with regard to the other idea, some of the finest violins ever made have come from the shops of Gand and Bernadel in Paris

during the last ten years, while Villaume, the great French imitator of Stradivarius, who has only been dead some twenty years, personally sold his instruments for $70.00, although they are now quoted at fancy prices ranging from $150.00 to $1,000.00.*

The second violin is identical with the first as an instrument, although it occupies a subordinate place in the orchestra and is generally played by musicians who are somewhat inferior to the first violinists, hence the familiar slighting and contemptuous expression "to play second fiddle." But it must be agreed that many conductors are far too easily satisfied with the technical ability (or lack of it) of their second violinists. While it is true that in ninety-nine out of every hundred orchestral compositions less demand is made upon the second violins than upon the first, conductors should not abuse this fact and put men at the second desks who by their incapacity must necessarily lower the standard of virtuosity of the whole orchestra.

The viola is a larger instrument of the violin family and

* N. B. This admirable table is taken from Grove's valuable Dictionary of Music and Musicians.



its compass extends a fifth lower than that of the violin with a proportionate curtailment at the upper limit of its register. It has a fuller and richer tone-color than that of the violin, and a general character of melancholy prevades its music. For a short time the tone of this instrument is very pleasing but one tires of it. Mehul, finding that a peculiar sympathy existed between this characteristic sound of the violas and the dreamy nature of Ossian's poetry, used them to the exclusion of the violins in his opera, "Uthal." According to the contemporary critics, the result was a terrible monotony of tone color, and it is related of Gretry, who was present, that at the end of the first act he said: "I would give a louis-d'or to hear an E string!"

In some orchestras where there is a scarcity of viola, it is replaced by violins strung with viola strings. This custom is wholly to be repudiated. While it is true that the bastard instrument thus obtained possesses the compass of the violas it has none of its characteristics, and its existence in an orchestra which strives to perform classical music is an impertinence. The violoncellos stand an octave lower than the viola. The beautiful singing quality of the two upper strings of this instrument is its most marked characteristic, it posseses remarkable agility for so large an instrument, and its lower strings furnish an admirable bass for soft passage which would be two heavily weighted by the double basses with their ponderous tone.

The double bass has three, four, or five, strings as the case may be (in this century generally five) and stands an octave below the violoncello; altogether it is written identically the same as the latter. Its massive, noble tone provides a solid foundation for the whole orchestra which no other instrument even distantly approximates, and it also possesses more agility than any of the bass wind instruments.

As we have already stated, the strings are the body and the back bone of the whole orchestra. Every attentive and observant concert-goer must have noticed the peculiar sonority and fullness of tone attained in the Haydn and Mozart symphonies, despite the fact that the orchestra at the disposal of these great composers was but a small affair com-

pared with the instrumental forces of the present time. But it is equally true that by observing consistently the methods by which they attained this very richness of tone, the modern composer with his control over much more complete and varied forces can obtain much more remarkable effects.

Firstly then, these composers always wrote the first violin *high*, as a rule in its upper register using the E string only, but practically never descending below the compass of the A string. Secondly they wrote the strings in four parts, not five, as the basses and cellos are always either in unison or in the octave. Thus they gained great solidity of the bass and great brilliancy of the melody and both the outer parts being thus accentuated in their respective positions it only remained to write the inner parts—second violin and viola—in such a manner as to best fill out the intervening intervals of the various chords.

These rules are as good to-day as they were a century ago. Nothing can replace the upper notes of the violins in adding brilliancy to the general tone of the orchestra, and the necessity of a massive and solid bass is easy to understand. With regard to the doubling of the double basses by the cellos, while it is not absolutely necessary that this office should always be fulfilled by the cellos, which are so invaluable in other ways, it is neccssary that the basses should never be written alone or as the term is "exposed." The tone of the basses, despite its general nobility of character, is rather rough and somewhat uncouth, these qualities being disagreeably noticeable unless some other instrument accompanies them either in unison or the octave. For this purpose the bassoons and the trombones are available when the cellos are otherwise engaged. It is astonishing how easily this disagreeable quality of tone is eliminated for even the second bassoon alone accompanying the basses is quite sufficient to attain the desired end.

Having now this large body of strings at our disposal we can of course use them in a great variety of ways. We will first divide the possibilities of this group of instruments into three general classes. *The Cantabile*, detached

notes and chords, and the *pizzicato*. The first of these is perhaps the especial province of string instuments, although these wonderful servants of the composer fulfill all their duties so well that it is hard to discriminate. Yet the wonderfully beautiful effect of a large body of strings playing a rich, singing melody, is indescribably lovely. The second sub-division, that of detached notes and chords, is easily understood and exists in so many variations that it is impossible to describe its various forms without far exceeding our limits of space. The third class, *pizzicato*, is obtained by picking or plucking the strings instead of using the bow resulting in a guitar-like effect which is very telling in many ways. As an example of the first, or *cantabile* use of the strings, we will select from the immense amount of available illustrations, one which is now very well-known and particularly apt, as all the strings excepting the basses are playing the same melody in three octaves—the now celebrated Intermezzo from Mascagni's masterpice, that veritabable stroke of genius, the "Cavalleria Rusticana." It is unnecessary to give an example of the second and the third or *pizzicato* is best illustrated by the charming and graeeful little movement which bears this name, from Delibes delightful ballet, "Sylvia." Furthermore the most telling effects may be produced by a combination of all three. For example, let us imagine a passage where the first violins are playing a broad cantabile melody, accompanied by detached chords in the second violins and violas, while the cellos play a flowing arpeggios in triolets pizzicato, and the beginning and end of each bar is slightly accentuated by a pizzicato note in the double basses. There is an almost endless possibility for such combinations, and he extraordinary variety of effects which can be produced from the strings alone is best studied by carefully examing the works of standard composers for string orchestra; especially useful for such study are the various suites by Edward Grieg. We will now proceed further to the various minor effects which can be produced upon the stringed instruments. For peculiarly ethereal and dreamy coloring we have at our service the flageolet tones and the use of the mutes. The best example

of the former, when introduced *en masse* in the orchestra is is the opening of the orchestral introduction to Wagner's "Lohengrin." No one, who has heard this exquisite composition can have failed to have been struck by the almost unearthly beauty of the opening chords. The angelic music seems far away; wafted upon distant clouds of heavenly sound and vibrating down the glow of an eternal sunset, in a burst of heavenly light. In using the flageolet tones, however, if these beautiful effects will be produced in the most telling way a great deal of care must be taken to write them in such a manner that they will not be too difficult to play. It will also be well to follow Wagner's example, and slightly support such passages by the upper tones of the flutes or other instruments of the wood family. The delicious, dreamy, far-away tone of the muted strings is well known to all who frequent the concert room. Some of the most exquisite passages of modern orchestral music have been attained by the clever use of this striking effect, which, however, must not be resorted to with great frequency, as this tone-color is somewhat cloying, like all things which are extremely sweet.

The tremolo is now to be considered as one of the most dramatic effects of which the strings are capable. It can be produced upon one or more strings at the same time, and it can be variously accented by the introduction of *sforzando* marks wherever the accent is desired. Here again the best results can be found in the various Wagner scores, where he has used this coloring in most effective ways, especially in the accompaniments of recitative. The young composer should be very careful, however, to avoid using this means as an "easy" way of filling up the inner parts. To do so is pure slovenliness and laziness, and the works of the great masters indicate that they never used the tremolo excepting when they desired the peculiar coloring which it produces, never as an unlaborious methods of completing the "filling" of an orchestral work. Such laziness as this always defeats its own ends, for the desired result is seldom attained, and the composition is easily characterized by a lack of finish which only too clearly indicates its origin.

Another pleasing effect may be obtained by striking the

strings with the wooden back of the bow instead of the horse-hair. This coloring (which is marked in the score "*col legno*") is heard at its best where local color is introduced, and one of the most effective example may be found in the "Toreadore et Andalouse" movement of the first part of Rubinstein's "Bal Costume," where the accompaniment to this Spanish sounding music is furnished by the strings *col legno*, castagnet, and tambourines. Wagner uses the *col legno* frequently to accent sharp, detached chords of the wood and brass and this device is peculiarly effective. One does not exactly "hear" the strings, but the whole chord is given a virility and brilliancy, which is exactly in keeping with such quick sharp, decisive chords, when they occur in dramatic passages.

With regard to further detail in the use of the string instruments, let it be remembered that the tone of the open strings is naturally clearer than when it is pressed with the finger, by a careful use of the open strings it is consequently evident that peculiarly brilliant effects may be obtained. Furthermore (and for this very reason in a measure) the strings always sound better and more brilliant in sharp keys than in the flat keys. It must also be noted that the tone of the lower strings, while not so smooth, is much richer than that of the upper register.

As this difference in character certainly does exist between the different strings, it is often desirable that a passage (especially if it be a medodious cantabile) shall be played exclusively on one string. This is particularly true of the G and D strings. But if this is desired, it must be specifically stated in the score, as otherwise the player will move from one string to another always seeking the easiest way to produce the required notes.

If the strings be touched with the bow close to the bridge —which is designated with the expression *sul ponticello* the tone is much rougher, more metallic and harsher than under the usual method. This device is often used in the tremolo in dramatic passages to produce an effect of this nature. On the contrary, if the bow is used over finger-board (sur la touche) the sound is indistinct and of a murmuring quality.

There is a great difference between the result produced by the up and down strokes of the bow. The former produces a sharper and more brilliant tone, somewhat colored with a metallic or "glassy" quality, while the latter is broader and smoother. If a passage is marked "martellato' (hammered) each note is played with a down stroke the full length of the bow, and with great force, producing a massive and virile effect. If the notes are played with the point of the bow (punto dell' arco) a light pearly staccato is the result, while the head of the bow produces precisely the opposite effect, the notes being harder and heavier.

Whichever method be desired for any given passage in an orchestral performance, it is most essential that all the players shall use the bow in precisely the same way, as any variance would destroy the quality of tone and deprive it of its necessary consistency. To attain this string parts are always very carefully marked, (this being one of the duties of the first violin—Concertmeister—of the orchestra,—and the conductor must insist in rehearsal upon the observance of these marks to obtain the desired similarity of bowing and consequently the requisite result in tone-coloring.

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(TO BE CONTNUED.)I

BROWNING'S PHILOSOPHY OF MUSIC.

Poets have raved over music from time immemorial and have gone into extravagance of praise, into which musicians themselves would never have dared enter. The wild hyperbole of Keats:

> "O, did he ever live, that lonely man,
> Who loved—and music slew not?"

Is no more fanatic than Shakespeare's always-quoted, beautiful libel on some of the most honorable men that ever lived:

> "The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treason, stratagem and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night:
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted."

But besides Milton, who was an organist and the son of a composer, and Thomas Moore, who composed and arranged some pretty tunes, hardly any of them knew the least thing about what music really is; and in all probability no one of them could have told the difference between a diminished seven and a plagal cadence. And, indeed, their rhapsodies on "the heavenly Art," are almost all of the same tone as on wine and the fine faces of women.

Robert Browning, however, was a trained musician versed in the theory and history of the art, a spirited composer, and an improvisator and performer of unusual moment. He takes up the subject with a serious, philosopher's attitude. He is rapt, but not drunk. He speaks as one having authority, and should be listened to with all attention and respect. Although references to music are numberless in his writings, it will be possible only to quote here such as may be used in constructing a philosophy out of his loose materials.

At the close of "The Ring and the Book, he says:

It is the glory and good of Art,
That Art remains the one way possible
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.
* * Art, wherein man nowise speaks to men,
Only to mankind—Art may tell a truth
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.
So may you * *
* * note by note, bring music from your mind,
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived."*

During his improvising, "Abt Vogler" feels that:

"Nature in turn conceived, obeying an impulse as I,
And the emulous heaven yearned down, made effort to reach the earth,
As the earth had done her best, in my passion, to scale the sky."

The "Wonderful Dead" come back, what never had been, was now; what was, as it shall be anon" and "what is" matched both, for the player was made perfect too. And this was

"All through my keys that gave their sounds to a wish of my soul,
All through my soul that praised as its wish flowed visibly forth.
"All through music and me."

It was all "triumphant art, but art in obedience to laws"

"Painter and poet are proud in the artist list enrolled:—
But here is the finger of God, a flash of the will that can."

The musician takes the tones of the scale everywhere existent, naught in themselves—loud or soft that is all; but out of three sounds he frames, "not a fourth sound, but a star." "And I know not if, save in this, such a gift be allowed to man."

So Music, as he said in "Pauline," is "an earnest of a heaven," for (again in Abt Vogler)

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and bard:
Enough that He heard it once: We shall hear it by-and-by."

* "Deeper even than the Andante dived," as Browning has it.

All earth's failures are a proof of heaven; the discord is proof of following concord, more prized for the discord.

> "Sorrow is hard to bear, and doubt is slow to clear,
> Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe;
> But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear,
> The rest may reason and welcome! 'tis we musicians know."

Mark that "know."

Likewise, in "Avison," he says, "There is no truer truth obtainable by man than comes of music:" and, also in "Fifine at the Fair," where the dead and gone musician instead of words, sought sounds, and saved forever, in the same, "Truth that escapes prose—nay put poetry to shame."

Such also is the conclusion in "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha." In this poem he tries to find a meaning in a fugue, that seemingly hollowest of musical forms. The spirit of the composer seems to say to the organist

> "Good, the mere notes!
> Still couldst thou take my intent,
> * * * *
> A master were lauded and sciolists shent."

Then follows the attempts of the organist to work out the meaning of the fugue. He finds it to be a rattling, hair-splitting, hot argument. But it is all like the gilt roof covered with spider-webs, the strengthening of these cob-webs of form is blotting out the gold of true music. Hugues may mean to typify by his fugue that life is a complex weaving, till Death end it all with a knife, and that man gets small sight of the far Heaven through his "comments and glozes" covering God's gold. This must be true. Hugues would not have written all this for nothing. Try the fugue again. Yet there is a misgiving all the while that he is paying too much attention to the hiding web of the fugue-forms. "So clear the arena!" "unstop the full-organ?" away with the different "subjects" of the hard fugue! and study the Truth, still golden, though refused, and the Nature that we have been stringing through cob-webs. But just as the organist gets the true idea of music his candle goes out and he must grope his way down the "rotten-planked, rat-riddled stair."

This, then, is Browning's very radical view; that music is able to express Truth. But what Truth? Certainly not a scientific truth. Music can not declare the Law of Equivalent Proportions, or the Rule of Three. Can it express a a historic truth? It manifestly cannot describe the development of the Roman Constitution or a like subject. But there is a distinction to be made between Fact and Truth. Music can, Browning claims, express Truth, nay, "Truth's very heart of truth." I am sad, I am angry, I am happy. Music can express these truths, and perfectly. In a way, it can convey the knowledge of facts. When Beethoven wrote this Largo, he was gloomy; when he was inspired to that Scherzo he was hilarious. But music cannot tell what suit he wore at the time, or where he wrote, or, with reference to the calendar, when. Nor would one have it do so. Each art confesses its inability to enter certain fields, where other arts flourish.

The Truth that music can express, according to Browning, is that, not of the mind, knowledge; but of the soul, feeling. In "The Parley with Charles Avison," he distinguishes soul from mind, and by a metaphor. Mind is a builder of a bridge—knowledge,—over a restless "unsounded sea"—soul—that froths feeling into restless activity. Mind gathers loose facts to build the bridge of knowledge; those facts are hard stones, clean cut, definite, and they can be traced clear back to their origin in the unquarried mountain. Mind's bridge may hide, but it cannot tame the soul-sea beneath. How different from the mind's is the soul's activity! It is not a firm bridge, but one shifting turbulence.

To perpetuate particular moments of the soul's seething is to petrify flakes of froth tost up "a spume sheet spread, whitening the wave;" "to run liquidity into a mould like lead"; to fix and keep "how we feel, hard and fast as what we know." Yet this is the endeavor of all arts.

Poetry and painting discern the seething, and lift proud prizes from the sea with their respective "word mesh" and "color and line throw." Furthermore, they can preserve these "passions caught in the midway swim of sea," for lo! across the long years, Homer's Helena still gazes from Troy's

walls for her dead brothers, and Angelo's Eve still trembles beneath the creator's finger.

But music can dredge deeper than any other art. She can drag up "abysmal bottom-growths" from the soul sea. Now, if music could only preserve her captures and "give feeling immortality by sound, then were she queenliest of arts."

"But this is not the case," the imaginary opponent says immediately; "the old time music that brought smiles once, has no effect now."

It is the aim of the "Parley with Avison," a composer a century dead and gone, to refute this prevalent belief and prove that the emotions as portrayed by music are as perpetual as any truth.

"Developing truth," he says, "changes forms like the flower. Men say that the husk is truth, but that falls away; they say that the petals are truth, but they drop off when autumn brings the fruit."

So it is with art. Fashions change.

> "As with hates
> And loves and fears and hopes, so with what emulates
> The same, expresses hates, loves, fears and hopes in art:
> The forms, the themes—no one without its counterpart
> Ages ago; no one but mumbled the due time
> I' the mouth of the eater, needs be cooked again in thyme,
> Dished up anew in paint, sauce-smothered fresh in sound,
> To suit the wisdom-tooth, just cut, of the age, that's found
> With gums obtuse to gust and smack which relished so
> The meat o' the meal folk made some fifty years ago."
>
> [FIFINE AT THE FAIR, XCII.]

So it is with music; a little redressing, a change from the old major to the fashionable minor; the insertion of a few flats and sharps and novel modulations, and we pick up ears in attention, and feel the same emotions from the piece as it inspired a century ago. So the music of the last hundred years can be made to fit the taste of three centuries ago by changing "crotchet and quaver pertness" into the droned larges, longs and breves of an Elizabethan plain song.

Music, then, preserves its truth as do all arts. It expresses deeper truth than any other art. Therefore, (though

in the Avison Browning prefers a lyrical to a logical conclusion) music is "queenliest of arts."

This view is widely at variance from that of those many who believe music to be merely a sensuous delight, an ear-tickling, and of those who deem it æsthetic only, from architectural design and symmetry, and a bit scientific in its mathematical exactness. But Browning's view is borne out in Schopenhauer's unparalleled exposition of its office and powers in his "Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung," I § 52, and in Wagner's essay on the development of Beethoven's musical genius, when he explains how what he calls the "plastic aspect" of music has been allowed such growth through ages of affectation that it claims superiority over the emotional aspect. Dr. Ferdenand Hand, too, in his sympathetic and scholarly treatise on the "Aesthetics of Musical Art," is entirely in accord with the views of Browning. Thus, on Browning's distinction between mind and soul, knowledge and feeling, and the rest of his philosophy of music, compare the following extracts from Dr. Hand, (Lawson's translation): "XVIII. We learn through psychological investigation that the active powers of the soul allow themselves to be distinguished as intellect and feeling, or head and heart. * * *

"XIX. Feeling is * * * not judgment, not even the immediate manifestation of critical powers of thought, indeed, rather does idea and reflection dissipate feeling or weaken it, as in the case of criticism applied to art works. * * * Feeling is the faculty by which man inwardly grasps the spiritual existence. * * * Feeling also comprehends within it the contemplative existence of the spirit, and * * * consequently falls under the idea of the beautiful.

"XX. He who has felt his heart moved by an invisibility—but more strongly in joy and in sorrow, in the contemplation of the beautiful, in the ecstacy of love, or in the elevation of devotion * * * merely feels; and the thoughts which preceded are not present—not even a thought itself. Consequently language fails him and he describes that which lives within him as unutterable. * * *

Language, in such cases, has recourse to analogies, or to allegorical representations, similarly as in matters appertaining to music we speak of thoughts which are not thoughts. * * *

"XXII. Rousseau * * * rightly asserted, although his words have been misunderstood, that music speaks the language which is spoken by the child at its mother's breast before it understands words. * * * It remains undeniable that purely human music (and not all can be regarded as such), always emanates from the spirit as the innermost sphere of life, and is the manifestation of life itself. * * *

"XXV. When is thought representable in music? Only when it is not mere thought, but has become active inner existence; when it does not appear before the soul as an object, but has entered into life itself. * * *

"XXIV. If the ultimate aim of the poet and the painter be to speak to the heart and affect it, this is the first aim of music, and its most important tendency."

Permit me to quote, also, a little from Schopenhauer, (Dannreuther's translation). He first denies the sufficiency of Leibnitz theory that music is merely the occult use of mathematics by a mind not realizing its own calculation, (*exercitium arithmeticae occultum nescientis se numerare animi*). In the course of his argument, he denies that imitation is music, and among other valuable thoughts, says: "Music * * * never expresses phenomena, but solely the inner being, the essence of phenomena, the will itself. It expresses, therefore, not this or that single and particular joy, this or that sorrow, or pain, or horror, or exultation, or hilarity, or repose of mind itself; but, as it were *in abstracto*, the essentials of these without their con-comitants, therefore, without their motives. Nevertheless, in such quintessence we understand it perfectly. Hence our fancy is so easily excited by it and tries to clothe this invisible spirit world, that speaks to us so immediately and eloquently with flesh and blood, *i.e.*, to embody it in an analogous example. * * *

"Music differs from all other arts in this, that it is not an image of phenomena, or more correctly, of the adequate

objectivity of the will, but an immediate image of the will itself, and represents accordingly the metaphysics of all that is physical in the world, the thing, *per se*, which lies behind music."

Browning has never, like most poets, raved over the ability of music to imitate falling water and trilling birds, and such nonsense, so far removed from its proper sphere and, indeed, from its genuine power, and so misinterpretative and degrading of its divine function, which is as Dr Hand says, to speak to the heart and affect it. So I think it only justice to say that Browning is the first poet to promulgate the true philosophy of music. Nor does he give more than its due to this "queenliest of arts," which is at last gaining scholarly recognition for what it is.

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Rules for Expression.

PART SECOND.

(CONCLUDED.)

EXPRESSION IN SONG WITH WORDS.

Modifying Effects of Speed.

50. Increased speed intensifies the forcible elements by concentrating attention on them and consequently weakens the mild elements. Decreased speed in giving the mild elements time to develop, brings them nearly to the level of the forcible and thus lessons dynamic differences as between the strong and weak pulses of the measure, or the strong and weak pulse divisions.

51. Following the method of Par. 48, a statement is given of the modification of various elements by differences in speed.

Musical Elements.	Specific Quality.	General Class.
(1.) Slow major	Serious	Mild
(2.) Quick minor	Abandonment to passion or emotion	Forcible
(3.) Fast six-pulse	In effect two-pulse measure	Forcible
(4.) Fast four-pulse	In effect two-pulse	Forcible
(5.) Slow six-pulse	In effect, two measures of three-pulse	Almost mild
(6.) Slow leaning tones	Pathos	Mild
(7.) Quick leaning tones	Piquancy or coquetry	Forcible
(8.) Slow chromatic "	Pathos	Mild
(9.) Quick chromatic "	Piquancy or coquetry	Forcible
(10.) Quick triplets	Gaiety, sprightliness	Forcible
(11.) Slow triplets	In effect, three-pulse measure	Mild

(12.) Quick taafe 	Gaiety, the fe being a kind of *acciaccatura* shorter and lighter than a fourth of a a pulse	Forcible
(13.) Slow taafe "	Heaviness, the fe having normal length and strength	Mild

52. APPROPRIATE SPEED AND FORCE FOR HYMN TUNES AND FOLK SONGS.

Class.	Speed.	Force.
(1.) Moderato	MM–84	Mezzo
(2.) Forcible	MM–96	Mezzo-forte
(3.) Most forcible	MM–108	Forte
(4.) Mild	MM–72	Mezzo-piano
(5.) Mildest	MM–60	Piano

53. But every musical composition has twopossible renditions. *One*, the characteristic, namely, with the force and speed suited to its class, which may be determined by analysis; according to the method of Pars. 48 and 51; *two*, the intensified.

54. To intensify, it is only necessary to develop more fully the elements that determine the class and weaken eet opposing elements. If by this means forcible elements are made more prominant, a higher rate of speed, (say one-half faster), is appropriate. Similarly, if in the mild classes, the weak elements (weak accents, leaning tones, etc.,) are made more prominent, a speed one-half lower than the characteristic tempo is appropriate.

NOTE.—Forcible classes are enfeebled by giving them a *slower* tempo than the characteristic. Weak classes lose their dignity by quickening. But moderate classes in which there is a sustained equilibrium may vary in either direction, say from one-half fas ter to one-half slower.

NOTE.—How to develop forcible or mild elements is shown by the practice and observation of every good organist, who, in order to arouse a congregation, plays a choral at a higher pitch than usual, or to quiet them, at a lower pitch. Given a hymntune melody, scarcely an element may not be changed. It may be harmonized for the most part in another mode, thereby changing incidentally to a degree the scale relation of the tones. The pitch, the harmony, the measure and the resulting rhythms, even the form of measure, the accents and the transitions may be altered.

55. This possible modification of tempo and change of class permits some latitude in the different stanzas of the poem selected. The sentiment of the words must determine the appropriate rate *within* the limits of the characteristic and intensified styles. But while there must be sympathy between the manner of singing and the sentiment of the words, the changes of force and speed that are appropriate for ballads are out of place in really admirable examples of this class. Such adventitious changes disturb their dignity like tinting a marble madonna. It is the general sentiment of the hymn rather than isolated passages or single words that must decide the selection of the tune and its rendition. Many songs, as chorals and national anthems, which are sung by slowly moving masses, have acquired a traditional force and speed much fuller and slower than an analysis of their elements would warrant. Nevertheless, such traditions must be respected.

56. Whether a song be calm, dignified, gentle, tender or massive, the metrical accent must always be clearly defined. It is the throb of life. A three-pulse song is a potential waltz; two-pulse or four-pulse song, a potential march, only restrained from becoming an actual waltz or march by the sensitive and sympathetic delivery of the mild elements.

57. Lastly, there must be neither boisterousness nor a wishy-washy tameness in such songs. Force must be chastened by restraint, and soft passages animated by a *fervent* tone.

IV. Musical Phrases.

58. Tendencies toward separation of tones and other tendencies toward connection of tones, at points that conflict with the verbal, phrasing are noticed by *careful* singers. *Careless* singers oftentimes obey these tendencies to the detriment of the sense of the words. As was seen (Par. 34.) there are "indifferent" cases where the sense of the words permits a pause without strictly defining its place. There, the tendencies just named may be allowed superior force. It is necessary to discover the principles that underlie them

59. The type of simple musical forms is the *period* of eight compound or sixteen simple measures. "Old Hundred" is an illustration of the former. (Note A. Strictly defined, a measure is the time between one strong accent and the next, but in this work the name is given to the time between any accent and the next corresponding accent.

By simple measure is meant that of two-pulse or three-pulse; by compound measure, that of four-pulse or six-pulse, or nine-pulse or twelve-pulse.) Periods may have from two to twenty-seven measures, the more regular having 4, 8, 16, 6, 12 or 24 measures.*

60. The typical period divides into equal *sections*, as in "Old Hundred"; eight and sixteen-measure periods have a two-fold division; twelve and twenty-four measure periods have a three fold division. The section, then, has usually four compound or eight simple measures, but exceptionally, any number from one to nine is possible. *Cadences* close the sections. The formal test for the end of a period is the *full close* that gives a feeling of conclusion. The formal test for the end of a middle section is the *half close* or other middle cadence that gives a feeling of expectancy.

61. The following forms of cadence may be distinguished:

(1.) The *full close* or final cadence of which the more usual form is the progression from the chord of the dominant to that of the tonic, with the roots of each in the bass, as at the end of "Old Hundred." Another form is the *plagal cadence;* a progression from the sub-dominant to tonic, as in the common "amen" at the end of hymns.

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*Rhythmical considerations limit periods to twenty-seven measures; the period having three sections; each section having three sub-sections; each sub-section having three measures; the phrase connecting with the sub-section. [Compare "Christiani's Principles of Expression," page 110.]

Perhaps the shortest period is the musical setting of the ejaculatory Amen at the end of hymns—a period of two measures. If it is objected that amen is not a sentence, it is answered that its equvalent "So be it" is such, and that every inflected language gives examples of single words that have real sentential significance. Separate from the tunes to which it is appended, it is neither phrase, section nor any *part* of a period. It is necessary to consider it a complete period.

(2.) The *half close*, the more usual form of a middle cadence, is the progression from the tonic chord to the dominant, as in the middle of "Old Hundred."

(3.) The *interrupted cadence*, in which the chord of the dominant progresses to the sub-mediant, as at the end of the second line (of the poetry) of "America."

(4.) The *open tonic cadence*, of which an example may be formed in the second last line (of the poetry) of "America."

(5.) The *transitional cadence* as at the middle of "Federal Street."

(6.) The *modulatory cadence* as at the middle of Russian Hymn.

(7.) *Quarter cadences* are the *interrupted cadence*, on the superdominant, such as at the end of the second line (of the poetry) of "America"—the open tonic cadence, the supertonic cadence and others. Quarter cadences are very rarely used at the end of sections.

62. The typical sections divides into equal *sub-sections*, as in "Old Hundred." This division is caused by a desire for symmetry in rhythm. Four and eight measure sections have a two-fold devision. Six and twelve measure sections have a three-fold division. The sub-section, then, has usually two compound or four simple measures. Exceptionally it may have only one measure, as in a final short line of a hymn, or it may have three measures as in the second and fourth sub-sections* of short metre tunes.

63. The typical sub-section divides into equal *phrases*.

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*NOTE.—The desire for symmetry causes most singers to prolong the final tones of such sub-sections, thus forming four measure sub-sections. But the three measure subsection is frequently found in art works of high development, as in the "Scherzo of the Ninth Symphony," where it is marked by the words *ritm a tre battute*, (as also in the same master's C sharp Minor Quartett op. 131). In such cases there is a practical grouping of three simple measures into a large metre. In its aspect of a nine-pulse measure its equivalent may be found in the Andante of Beethoven's, Op. 79.

NOTE.—In transitional and modulatory cadences, the final progression may be from the new dominant to the new tonic, as in "Federal Street." Though in form this is a full close, it would better not be classed as such if the transition is only passing.

The typical phrase, then, has one compound or two simple measures. Exceptionally the phrase may be a half compound measure or one simple measure, or it may be identical with a sub-section.

64. What can be sung in one breath is the natural limit of a phrase. It is the necessity for replenishing the breath and renewing the tension of the lung muscles, (stated in Par. 37, *et seq.*) rather than any logical separation, that prompts to the division of a sub-section.

65. But symmetry which divides the period into equal sections and the section into equal subsections, suggests *a priori* that the division of sub-section be into *equal* phrases.

This is the tendency against which careful singers struggle, and to which careless singers yield. (See Par. 58.)

66. Though rhythm points to equal phrases, melodic or harmonic considerations may not permit it. The following rules have few exceptions:

(1.) Do not separate the melodic progressions t d; f m; l s; ta l; se l.

(2.) Do not separate chromatic tones from their resolutions.

(3.) Do not separate suspended tones or other discords from their resolutions.

(4.) Separate repetitions and sequences; that is, similar melodic or harmonic progressions on the same or other degrees of the scale.

(5.) Unless a foregoing rule is violated, separate at the middle of the sub-section.* *

* * "If Old Hundred" is simply harmonized, its division into equal phrases will be correct.

*The phrase, being the musical unit, does not admit of division. Like the verbal phrase, it may be short or long—as long as a subsection, equivalent to a dependent sentence in speech; as short as a motive of two tones, or a tone and a silence, equivalent to a word in speech.

V. Signs for Structural Divisions.

67. The period in music is an analogue of the sentence in speech, and has a similar sign. The section may be marked by a semicolon ; the subsection by a comma,

The musical phrase is an analogue of the verbal phrase, and has a similar sign ‖ ‖. The use of the last is unnecessary where the mark for greater divisions is written. (Compare note to Par. 4.)

68. Phrases have hitherto been marked by a sign of connection (the slur, ⌣) drawn over them, but if the sign of separation, the greater reading mark, be used, the use of the slur may be restricted to showing that more than one tone is to be sung to one syllable, and to indicate motives in instrumental music.

69. Many tunes set to stanzas of eight lines are *double*, that is have two periods; the sign for the period should, of course, be placed at the end of each.

VI. Climax.

70. Every musical phrase has its climax. The climacteric point may be 1, the highest tone of the phrase; 2, its longest tone; 3, a suspended tone; 4, the most foreign harmony; 5, in case of a transition or modulation, the harmony or tone that changes the key. Its location, as also that of the chief climax of a period, must be determined by the judgment. Its mark is the circumflex; for the chief climax a double circumflex. (Compare Pars. 8 and 11.) Though the musical climaxes of hymn tunes and other songs of this class seldom coincide with the verbal climaxes, the student will distinctly gain by marking them in these simple forms, in order to prepare for the more difficult problems of Part Third.

VII. Specific Rules for the Singer.

71. The chief melody—usually the soprano—must obey the following rules; the other parts must be shaded in agreement with it:

(1.) Climaxes should receive stress or rubato or both.

(2.) A phrase should crescendo to its climax, and diminuendo from the climax to its termination.

(3.) There should be a general crescendo of climaxes to the chief climax—the successive waves of an incoming tide; and a general diminuendo to the end of the song—the ebb of the tide.

(4.) Final cadences should diminuendo.

(5.) Middle cadences—especially if transitional—should be crescendo.

(6.) Sustained tones should be swelled.

(7.) Following the analogy of 6, repeated tones and plane movement generally should be swelled.

(8.) Following the same analogy, exact repetitions of phrases should be delivered with increasing force, (except final phrases). All repetitions may be more or less disjoined. (See Par. 43.)

(9.) Ascending series of tones should be crescendo.

(10.) Ascending sequences should be crescendo.

(11.) An upward leap makes the upper tone strong.

(12.) Descending series of tones should be diminuendo.

(13.) Descending sequences should be diminuendo.

(14.) A downward leap makes the lower tone strong if it is on a strong accent; but not if it is on a weak accent.

(15.) To ensure the utterance of the first word of a song by large masses of unskilled singers, the initial tone, the so-called "gathering tone," may be lengthened, especially if it is on a weak accent.

(16.) See Par. 56.

The above rules are not arbitrary but are based on the musical impulses felt in composition, and on the practice of good singers.

Class III The Chant

(**72.**) This is partly a recitative on a monotone, partly a song-like cadence. The single chant is a period of two sections. The double chant is a period of two sections; each section having two sub-sections.

(**73.**) The chant is to be sung fast or slow, loud or soft, with or without pauses, at the discretion of the singer. But that discretion may be admonished as follows:

Rule 1. Sing the *cadence* in rather quick time. Certainly with strong accentuation, or the chant will lose all musical interest

Rule 2. Do not pause at the last syllable of the recitation unless it is emphatic; but in all cases regard the last

accented syllable as the strong part of a 'possible measure; divide the tune of this imaginary measure between the accented syllable and the weak syllables following it (if any), not necessarily giving equal time to each, but giving such proportion as its logical importance merits. (See Troutbeck's Church Choir training)

RULE 3. Do not gabble—do not senselessly, sinfully gabble the recitation, but progress with a gentle dignity. (See Curwen's Standard Course p 94.)

Class IV Arias.

The music is dominant, agreeing with the general spirit of the words, but not in detail. As different melodic forms may be used for the same words; as whole phrases may be given to single syllables—or extended passages vocalized on any vowel of the singer's preference; as the words are only a feather for the art-arrow,—guiding it perhaps but not giving it force, such music practically belongs to the domain of Songs Without Words.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MUSIC IN SALT LAKE CITY.

[NOTE.—The following was written to the Editor as a private letter, but it gives so lively an account of the musical activities in a part of the country, whose energy in this direction is often undervalued, that its publication becomes a duty. ED. MUSIC.]

I noticed your article in *Musical Record* deploring the lack of enthusiasm and encouragement shown American composers, dwelling particularly upon Dudley Buck's "Light of Asia." We have a choral society of 300 selected voices, a Tabernacle choir (Mormon) of 400; a tabernacle seating (when our concerts are given) 8000 people, and, perhaps, the second largest organ in the world, orchestra of thirty-eight instruments complete, with violin soloists who have refused positions such as first violin of Mendelssohn Quartette Club, of Juch Opera Co., under Neuendorff, etc.; and also an auditorium in addition to this and entirely separate and uptown, semi-circular in form, seating 600, and a fine organ just completed by Farrand & Co., of Detroit, with, perhaps, the most complete set of stops in the State, one-third of them having been made in Europe, and our organist, Prof. Thomas Radcliffe, a pupil of Thomas Best and Lefebre,-Weley drawing the specifications for them and telling these organ builders what stops he wanted, tones to be produced, etc., and was given $15,000 to make a complete organ for so small an auditorium; we also have soloists who would be a credit to Chicago. I am not enthusiastic, but simply state what Prof. Fred. Archer, J. P. Sousa and P. S. Gilmore and others of musical prominence have said to me personally, the latter telling me that he would give $5,000 if he could have the chorus and soloists in New York city last spring. We have a musical oasis in this far west, of which the United States can well be proud, if they are half Mormons and Gentiles lately arrived from the east. Well,

to the point,—we gave the "Light of Asia" complete, (and none of us, I assure you, ever heard it given before), with orchestra, organ, etc., and, I tell you, it was given as well as any society in the United States could give it. Being a Chicagoan and having been through the States time and time again, and knowing a little bit of music myself, I made it my object to attend everything appertaining to music in all cities in my travels, and think I am not biased, and am indeed sorry that Mr. Thomas (who has never heard us, as when he traveled through here he remained with his orchestra but one night, I am told), should have given prestige to such choral societies as the Denver and San Francisco, and ignored Salt Lake City entirely in his World's Fair compeition of choral societies' list.

The opening day of the dedication of the Fair last October, we gave a complete duplicate of your musical programme in the tabernacle to 1,200 people, and we are now making arrangements to do the same by giving another concert and series, upon the same days they are given at Chicago, of all the musical competitive numbers, solos and everything else, the programme to be exact duplicates of yours at Chicago. Every town in this territory has a choral society, and we will have enough of competitors.

If you are desirous of hearing something in music you have never heard before, be in our city February 22nd, (our city has 45,000 inhabitants), and you will hear a chorus of one thousand juveniles sing grand opera choruses, (ages ranging from four to twelve—not over)—and you will hear soloists—soprano, alto, tenor, baritone and bass. A boy four years of age will play "Swanee River," with variations, upon the violin; never taken a lesson in his life; plays by ear; can't tell one note from another or read or write; refuses to allow any one to show him any position on the violin, but works arduously himself until it is obtained. Dr. Dart, who has a fine collection of old violins here, offered to adopt the boy, but the parents refused. We have a little girl here, six years of age, who will be the piano soloist. She is in the same position as the boy. It being Washington's birthday we have concluded to call it a National Juvenile concert.

Children of the various nationalities and races rendering their national song or songs, as also those of other races. We have made arrangements for the education of eight Indian boys to sing their native songs and dances, as also four little darkies and eight Kanakers. So you can readily see we have a "world of music" within our own gates, and are able to render you music, if Thomas and these big nobs do not conduct; and I venture to say we give them just as well. We will fill the Tabernacle again for Mr. Thomas and his orchestra if he should come this way. But from what I hear to-day the doors of this building are to be closed to all visiting musical and concert organizations hereafter, and they will have to take their chances with the theatre as they do in other cities.

If you think that I am inflating the musical proclivities of the people of this city, ask Miss Frances Lincoln, of the Chicago Ladies' Quartette, or any musician or prominent person either civilian or theatrical; we always give them a reception both musical and social in the Tabernacle.

Mr. Dudley Buck was very kind to Prof. Evan Stephens (a Mormon) in corresponding with him, upon hearing of our proposing to give this work (it was given Christmas night), in giving his ideas of the various tempos. Prof. Stephens is an ardent worker and believes that all composers if alive ought to be consulted, and their ideas of the rendition of their works asked, and, through Mr. Buck being so courteous, the society has concluded to present another of his works which he is now writing. I could not help but smile—think of it. I did not expect to find so smart a musician and chorus who would advocate native composers' works in the "Far West." I suppose he is now convinced that the far west is inhabited by something more than a few Indians. Mr. Thomas would have been convinced of this had he made the chorus competition free for all. I do not blame Mr. Damrosch and others for criticising his favoritism shown musical people and organizations.

We are now busily engaged on the "Creation," which we give after the Juvenile concert, and are also talking of putting on at the theatre "Mignon" and "Aida." Prof.

Stephens is the conductor of all things musical here. He is a thorough musician, and strongly conversant with every opera, oratorio or other music written by the masters. He began life as a railroad grader, is a Welshman and a Mormon; obtained his musical education by means of the hard earned savings above referred to. He charges nothing for teaching his juvenile chorus, and has them divided in tens and fives, and in these numbers gives their vocal lessons and also reading music at sight. When asked the object, he said he wanted material to draw from as the present members of adult choirs from city would gradually die out, lose their voices, etc. I have never before met a musician who labored so arduously for the love of chosen vocation or profession either than Stephens. He is not rich, only earns a living off his farm, and $10 a Sunday from the said choir for conducting, and $10 from choral society. All this work of the children's concert, operas, oratorios, etc., is done gratuiously.

Trusting you will pardon my assuming to address you, but I was very anxious that you should know that we are in favor of American works for Americans, and my object in telling you of talent, etc., is that you may not look upon its production as being given by sage hens and people who have no musical education. Our soloists, both instrumental and vocalists, were nearly all educated in Europe or Boston. Again apologizing for addressing you, and also for the lengthy epistle, I remain, believe me,

Respectfully yours,

GEO. S. SPOHR, ...
Music Critic "*Times.*"

P. S.—Mr. B. B. Young, now of Chicago Musical Conservatory, was born and raised in this city, and others whom I could mention, that you would know.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

A FEW NEW SONGS BY AMERICAN COMPOSERS.
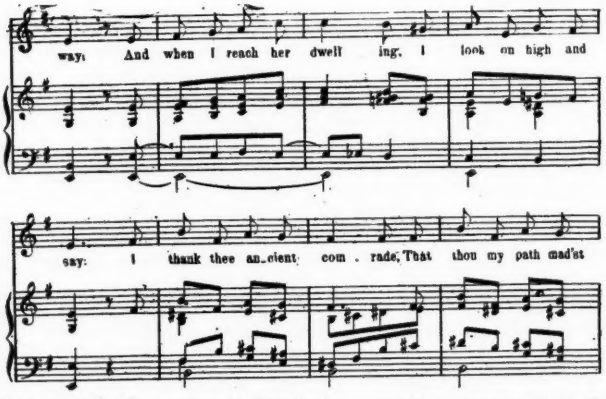
Few signs in the musical world are more agreeable than the fact that American composers are beginning to write somewhat extensively, and to find publishers, too, in the charming form of the German *lied*. For while there is something not altogether satisfactory in a national school of composition basing itself upon an imitation of a type developed under quite other conditions, there are reasons why the *lied* is both an advantagous and commendable form for American cultivation. The first of these reasons is the very patent fact that our national type, the simple strophic song, made universal by the genius of such melodists as Stephen C. Foster, Geo. F. Root and others, is now exhausted, or appears to be. To go so far as Klauser does in his "Septonate," and say that all the diatonic progressions in the key have been exhausted, and that henceforth there remains no originality possible for the composer except in dissonances and digressions out of the key, although plausible, is likely to be disproved by some genius who will discover a new art of turning melody, as fresh in our days as Schubert's was in his. Nevertheless, the ballad form is undoubtedly hackneyed. Its limitations on the side of musical expression, or more properly on the side of dramatic portrayal, are obvious. When accompaniment and melody are confined within the musical limitations of a folk song, there is little room left for more than a very general correspondence between the poem and the music. With the *lied* the case is different. Here, while the melody is made short the musical boundaries are practically unlimited, and the accompaniment may be as free as the fancy of the composer permits. Hence there is no form more likely to promote the development of an original style than this, for the composer has the advantage of short form, therefore more easily managed, a free musical range, and the inspiration of poetry, with its suggestion of dramatic coloration. Moreover, he has the advantage of models of every possible grade, from the quasi folks-tone type of some of Schubert's, to the poetic and fanciful musical etchings of Robert Franz, Brahms and later masters.

A generation ago some of our composers attempted this form, at the time when the treasures of German lyricism were first made known here by Otto Dresel and others, but with poor success. The composers had not had the necessary training in the technic of composition, nor was the generation ripe for a true divination of

musical possibilities for dramatic portrayal. Hence upon the stic side success was only of a moderate degree. In the best efforts there was always perceptible a stiffness, as of composers not wholly to the manor born. Moreover, the publishers would not undertake these compositions except at the composer's risk—so limited was the demand for them. The list of music presently to follow shows a marked progress—most noticeable of all in the fact that the old house of Ditson Company ventures. For this house has formerly almost confined itself to reprints of the classics and to popular publications of a peculiarly unenviable American quality. Other houses set the new fashion. In New York Schirmer offered American composers their first chance in these higher walks, and in Boston occasionally the house of Tolman & Co. Later the house of Pond, and still later that of Arthur P. Schmidt, had the foresight to consider that really meritorious compositions would be surer in the long way to pay the cost of publication. And so, as remarked, we find here quite a number of notable attempts in the line under consideration. First on the list comes a set of songs on poems from the German, with musical settings by John Carver Alden:

No. 1. "Like Gloomy Dreams." Nocturne.
" 7. "Upon a Meadow all Alone." [The Violet.] Romance.
" 9. "How all Things were Bright and Fair." May Song.
" 10. "When First on My Bosom." Spring Song.
" 11. "Now all o'er Hill and Hollow.
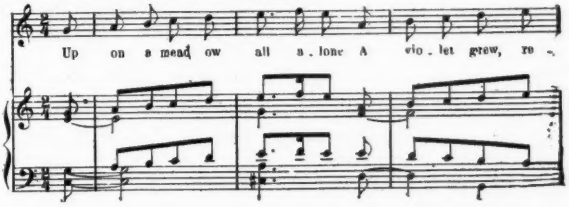
Of these it may be said in general that they show good musicianship and a degree of fancy. One of the most suggestive is the first, which in tone is not unlike the "Winter Journey" songs of Schubert. The verses from Heine are translated by Mr. James D. B. Gribble. The principal theme is the following beginning at "A"
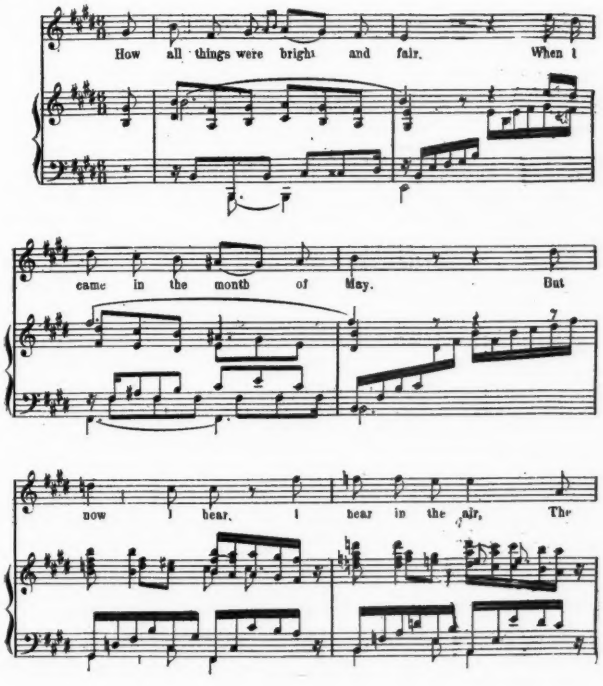


This sample also serves to illustrate a peculiar treatment of the text. The phrase here quoted comes at the end of the first quat-

rain. The sense is continued, but the music comes to a full stop—entirely contrary to good usage in such cases; as if the musician had put a full stop after the word "says."
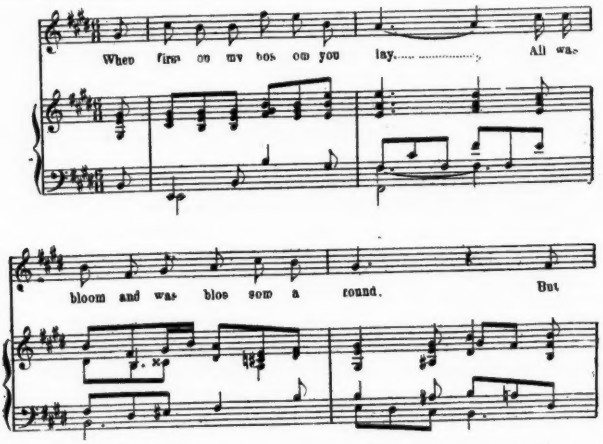
No. 7, "Upon a Meadow all Alone," is more pleasing, and although containing rather awkward skips for the voice, is, on the whole, very satisfactory. Example:
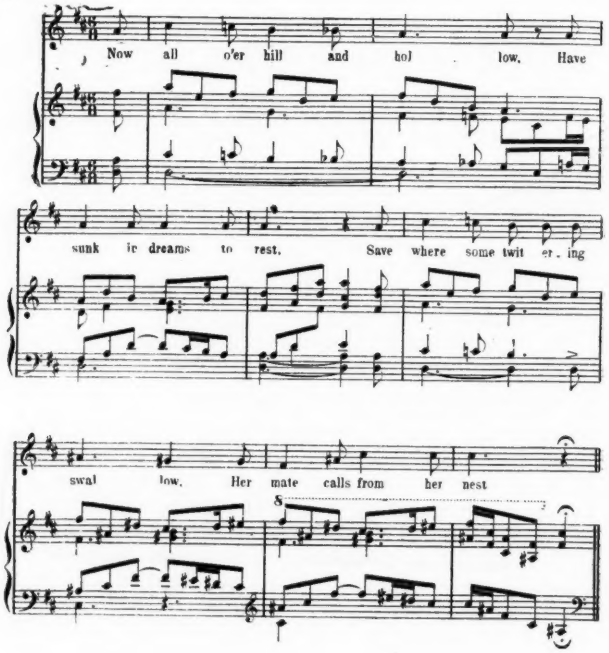


No. 9 is more elaborate as the following extract will show. It is a great pity that the author had not indicated his idea as to the proper tempo at which these things should go. The present one probably should be what used to be called *tempo commodo*, six beats in a measure. Example:



No. 10 is a spring song, by Gunther Walling. The general style will be better learned from the example accompanying than from much comment.
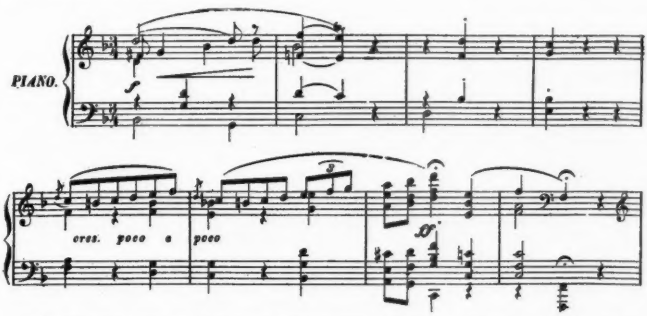


No. 11 is a slumber song to a poem by the same writer as the spring song.



These songs as a whole are among the most musical that have come to our table.

Two other pieces by the same composer, "Dance Antique" and "Voglia," waltz in F, quite recall the remark of Klausser above quoted. Anything more elusive than these it would be difficult to imagine. The first period of the "Dance Antique" is sufficiently well in the ancient style but the second period is modern to an extreme. The Valse is one of the most elusive compositions that a confiding reviewer was ever called upon to consider from an intellectual standpoint. The following example will, perhaps, serve to illustrate the point. Example:



"BEHOLD THE WESTERN EVENING LIGHT," sacred duet for soprano and alto, by Harry Rose Shelley, with organ accompaniment. Suitable for funereal or memorial occasions. Melodious.

"SEVEN SONGS, ILLUSTRATED," composed by H. La Verne Coa le It is difficult to make out whether these songs were written to explain the illustrations and afford an excuse for them, or the illustrations made up to explain the songs. The copies are engraved and printed on good paper, but exactly whether the purchaser would desire them on account of the music or the illustrations is something that at present there is not time to determine. To be quite plain about it the illustrations are very crude and the music more so.

CAPRICE ESPAGNOLE. By Wilson G. Smith. Op. 52. Milwaukee Wm. Roefling & Sons. 75 cents.

A pleasing composition of the fifth grade, dedicated to Mr. James G. Huneker, of the *Musical Courier*. The second subject is very melodious, and its repetition is treated with some pretty flowing counterpoint.

ROMANCE, by R. Huntington Woodman. New York; G. Schirmer. 40 cents.
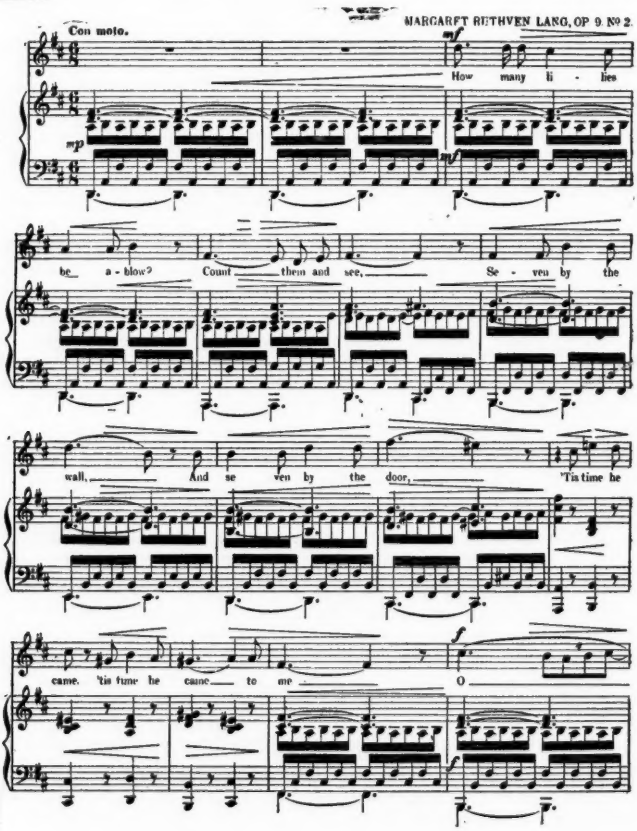
A pretty nocturne-like composition, with a melody curiously placed in the middle of chords. In the second subject the melody comes in the tenor. The piece as a whole illustrates the present tendency towards more ambitious treatment of the piano than formerly prevailed.

ZANZIBAR CAPRICE, by John Francis Gilder, Op. 31. O. Ditson Co.

Strongly marked as to its rhythm and somewhat distinguished by local coloring, this piece, when well done, will please the average listener.

SPINNING SONG, words by Lizette Woodworth Reese; music by Margaret Ruthven Lang, Op. 9, No. 2. Arthur P. Schmidt, Boston.

Place aux dames. An extremely well written and musical spinning song, the general style of which will be better understood from the slight citation following than from much description. In the second subject the spinning motion ceases for a while only to be resumed later. The work, as a whole, is one of the most creditable productions of woman composers that has come to the reviewer's table.



STANDARD GRADED COURSE OF STUDIES FOR THE PIANOFORTE, IN TEN GRADES, compiled by W. S. B. Mathews; each grade $1.00. Theodore Presser, Philadelphia.

In reply to quite a number of personal letters, the editor takes this occasion to say that the above course of studies has been prepared in the effort to select out of all the standard writers the best and most indispensable material for each grade. It was a part of the original plan to sketch in the preface of each book, a proper application of the Mason technic in connection with the pieces. According to accounts from a large number of correspondents, the selection and editing approve themselves upon practical use. The range of writers drawn upon is very large. The studies themselves are in part for the fingers and in part for phrasing purposes.

In reply to those correspondents wishing to know whether these studies are to be regarded as superseding the "Studies in Phrasing," by the same editor, the answer is that they are not. The graded course will be found to contain a considerable amount of melody playing and interpretation, and by many teachers will be regarded as quite sufficient in these directions, but those who have been in the habit of working for a fine lyric and poetic style of playing, will find the "Studies in Phrasing" still indispensible. Nor, in the opinion of the editor, can any selection of pieces quite do away with them without loss. The "Studies in Phrasing" contain on the whole, the best collection of lyric and poetic pieces within the second, third, fourth and fifth grades, that has yet appeared. There is scarcely one in all the books that can be dispensed with without loss. In the graded course, while a few very beautiful lyric pieces are given, and one or two of a very strongly marked character (such as the Study by Janke in the fourth book), the collection as a whole was not intended to cover this gronnd, but only the intermediate ground of conservati~e teachers taking their work a trifle less seriously.

"MY LOVER WILL COME TODAY ' song by Reginald de Koven, op, 77, No. 1, White—Smith Pub. Co.

This song for contralto or bass is capable of effective public performance. It contains various little idiosyncracies, such as consecutive fifths done on purpose, but as it is strongly individual in its character, and effective, nothing more is needed in its favor.

SIX PASTORAL PART SONGS, words by Edward Oxenford, duet for female voices, music by Martin Roeder, op. 75. O. Ditson Co., 12 cts. each.

No. 1, "Gypsy Life" charmingly written, allegretto con modo.

No. 2, "The Jovial Reapers," six eight time key of F. moderato quaisi allegretto. A free swinging rhythm and the voices mainly in thirds. Extremely pleasing.

No. 3, "A song of Summer," key of F allegretto with an allegro effect owing to the preponderance of short tone. Requires good vocalization and true intonation as well as genuine musical spirit.

No. 4, " Where Fairies Dwell," key of E. flat, allegro con brio, practically a presto, requiring to be done very daintily indeed and when so done, pleasing. By no means easy.

No. 5, "The Day is Ending," key of A andantino, six-eight. More quiet.

No. 6, " Merry May," key of E.

These six part songs are all very much in the Italian style and would fill the same practical place in use that the Stephen Glover duets used to fill a few years ago, these being so much better done as to properly represent the progress of the world meantime.

FUNDAMENTAL VOCAL EXERCISES, known as the Italian Method of Singing, by Martin Roeder. O. Ditson Co.

This collection of vocal exercises undoubtedly represents the practice of the best Italian teachers, but the reader is to be cautioned that it is a collection of material and by no means a method although many excellent practical suggestions are given in the text. Mr. Roeder was a pupil of Lamperti, Panofka, Trivalzi, and other good musicians of the Italian school. The object primarily aimed at in the exercises appears to be facility, in which respect it differs from the best German collections.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS, P. C. Lutkin, London and New York. Novello, Ewer & Co. A good practical setting of the Te Deum in the key of C, by a well skilled church musician, composed for the choir of St. James church in Chicago.

" WHERE'ER I WANDER," ballad by W. W. Gilchrist, Ditson Co. Here again we have an example of the American propensity to aim at something a little higher than formerly was considered sufficient.

"I LOVE AND THE WORLD IS MINE," Music by Clayton Johns. A flowing love song with a decided melody, ranging from D below the staff to G above; with good hearty intervals and a chance for effect.

" INDIAN SERENADE." by C. Sidney Coombs. Schirmer. A sentimental enticing melody, with a guitar like accompaniment, capable of great effect, for concert use.

"THE MINISTER SONG" by Geo. B. Nevin, melody in C. minor marked for soprano or tenor. One or two places very trying to the voice, such as where it is kept on high G for several notes in succession with different syllables to enunciate. Otherwise the song is effective and useful.

The following have also been received:

"Sabbath Rest," sacred song by Geo. B. Nevin.

"At Parting," Contralto or baritone song, Paul Roring

"Gone Before," ballade, W. W. Gilchrist.

Love Song, "I will not Reason." by Alex. F. Gibson

"Cradle Song," G. W. Marston.

"The Shepherd's Revery, for piano by G. A. Sumner, third grade.

Laus et Preces: A Collection of Hymns, Motets, Offertories, etc., with Latin words, selected and arranged by Edoardo Marzo, New York, G. Schirmer, $1.50.

This collection of thirty pieces for Catholic choirs will be found extremely available. The pure church style is not at all represented in it, but the leading modern writers are here in sufficient variety. In short, the selection has been determined by popular considerations, and may be presumed therefore to "meet a long felt want."

The following are pleasing compositions of the French school very modern in character, somewhat elusive to the unaccustomed player, but when delicately and tastefully done, very pleasing. They are all edited and fingered by Mr Leon Keach, and published by the Oliver Ditson Co':

Scherzo Caprice, Op. 22, E. Goddard.....60 cts.
Minuetto in B minor, by C Chaminade, Op. 23,....50 cts
Serenade, by C. Chaminade, Op. 29,.....50 cts..
Containing good practice for melody playing with the weak fingers and afterwards for the thumb.
Souvenir, Francis Thome, Op. 108.....40 cts.

Compositions by F. M. Paine:

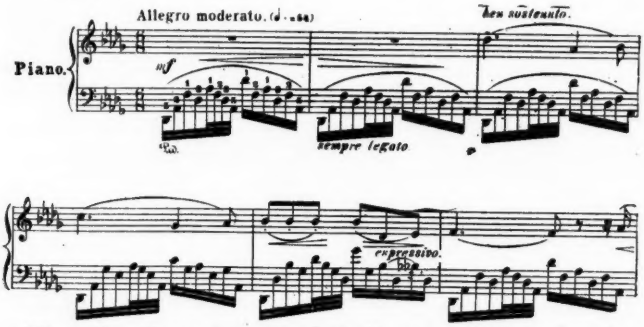
Op. 1, A Group of Songs with violin or flute Obligato
The Song of the Scythe,
The Morning Wind,
Op. 2, Five Songs,
Sweetheart,
Ballade, key of G Mezzo-soprano,
Bereft, key of A flat, soprano,
To Late for the Fair, key of E flat,
The Trailing Arbutus,
The Stream.
Op. 3, My Children's Musical Album,
Twilight Revery,
Smiles and Tears,
Elfin Midnight Dance,
Walter's Rocking Horse.
Op. 4, Song, So Early in the Morning.

These compositions taken together give a favorable impression of the author who is evidently a composer with ideas and with a certain seriousness of intention. In fact a good intention appears somewhat more pronounced than the success of execution. And this again is somewhat farther impaired by the unfavorable manner of presentation in type rather than from engraved plates. The children's pieces are perhaps on the whole, the best of the lot, especially the last two of them. At all events one thing can be said of the songs which is, that the accompaniment forms very successfully avoid the commonplace types, and one will look for future productions from the same source with a degree of interest.

TWO ETUDES FOR THE PIANOFORTE. by Ethelbert Nevin Op 18
No. 1, "In the Form of a Romance." (90 cts.)
No. 2, "In the form of a Scherzo." (81.)
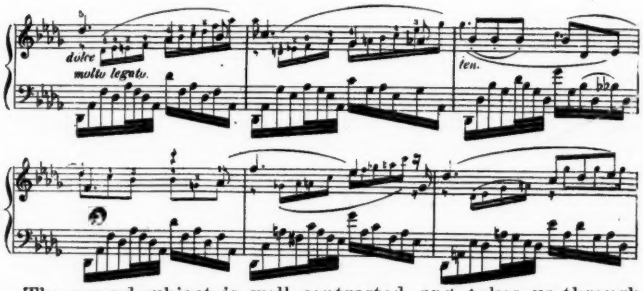
This young composer is one of the very best of the new writers. He has had remarkable success in quite a number of songs and Chamber pieces. The Etude Romance here offered is conceived in the style of a nocturne, with a rather difficult treatment of the left hand, beginning with the figure:

Example A.
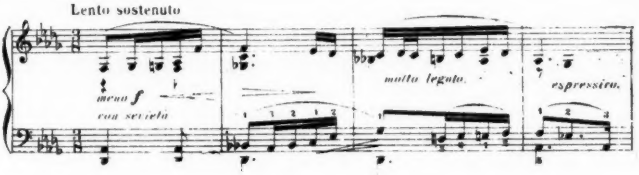


When the theme is resumed, farther on, it is figured with a second voice in the right hand, as thus:
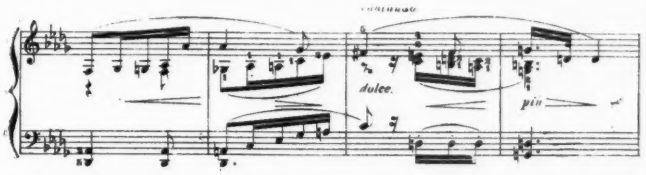
Example B.
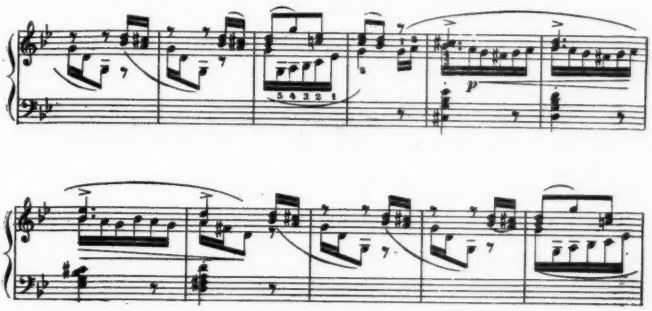


The second subject is well contrasted, and takes us through some modulations which are not at all hackneyed, as near the end of the lines following:
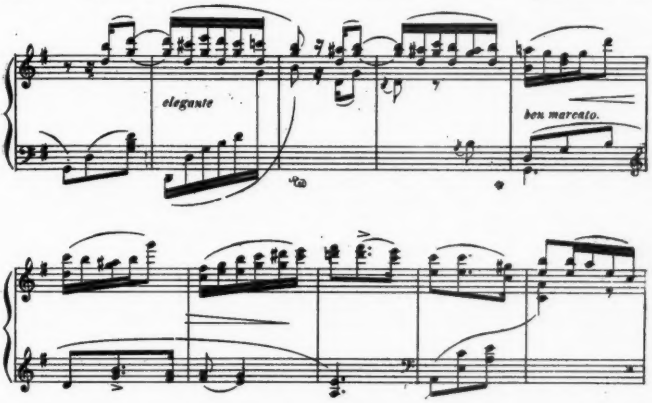


Before the final resumption of the theme there is some interesting and effective cadence work. The whole is pleasing and



well worth studying. In point of difficulty it belongs in the upper part of the fifth grade or the early part of the sixth.
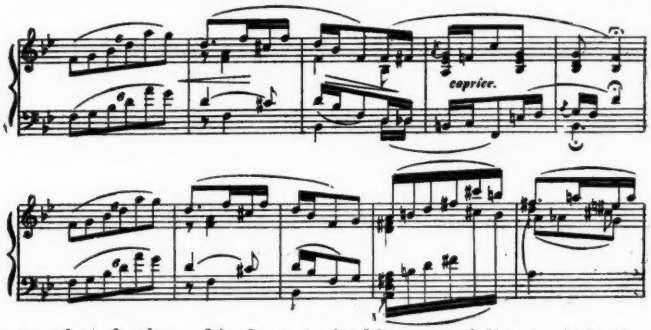


The second piece is in the form of a Scherzo, the foregoing being the opening subject; which for convenience of "process" is



here begun two notes too late: The rhythm is one of four measures, and if the time is taken sufficiently rapidly, the movement is pleasing, the speed making amends for the depression due to

the intervals and harmonic handling. The second subject is taken



somewhat slowly ,and is characterized by great delicacy of rhythm the units being subdivided now one way and now another, noa aliquots of each other.

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN PIANO CONSTRUCTION

For several years John Reed, of the well-known firm of A. Reed & Sons, has been saying to his friends that he was on track of something in piano making which would be a revelation. Most of the friends to whom these observations were made took them with that air of pity which is the popular recognition of the sanguine inventor. Improvements are blossoms which fall off the trees when the frost comes. Every manufacturer will tell you as much. Nevertheless the unexpected sometimes happens, as it has in this case.

About a year ago the first piano made on the new system was turned out. It was a small upright about 4 feet 6 inches high, and it had a remarkable tone. Later, seven other pianos of the same construction, but with many improvements were made, and may now be seen at the factory—at least the two they have left may be seen. There are a number of others on the way, and in a month or two after this article falls under the eyes of the reader, specimens of them may be seen. According to all appearances this improvement is one of the most important which has been undertaken in piano making within twenty years by any makers, not excepting the most celebrated.

The Reed small upright has more of the character of a grand piano than has ever before been secured in an upright piano, large or small. It has marvellous singing power, and great sympathetic resonance, so that cantabile passages and concert cadenzas alike can be rendered with their full effect. How is this accomplished? I am asked.

The secret of the new piano lies in two points:

First, the frame is stronger than usual and the full tension is carried upon the iron frame, thus rendering the instrument independent of all those atmospheric disturbances which swell and contract the wooden supports, which in the

usual method of construction are combined with the iron frame. Second, the sounding board is larger than ever before placed in a small piano, and it is better placed for vibration. These two improvements are so radical that it is not easy to make clear the manner in which they are accomplished without the use of diagrams—which at the moment are not available. But in general perhaps the following will make the matter reasonably clear.

The back of the ordinary upright is occupied by five or six upright posts, apparently scantling, about four inches square. These are supposed to support the wrest plank, into which the tuning pins are affixed. In the Reed piano there are none of these timber uprights whatever, and the entire lower part of the back of the piano is occupied by the sounding board, which is exposed over its full dimensions. The immediate result is that the sounding board has a larger vibration, and is freed from the cross vibrations or reverberations which unavoidably arise between the vibrating sounding board and the wooden posts behind it. The sounding board also is differently affixed to the iron frame from the usual way and here also appears to be a great gain. This, however, renders it necessary to first explain something about the construction of the frame itself. The usual iron plate of the upright is a thin plate of metal with certain braces running along the lines of greatest tension To this system Reed adds heavier braces, and the three sides of the frame are surrounded with a rim, about two inches wide which acts as a powerful reinforcement, giving it the strength of angle iron. Moreover an arched truss is cast upon the the back of the plate, which supports the wrest plank. And in order that no disturbing influence of moisture or weather may enter into the result and vitiate plans, the wrest-plank itself is protected from the weather by means of a waterproof composition, thus completely isolating it from the outside world, and making it an integral part of the iron frame itself, its only office being that of affording a good grip on the tuning pins. The iron frame thus strengthened, and the wrest plank thus affixed, are equal to carrying the entire tension of the strings, with a considerable factor o

reserve power. Outside the iron rim a wooden rim is made fast. It is about an inch and a half in thickness, and comes down just enough beyond the plane of the iron frame to afford the necessary room for the sounding board; it is exactly as large as the iron frame plus this wooden rim, and it is clamped against the wooden rim, by means of a corresponding wooden rim behind, thus affixing it into its place much more firmly than usual, since in the ordinary mode of construction the sounding board is simply glued upon its supporting frame, whereas here it is not only glued upon the supporting frame behind it, but is clamped frame and all as firmly as possible against the wooden rim which surrounds the iron rim. Thus while the sounding board nowhere comes in contact with the iron frame, it is so firmly clamped to it upon three sides, that by no possibility can it get away, and is therefore in the best possible position to retain its crowning form, upon which its vitality depends, and to take up and magnify every vibration of the strings. This is the case upon the two sides and at the bottom. The top edge of the sounding board, however, is supported by its own frame, but is not in any manner affixed to the plate, but swings free like that of a grand. The result is that the tone wholly lacks the small and rather tubby character well-known as characterizing the upright, as distinguished from a grand piano, and comes out free and strong, and with musical character, which will be better and better according to the quality of the sounding board itself.

The Reeds do not follow the Steinway system of glued-up bridges, because they have found that most of the split bridges that have come to them to repair have been of the glued-up variety. Nor do they attach importance to the continuous bridge, but make two independent bridges, one for the bass over-strings and one for the treble, as is done by the Chickerings, Deckers, Webers, and of the first-class makers.

The instrument in its present form has still certain crudities. The scale as drawn was not quite perfectly reproduced in the finished instrument. There is no question regarding its wholly unusual singing power; in this respect it is one of the best instruments the present writer has examined. Nor

is there any doubt as to its flexibility of tone. There are pianos which sound well when one tests them, but which do not readily lend themselves to the interpretation of high-class music. This piano is not one of that kind. It plays easily, delivering its full and powerful tones with a very slight touch, and yielding readily to all the demands of musical expression. It is an agreeable instrument to play. Upon a future occasion the results of scientific tests of its sympathetic resonance and vibrating capacity, as well as sustaining power, will be given in these pages; but before proceeding to these the inventor wishes to first bring out the later batch of instruments, in which he hopes all the peculiarities of the scale will be faithfully reproduced.

Mr. Reed is also making patterns for a large upright upon the same system. If it should turn out to afford as much additional vibratory power as the small one does over the usual construction, something astonishing will be shown.

It is also to be noted that this system of construction enables the inventor to accomplish something which has been sought by piano experts for seventy-five years, and until now in vain—namely, to produce a practicable method of striking downwards against the bridge, in grands. It has long been known that the weakness of the grand lies in the fact that at the very moment of the impact, when one wishes to carry into the sounding board every possible element of the blow of the hammer, the tension of the string upon the bridge is momentarily lightened by the blow of the hammer itself. Therefore, many inventors have sought to contrive some way of striking downwards upon the string. The practical difficulty however, has remained insuperable, the spring relied upon to return the hammer always failing under use. Mr. Reed accomplishes the same result in another way. He places the sounding board *above* the strings, but the action remains below them, as at present. This, which would be impossible in the ordinary system of construction, is quite easy in the new way. Patents have been allowed on this invention, and Mr. Reed hoped to be able to show an instrument of this method of construction at the World's Fair. But the time is too short to bring out so very

important and radical a departure from existing methods of construction.

There are several novelties in the completed instruments; perhaps the most notable being the "wheel agraffes," so called, which take the place of the usual pressure bar, between the bearing of the strings and the tuning pins, each steel string passing from its bearing, under and against an aluminium bronze wheel or pulley, turning freely upon a hardened steel axle.

The object sought to be obtained is to prevent friction when straining the strings to tune the piano, and, therefore, render it more susceptible to the tuner's hammer, and avoiding sticking, "jumping" and breaking of the strings.

The inventor claims that a finer and closer tuning, with more perfect unisons can be had with this device, and that less change occurs after the tuner leaves the instrument. Every tuner who inspects the piano is offered the privilege of making a practical test for himself if he has any doubts upon the subject, and any suggestions of improvement are eagerly welcomed. It is certainly a neat, jaunty looking arrangement, and greatly interests the tuning profession.

Another novelty also attracts the eye—an entirely new design of foot pedals. These are about six inches long, each, and extend in graceful curves sideways to the piano, presenting a handsome appearance, that will inevitably please the ladies. But the real benefit comes from the ease and comfort the performer has in their use, the feet being at all times in natural positions, changeable at will without the feeling of insecurity so often experienced with the ordinary pedals. It is a slight matter to be sure, yet it is a wonder a remedy has not been found before.

The truth of the matter may lie in the fact that the manufacture of pianos has become in the main so purely a commercial matter, that little attention is paid to the needs of the artist or the improvement of the piano itself, *if it entails any extra expense* as "there is no money in it." The artists are few and the public are many. The artist wants the best goods, knows when he is getting it, and has the least money to pay for it. The public

has the most money and knows little or nothing of the real value of what it is buying. It wishes a good article of course, but it takes what it can get. The profit lies in working for the many. So the dear public are furnished with a good many very inferior instruments, sometime spaying even exorbitant prices.

But the artist, the pianist, is devoutly thankful when some great house in the East, or some enthusiastic "crank" inventors in the West, like the Reeds, spend time and money, with patience and perseverance, developing new ideas in piano building, resulting in the production of pianos capable of the highest expression of musical thought, for such are few and far between.

The Inventions under which these novel instruments are built are covered by numerous patents granted the Reeds, by the Governments of the United States and Canada, England, Germany, and France, in 1891-2-3, and the principles of construction as embodied in the pianos already built are known as the *Reed System*.

SCIENTIFIC TESTS OF PIANOS AT THE FAIR.

From Rev. Professor J. A. Zahm, C. S. E., the distinguished author of "Sound and Music," the following is received, confirming the positions taken in last month's article, concerning the necessity and value of scientific tests of musical instruments at the Fair.

I have read with great interest your article "Scientific Tests at the Fair," and heartily endorse the position you assume. I trust your suggestion will be put into execution, as it will prove of immense benefit not only to musicians, but also to the manufacturers of musical instruments as well.

A period has now been reached when neither musicians nor the makers of musical instruments can any longer afford to be guided by empirical rules alone. Hitherto music has been treated as an art that is entirely independent of science. But the experiments of Helmholtz, Koenig and Mayer have demonstrated that musicians and makers of musical instruments have much to learn from the physicist, and that it is impossible to have a true knowledge of musical harmony without being acquainted with its physical basis.

A scientific examination of musical instruments like the one you suggest will elicit much information that will be o incalculable service to all who are interested in either the science or the art of music. For this reason both musicians and the manufacturers of musical instruments should cordially welcome such an examination as the one you recommend. It would be by far the fairest and most satisfactory method to all who are desirous of having their instruments submitted to a thorough and rigid test.

With the various delicate appliances at his disposal the acoustician is now able to tell in what respect one tone differs from another, what particals are present, which ones predominate, and what are their relative intensities. He can

also compare the periods of vibration of different instruments, and determine the rate at which the amplitude of vibration decreases in any given case. The work is difficult, it is true, and would require time, but the benefits accruing from such analysis would fully compensate for all the time and labor that might be expended. More than this, such an examination as you propose would issue in directing special attention to the science of music, as distinguished from the art of music, and would bring them into closer relationship with each other than has heretofore existed,—"a consummation devoutly to be wished."

J. A. ZAHM, C. S. E.

The Henry F. Miller & Sons Piano Company published some time ago a newly illustrated catalogue, which is well worthy the attention of every person of taste. In addition to the information, several of their new designs are illustrated, and attention called to the salient points. As is well known, the instruments themselves are among the best which the American piano building art has been able to produce. The beautiful and finely finished exteriors are like what used to be called in New England circles "an outward sign of an inward work;" in other words, the fitting dress of a beautiful tone. Those who look at pianos from the cabinet-makers' point of view might suppose, from the beautiful designs continually brought forward by all the leading makers, that the attention was now principally concentrated upon the case. This, however, is by no means true. Never has the rivalry in respect to artistic and expressive tone been more fierce than at present, and never, we may add, has so fine a tone been obtained as now. In this rivalry the Henry F. Miller Company stands in the very front rank.

Which suggests that a piano is much like a sewing machine. When you have one and get used to its action and tone in different sorts of weather, no strange instrument suits you half so well This good opinion g oes on for years and years, increasing somewhat with age, until all of a sudden the rainbow disappears and you find yourself with a worn out old piano on your hands, wondering how you tolerated it so long. Testimonials of pianos prove nothing. If the twelve apostles were to sign a testimonial to-day in the strongest terms possible, this fact would not hinder their meeting another excellent instrument, equally deserving, a week later. All that a testimonial proves is that the writer at the moment of writing desired to praise the instrument. The Miller piano is one which aims at going on constantly unto perfection. Sometimes they think they have alredy reached it, but later they take another hitch and make still further improvements.



SIGNORINA EUGENIA CASTELLANO.

MUSIC.

MARCH, 1893.

BOHEMIAN POPULAR POETRY.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO DR. ANTONIN DVORAK.

Bohemia is one of those happy countries whose people may be truly called a race of poets and musicians. Even in this prosaic age of steam and electricity, popular poetry is flourishing in the "country of song and romance," as Samuel P. Putnam calls Bohemia. Thousands of songs—most of them real pearls of uncommon beauty—the invention of the people themselves, may be heard in the fields, the meadows, the forests of the country, in the cottages and gardens of the villagers, as well as in the dancing halls of the *bourgeoisie* and the barracks of the military.

What we mean by a popular song may best be understood from the following words of Karel Jaromir Erben (from his preface to a collection of Bohemian popular songs):

"What is a popular song? All the folk-lorists agree that a song which the common people sing need not be a popular song on that account, even though it were sung a hundred years; and, on the other hand, a true folk-song never loses its character, even though a century ago it might have vanished from the lips and memory of the people. It is likewise of no importance whether the song be more or less widely known, for even if it were sung in but one place it

may still be a true popular song. The characteristic marks of a folk-song must be sought elsewhere. As a matter of fact, the question, 'What is a popular song?' depends upon another primary question, 'What is a people?' how does its national being manifest itself in poetry? It is left to physiologists and philosophers to answer these questions; I shall only attempt to state briefly the difference between a folk-song and one written by a cultured poet.

"Every nation that has not yet been alienated from its own self has its own peculiar national sentiment, and its own mode of thinking, its individuality, based upon peculiarities of mind and body, which clearly distinguish it from other nations. As the nation or its parts pass through various vicissitudes, this natural, general and permanent character of the nation acquires its peculiar outward form; and as the fortunes of the nation are liable to change, so also its national character constantly changes its outward form, like wax which yields to every form, never ceasing to be what it is—wax. The sentiment of a nation, shaped and defined by the nation's external condition, is what we call the national spirit. If a song is to be a popular one, it must reflect the national spirit. If its main idea—the tropes, idioms and structural form–differ from the popular ones, there is no folk-song.

"The idea finds its body and form in words joined in sentences which compose verses and stanzas. Each stanza contains at least two verses. But the form of the stanza and the verse, aye, even the order of words and the rhyme, all rest on certain rules of popular esthetics, formed in accordance with national music, and ennobled by the national spirit, which have been consecrated by long usage. None of the popular poets is conscious of those rules, none knows them by heart, but every pupil of the national school feels and follows them, for they spring up from the very being of the nation. The form of the song is so definitely fixed that the community of songs among the various branches of the Slavonic nation depends on it alone. The more similar the form, the more likely will there be songs in common. For this reason there are a great many songs common to the Bohe

mians, Moravians and Slovaks; fewer common to the Bohemians and the Poles; the least similarity is between the Bohemian and the Russian or Illyrian songs, for here the form differs the most, and hence songs common to these nations are very rare.

"Finally, if a song is to deserve the name of 'popular,' it must not belong to any definite poet, but the whole nation must be held for its author. If anybody claims the song as his product and property, it belongs to that person, though it may possess both the spirit and the form of a popular song. A popular poet has only the singing in view. He sings because his heart forces him to, or because for a moment's glory he desires to distinguish himself before his fellows by a new song; he claims no other merit and takes no care of his song. If it has pleased others, they learn it and sing it, with or without occasional changes; they consider it as much their own as the poet himself. I do not mean to say that a popular poet must necessarily be a plain, uncultured countryman, but as it is difficult, if not impossible, for one who is not accustomed to think and feel with the people, to understand the people's heart, its philosophy and the canons of its esthetics, for this reason a person that has not sprung from the very core of the people, or has estranged himself from the people through scholarly education or otherwise, will seldom become a popular poet."

Indeed, if a poet's works are to survive their maker, they must breathe the national spirit. There is no chauvinism in this assertion; it is based upon psychological laws. If the poet is to speak to the hearts of men, he must be truthful—he must be true to himself, else his words will find no echo in the bosoms of others. To be true to himself he must be true to his people, or his poems will be like exotic flowers, they will excite cold admiration only, and will fail to touch and sound the strings of the reader's heart. Popular poetry is a living spring in which the poet will find recreation and refreshment, the same as is the case with popular music and the composers of to-day.

Bohemian popular poetry has preserved its individuality to this day. Its subjects usually are love, nature and do-

mestic scenes of every-day life. Gentleness of pathos is its chief characteristic; its figures and tropes are taken from nature; its actors from among the country maidens and the country swains. We do not mean to say, however, that *all* the songs are love songs. The rustic bards sing of joy and grief, of love and hate, of war and peace, of man and beast. The principal motives of the songs may be said to be the following, which we shall speak of more specifically: Song, Love, Wedding, Farmer's Life, Various Occupations and Trades of Men, War, Beer and Wine, Satire, Events Historical and Mythical.

Songs of song are not uncommon. "Songs, songs, whence have you come? Have you fallen down from heaven or have you grown up in the grove?" queries a Slovak youth, and they answer: "We have not fallen down from heaven, we have not grown up in the grove, but the young lads and the maidens have found us out." How the people cherish the songs and singing may be gathered from their own words: "We like better a master that pays us less but permits us to sing freely." "I have to work, to work I have all day long—I cannot work if I don't sing," is the confession of a weary workman. "Sing, my girl, make the fields merry; make the fields merry, my heart!" another song reminds the maiden. By singing a maiden makes it known to her lover that she is near. About to marry, a young maiden is wooed by men of various vocations and trades. She gives a farmer preference over all others, because she says, "He likes to sing in the fields." Even in their last hour the people think of singing. The lover is dying. The girl wants to call a doctor. "Don't call a doctor," says the lover, "he can't help me; rather than to the doctor give the money to singers; they will sing at my funeral." Grief cannot stop the singing. "My lips are singing, my eyes are smiling, though tears stream forth from my heart," tells us a Slovak maiden.

Most of the songs, however, naturally spring from love —for love is the noblest and the mightiest of human passions. And here it is love unreturned that gives rise to the greater portion of erotic poems, for the unhappy lover seeks

consolation in the song, whereas the happy lover often "finds no words" for his happiness, though he may sometimes express his joy in verse. The god of love is worshiped even though pain may sometimes be among his gifts. This we learn from this little song:
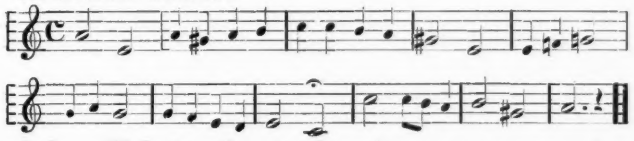
LOVE.

Where, love, where hast thou been,
That thou hast not been here?
Without thee, in gloom
I live in my youth.
Where hast thou been wandering?

I wandered over the mountains, through the woods,
Through cities and villages,
Everywhere I went,
I took sleep from men
And saddened their hearts.

These love lyrics are gentle in tone, with a touch of mel-

The mountains murmured.
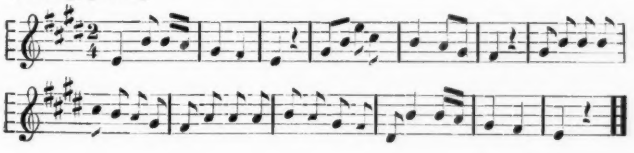


ancholy. Violent outbursts of passion are very rare. As a curiosity we may mention a song in which a maiden wishes that stones may rain for nine days upon an old hussy whose slanderous tongue has robbed her of her lover.

That melancholy coloring is not always too deep; the sanguine temperament of the singers often asserts itself, even in songs the general tone of which is one of sadness. Thus a song of parting ("Louceni"), which begins with these verses:

Parting, parting,
How difficult it is,
When the two have to part,
A youth and his love.

Parting, parting.



When we were parting we wept. . . . "
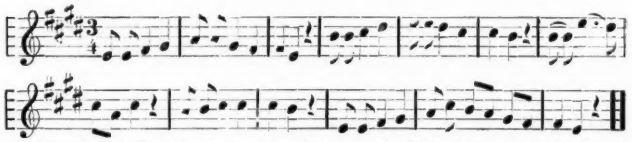
ends with this proclamation of the lover:

When I shall go through the forest
I shall shout aloud. . .
I will forget my maiden
And be merry once more!

What a contrast we find in this pathetic little song:

When we were parting, I and my darling,
Ay, the earth wept, where we were standing.
When we were parting under that green tree,
The little birds wept, that were sitting on the tree.

Only tell me.



Much of the tenderness that we find in the songs is due to the frequent use of diminutives. In this regard the Bohemian language is nearly as rich as the Italian. Its diminutives, both nouns and adjectives, are sweet words of endearment which defy translation.* By way of illustration we give the commonest three diminutives (according to their pronunciation): Mil'en-ka—"the dear little one" (fem.); hol'oob-in-ka—"the little dove"; hoob'in-ka—"sweet little kiss" (properly, "sweet little mouth"). The name "Anna" has over fifteen diminutives, nearly all of which appear in the folk-song. Another charm of the Bohemian language is its musical sound, due to its euphony and to the frequent occurrence of the broad Italian A and the open O. Euphony of the popular language is far greater than that of the literary language, because in the folk-songs etymology always yields to euphony.

Another charm of the Bohemian folk-song is its nearness to nature. Love of nature, which marked also the rites and

*Melchior de Vogué, the French academician, rightly complains that translations from the Russian lose much of the charm and richness peculiar to that tongue. The case is the same in regard to translations from the Bohemian. For this reason, all the songs that we give as specimens are given in prose. In this way the charm of the poetical form is lost, it is true, but the original meaning is preserved as far as possible.
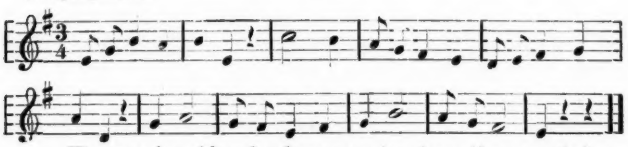
beliefs of Slavonic paganism, may be seen in the choice of scenes (the grove, the meadow, etc.), the frequent allusions to the phenomena of nature, comparisons, antitheses, the personification of beasts and birds, etc. The young Bohemian loves his black horse that carries him to his love; he tries to quiet the barking dog that stops him on his way to his sweetheart; he sends the wind, the moon or a nightingale, a pigeon or a dove with a greeting to his darling; bids the cuckoo to foretell when he shall marry his girl; strews with roses the pathway he trod when going to see her; in the morning he is awakened by a swallow; promises to wed his love when the violet shall bloom, etc. In the songs of maidens the lover is represented by a pigeon, a falcon, a peacock; the lover, on the other hand, calls his darling a dove ("holubinka"), a "red, white rose," a flower, etc. The maidens are very fond of flowers; the following are their special favorites: The rose, rosemary, violet, pink, lily, lily of the valley, marjoram, peony.

A green wreath is the symbol of virginity; it is jealously guarded and its loss deplored. It cannot be paid for in dollars, even though the false lover were to pay as many golden pieces "as there are little grains of sand."

All phases of a lover's life are sung in the folk-song, from the first unknown longings of a young heart to the wedding or even to the grave. The lover sings of the happy hours that he enjoyed in his beloved one's company, and of the wearisome ones when he was alone. They meet in the field or meadow, whither she goes to pick grass or where he takes his horses to drink. They meet secretly if their parents do not allow them to see each other in public. The maiden will not always allow her mother to choose her lover; she knows that "with her mother she shall stay only a short time, but with her lover she will live until her death." When he leaves, she sends birds with greetings to him. And if he proves false, she complains or is indifferent, or curses him. And if they are happy and marry, they sing of their wedded life. Touching is the plaintive song of one whose love is unreturned. We give here a few specimens of Bohemian love songs—happy, merry and mournful.

IT WAS MY DARLING.

The people said



The people said a cloud was coming from the mountains;
It was the dark eyes of my darling.
The people spoke of the eastern dawn:
It was my love's cheek that blushed.
The people said the day had come:
It was my love's brow that shone so bright.

A WONDERFUL BEAUTY.

What kind is that your beauty, darling?
I shiver whenever I look upon you!
What kind, my darling, is your cheek?
It blushed when I kissed you!
What kind, my darling, what kind are your eyes?
When I look into them, the world moves with me
What kind, my darling, are your hands?
When I come to you, I pine not for my home.

THE MAIDEN AND THE BIRD.

To a grove a maiden went:
She caught a birdie there;
She put him in a kerchief,
That she might not hurt him.

"Let me go, let me go free, my golden child!
I will sing to you,
Whenever you shall pass by walking
With your sweetheart in the grove."

WHAT IS WORTHLESS?

What is the worth of a well that has no water?
What is the worth of a maiden that knows no love?

LOVE BETTER THAN KEYS.

"Lock up, mother, lock up your kitchen!
You have a pretty daughter, we shall steal her from you."
"I locked her with a lock of steel;
Her lover came and opened with a little word."

LOVE IS NO CRIME.

At Kyjov, at the corner, in the courthouse,
A lover is on trial for going to his love.
Don't try, don't try him, you lords of Kyjov,
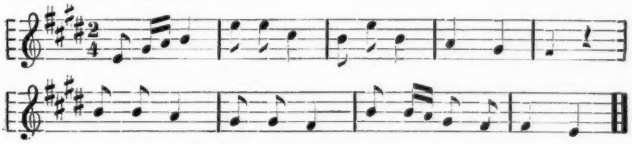
There is not one among you that never loved.
The lover loved as his heart bade him:
You have caught him and that is enough.

AN UNHEEDED WARNING.

My mother always told me
To shun the boys.
And yet I have them in my heart,
For they are good boys.

DOVE AS MESSENGER.

It rained, it was dark.



It rained, it was dark, the dove got wet,
She could not fly to my love's window.

She could not fly—could not tell the greeting:
"Your lover, Nanynka, sends you his greeting."

A PROMISE.

Who feeds my little horses when I am with my love?
She would not let me go until the stars would set.
The stars were gone, I was still with my love;
My unfed horses neighed, they neighed.
Keep still, keep still, my horses, I shall mow grass for you,
So that you will not neigh when I shall be with my love.

A PLEASANT AWAKENING.
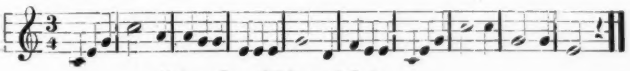
Sing, my little nightingale! Wake up my dear little one,
She sleeps near the door;
Tell her not to sleep, but to wake up quick,
For the day is dawning.

HER LOVER IS FAR AWAY.

"Falcon, you white fowl! You fly up so high,
Don't you see my lover anywhere?"
"I see him, I see him in the wide field.
There he sits in grief by a black poplar."

LONELY.
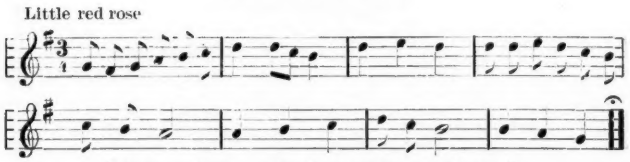
A red and blue violet



"A red and blue violet;

Where did you pick it, my dear?"
"I picked it in the garden.
My heart was grieved.
Green and white hazel shrubs—
Ah, who will console my heart?
Some one has grieved it:
There is no one to console it."

LITTLE RED ROSE.



Little red rose, why dost thou not bloom?
Why, my darling, why dost thou not come?
If I should come, thou would'st weep
And wipe thine eyes with a red kerchief.
Why should I weep, as nothing grieves me?
We loved each other like a pair of pigeons,
Like a pair of pigeons, like a pair of turtles.
I gave thee kisses of frankness.

FORSAKEN.

I am as lone as a bird of the forest,
That flies hither and thither, but cannot
Go where it would like to.

NEVER.

The Danube will sooner part with its fine sand,
Than I will part with my lover.
A little fish will sooner part with water,
Than I will part with thee, my maiden.

LOVE LIKE FIRE.
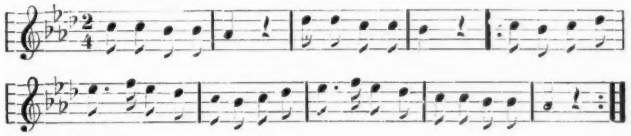
I had a lover like a spark:
An arrow struck his heart.
His heart burned, it burned with fire.
When the fire died away, the heart was a stone.

FAITHFULNESS BETTER THAN BEAUTY.
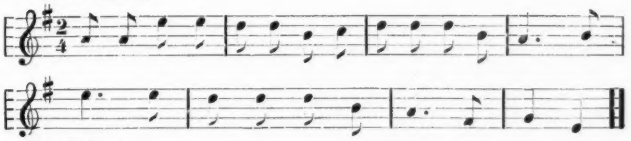
If my dear girl
Were all covered with ribbons,
And pleased all,
Yet I will not wed her.
I will wed a faithful maiden,
Even though she have but one skirt,
And blue eyes like mine.

Ah, like mine,
Ah, like mine!
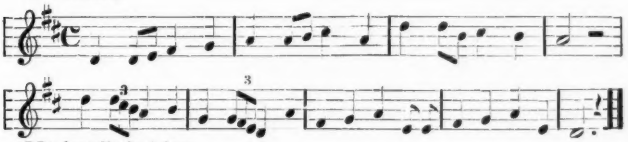
As I was weeding flax
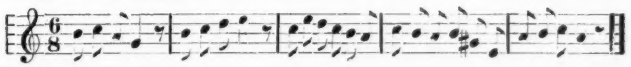


When I used to
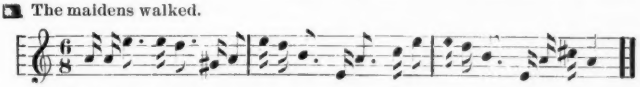


The cuckoo.
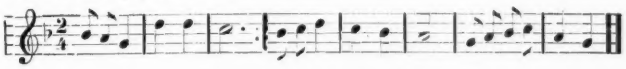


My dear little Adam.



The maidens walked.



I had a little pigeon.



BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

Mountain, mountain, thou art high:
My dear girl, thou art far,
Thou art far beyond the mountains,
And our love is fading.
It is fading until it shall fade away;
In the world there is,
There is no consolation for me
To be found in the world!

A COMPLAINT.

Ah, there is not, there is not here
What would make me happy,
Ah, there is not, there is not here
What makes me glad.
What would make me happy

Has gone like a stream of water.
Ah, there is not, there is not here
What makes me glad!
What kind of plowing is it
Without a plow, without horses,

What kind of plowing is it,
A plow without wheels?
It is such a kind of plowing
As love,
As love
Without kisses.

Now and again they would give me
What does not please me.
Now and again they would give me
What I don't like;
They are giving me a widower,
He has only a half of his heart;
One-half he gave to his dead wife,
One-half he would give me.

Like love, so also the wedding is celebrated by numerous songs—particularly so the moment when the bride takes off her maidenly wreath and puts on a white hood, the symbol of marriage. These songs are specially adapted to the ceremonies, a description of which would require a separate essay.

Another source of song is, to the farmer, his daily occupation; his work in the field, the meadow, the pasture; in the barn, the stable, etc. "My God, what I have to stand! The whole week I have to follow the plow!" a plowman complains; and a jolly boy tells him: "Be merry, farmer, be merry, even though you sow no seeds; the skylark never sows and yet he sings merrily!" A girl, tired of work, thus bids the sun to set: "Set, little sun, do set behind the high mountain; if you don't set, we shall pull you down by the leg!" The young men have peculiar ideas of work. Let us hear some of them.

THE DRIVER'S EXCUSE.

Ay, we are plowing, we plow
Our neighbor's rye field;
The driver will not drive,
He says his whip is too short.
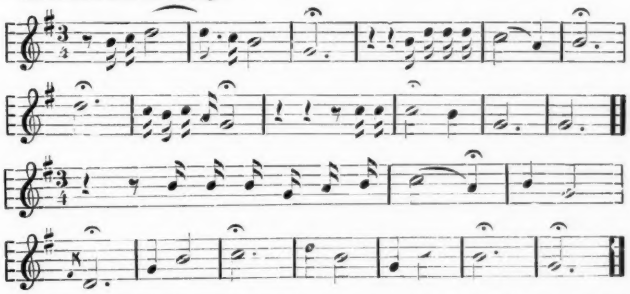
The horses are good, the whip is good,
But the driver is a rascal;

When he has to harness his horses,
He chooses to make love to his maid.

DIFFERENT COLORS.

It is morning, it is day,
We'll take home our hay.
The hay is green,
My love is rosy,
My love is rosy-cheeked.

Bohemian Harvest Songs.



The harvest songs have their own peculiar dithyrambical tunes of which we give two specimens. Nearly all syllables are prolonged in singing, which gives a solemn gait to the songs. Their tempo is *tardissime*. Mr. Susil thinks these songs are remains of ancient heathen pæans.

Another class of songs, harsh and bitter in their tone, remind the farmers of their former serfdom.

In the battle of the White Mountain (1620, Nov. 8), Bohemia lost her independence; 36,000 of the best Bohemian families who refused to embrace Catholicism were exiled, their lands confiscated and given to foreign intruders, and the people sold, given or pledged to heartless, unmerciful lords, for whom they had to drudge like serfs. The status of Bohemian farmers was little better than slavery. The oppression went on for two centuries! It was not until 1848 that the people secured freedom. What wonder then that the oppression of two centuries should have left its marks upon the folk-songs? Indeed, we find a number of songs that sing of thraldom. They sprang up from two sources, the wrath of the oppressed and their desperate humor which the tyrants were unable to crush. From the

Bohemian Forest to the Carpathians the people cursed their oppressors. The gallows, thunder and hell was what they wished for their heartless masters. One song ends thus: "Great God, our Lord, have pity on the farmers; take them to heaven and let the devil take the lords!" Another song ironically praises a master who is cruel toward his men, it is true, but "he punishes them trying to make them better, so that they may please all men." The people cursed all their oppressors from the prince down to the last constable. They did not stop at words, however; they revolted several times, but were unsuccessful.

These songs, which have done their task in their day, are now seldom heard among the Bohemian peasants, for no one likes to think and sing of the thraldom of his fathers.

Like the farmer, so also other country people have their songs. Among these we meet the miller and the forester the oftenest. The "wet brotherhood," the friends of beer and wine, also have their own songs, all of them cheerful, which proceed upon the logical conclusion: Our fathers liked beer and wine, let us do likewise. The main characteristics of this class of songs are their jollity, carelessness and humor.

The humoristic vein of the people asserts itself in all sorts of song. It is only an incident of the sanguinical temper. It may be illustrated by a few short songs, most of them naive:

SHE WAS TOO SMALL.

See, reverend father, see how you deceived me:
You gave me a little wee wife—I killed her with a kiss!

HE IS SAFE NOW.

As I did not perish while the war was going on,
I shall not perish now when it is gone.
As I have not perished in the fields of France,
I shall not perish in my girl's hands.

A MEDICINAL PLANT.

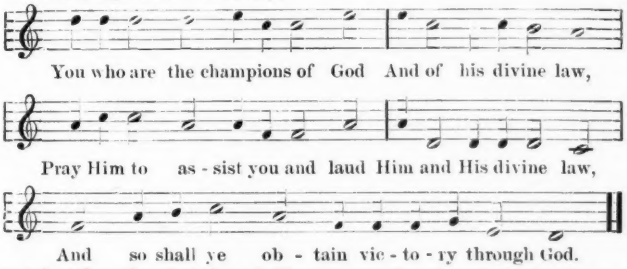
There is not a plant in the world
That would not cure some ills:
Seek, my love, seek the little flower
That will cure my heart!

THE FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.

The Lord our God, the Lord our God.
We are his children;
He must feed us:
If he wants to have us here.

The Bohemians have but few war songs. They have never been a warlike nation. Being devoted to peaceful pursuits, agriculture and industry, they never sought glory in the slaughter of their neighbors. This will explain the words of Herder, who once said that the Slavs filled more place on earth than they did in history. True, but the history of Herder's times was but a record of wars, battles and tyrants. In such a history the ancient Slavs, indeed, had no place. As we have said, the Bohemians are a peaceful race. If they ever engaged in war, they always acted on the defensive. But then they fought with great bravery. The greatest triumphs of their military skill were achieved in the famous Hussite Wars (1419-1434) in which an army of 12,000 Bohemian farmers several times put to rout an army of crusaders, ten times as large. Those times brought forth a remarkable war song "Kdoz jste Bozi bojovnici" (You, who are the Champions of God), the first stanza of which we print in English. This song has had its history. It won an impor-

A War-Song of the XV Century.



tant battle, the battle of Taus, on the fourteenth day of August, 1431. This is no fiction but fact. The bulls of the pope Eugene IV, and the eloquent words of Cardinal Julian had brought together an army of 130,000 crusaders, which entered Bohemia on the first of August and, with much plundering and a great slaughter of defenseless people, proceeded to Taus, where they established a camp. It was not

until Tuesday, the fourteenth of August, that the Bohemian leaders arranged their troops near Chotesov, and marched to meet the enemy. About three o'clock in the afternoon a report spread about the crusaders' camp that the Hussites were coming, and that a decisive battle would soon be fought. The Hussites were still four miles away and not in sight, but the crusaders heard the rattle of wagons and the mighty tones of the terrible song, "You who are the Champions of God," sung by the whole Bohemian army. The song made such a wonderful impression upon the courageous hearts of the fanatical soldiers that they took to flight and hurried back toward the grey mountains of the Bohemian forest in wild disorder; even the curses of the Cardinal failed to allay their alarm and stop the fleeing troops. Not being acquainted, however, with the pathways and passes of the mountains, the crusaders were overtaken by the Hussite vanguards; many thousand of those intruders were killed and many more taken captive. Their camp with wagons, provisions and ammunition fell into the hands of the Bohemian "heretics," whose victory was due no less to their song than to their arms. This event reminds one of the lame singer Tyrtaios, whom the Athenians are reported to have sent to aid the Spartans. They sent them no soldiers, no arms, but a singer whose songs set the Spartan's heart on fire and led him to victory. The power of song is truly remarkable.

While there may be but few war songs among the Bohemian folk-songs, there will be found among them a considerable number of songs of military life. These express the grief of the newly recruited soldier, and picture both the dark and the bright side of military life. They are of modern origin, most of them being children of the last and the present century. Frequent allusions will be found in them to the Seven Years War, and the Turkish, French and Hungarian wars. Songs of the soldiers are usually plaintive, because military service is feared and dreaded like pestilence, but there are boys who like it.

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Good by, my dear, God bless thee,
I have to march across the Red sea.

No one ever suffers as a soldier does,
Though arrows be falling from heavens, he must march.

HIS SABRE.

A sharp sabre, that is my wife,
She will help me out, when I shall be in need.

WHICH IS BETTER?

How pleasant it is to stand watch
When the moon is shining.
It is far more pleasant
To love a girl, a girl like a flower.

WILLING TO GO.

If there were to be a war, I should feel glad,
The emperor would have to give me a horse;
Give me a black horse with a saddle.
Good by, my girl, good by.

AN ADVICE.

A mother was walking around a pond,
In her hand she carried a pretty little son.
Ah, my dear son, my son, what shall I do with thee?
Should I drown thee or should I bring thee up?
Ah, my dear mother do not do so,
Rather bring me up and send me to war.
You will my dear mother, you will be praised,
That you have given the queen a hussar.

Considering the great number of lyrical songs, the epic songs* are in a decided minority in Bohemian popular poetry. Fairy tales and romantic stories take their place. Still some beautiful old poems have been preserved in the Queen's Court MS. (translated into English by A. H. Wratislav in 1852), and others may be found in the several collections of Bohemian folk songs published in the present century. Some of these bear unmistakable marks of their ancient origin, they contain reminiscences of Slavonic mythology. In these we meet Parom or Perun, the god of the thunderstorm of the

*In its technical sense the word "song" means a short lyrical poem. But its general meaning is broader. We speak of epic "songs" because they are really intended to be sung.

ancient Slavs; the Vily, their forest nymphs, and other subordinate deities. In others, Christian myths are wrought into legends whose material is drawn chiefly from the lives of our first parents, and Mary and Jesus. The heathen elements are predominant, however. The song of "The Enchanted Daughter" is a characteristic one. Two wandering musicians come to a stately maple tree. Its wood seemed to them suitable to make violins of, so they proceed to cut the tree down. At the first cut the tree gives out a sigh, at the second one it bleeds, and finally at the third cut it speaks. It tells them that it is an enchanted maiden. Her mother sent her to bring water; the daughter met her lover and spoke with him awhile. Her mother, tired of waiting, cursed her to become "a high maple tree with broad leaves." The curse was fulfilled, but the mother was the more unhappy for that.

This and other similar poems possess all the elements of tragedy. They show at once the esteem in which a mother is held by the Slavs—the gods fulfill her curse and turn the disobedient daughter into a tree—but the mother, in her turn, is punished for her curse.

A familiar figure of Bohemian popular epics is a dead lover who comes from his grave for his living bride—thus fulfilling the promise he made to her while alive.

A few songs sing of murders which, being so rare and unusual, have attracted the singer's attention. In these poems of crimes the dire deed usually becomes known in some way or other, and is punished. Scenes of brutality, such as we often find in German folk-songs for example, are unknown to Bohemian popular poetry. The punishment of Brenneberg and his innocent love, which a German song describes as follows:

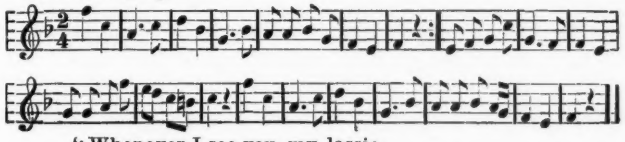
> Sie nahmen ihm aus sein jung Herz fein,
> Recht wie einem wilden Schwein,
> Sie legten's in einen Pfeffer,
> Und gaben's der Schonsten zu essen---"

has no parallel in Bohemian poetry. And what we quote, is not an isolated instance! Where the Bohemian poem is melancholy, the German song is gloomy, even horrible; where the former is gay, the latter shows dissolute joy. Each

has its own elements of beauty. Among the Bohemian songs erotic poems are the most numerous, and, compared with other Slavonic nations, the Bohemians may be said to be pre-eminently love singers.

Of all the Slavonic nations the Poles are the nearest relation of the Bohemians. This affinity may be seen also in their popular poetry. Some songs these two nations have in common; many more may be found that express the same ideas. Still the popular songs of the two nations differ radically in two respects: Polish songs are fiery, full of wild passion and energy; the Bohemian lays are gentle, they exhibit tenderness and their passions are rather subdued. Secondly, in the Polish songs we often find touching appeals to God, the Holy Virgin, etc., whereas, in Bohemian songs, we meet God and religion but seldom, mostly in satires, which a Puritan would surely condemn as blasphemous. Here is an example: The confessor tells a maiden that she will go to hell unless she cease loving her boy. What is her answer? "I am not afraid of hell if I have what I love." The songs make fun of monks and priests. As an example of the piety of a Bohemian country swain we give the song "Kdyz te vidim." Translated in prose the verses run thus:

Whenever I see you



"Whenever I see you my lassie,
Kneeling in the church,
I can no longer pray to God,
I must look at you.
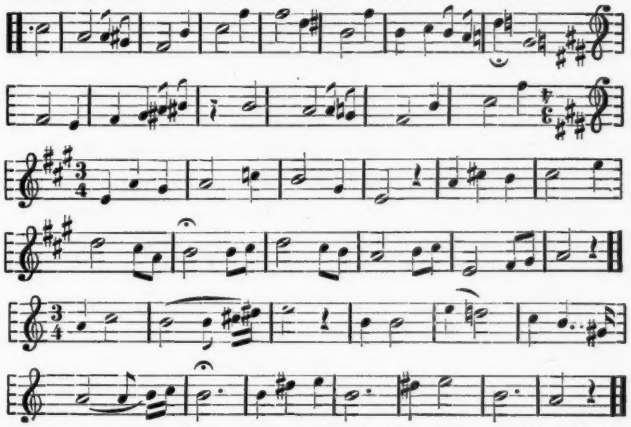
If I would love God
As I do love you,
I'd have long been a saint
Like the angels of heaven."

In a Polish song (Bywaj dziewcze zdrowe) the lover departing for the battlefield tells his girl not to mourn, for, he says, "We shall meet in heaven." I tried to find a parallel Bohemian song but without result.

These differences may be easily accounted for. The Poles are of a choleric temper, their passions are easily inflamed, their blood is hot and runs fast, and they have been fittingly named "the French of the Slavonic race." On the contrary the Bohemians are light hearted, sanguine (sometimes we might call them thoughtless), they entertain no gloomy views of life and seldom die of grief. Again, the Polish have been devout Catholics for ages, the Reformation hardly found any ready friends among them, whereas the Bohemians—as a nation—have always been liberal minded and had revolted against papal tyranny as early as the fifteenth century—a hundred years before Luther. By fire and sword they were converted to Catholicism again, but the mass of the people have remained Hussites at heart to this day. The Moravians, however, who are several decades behind their Bohemian brethren in intellectual progress, are also better Catholics, and have a number of true religious songs. In Bohemian religious songs flourished only during the era immediately following the introduction of Christianity and the period of religious excitement in the XV and XVI centuries.

The age of the Bohemian folk-songs is varied. It often happens that a peasant girl may sing two songs in succession, one of which was composed but yesterday while the other may be a thousand years old. Some of the songs—those, at least which contain mythological allusions—have doubtless been known from time immemorial, long before the introduction of Christianity. As most of these have, however, been preserved by tradition, it is now well nigh impossible to determine their age. Only a few songs of the XIII and XIV century, or even older, have met the happy lot of having been confided to parchment in those early times, and thus saved for the future. In the XVI, XVII and XVIII centuries again, it was a frequent custom of religious bodies —notedly of the communities of the Bohemian Brethren— in their hymn-books to write words of religious songs to fit secular tunes in order to make them popular. In this way tunes and their titles (the first verses) have been preserved to this day. Thus the song of "Kalina" is first mentioned in 1571, hence we know that it is at least four hundred years old.

The Song of "Kalina," The Snow-ball Flower, with three different tunes.



But as most of the songs were being preserved only by also tradition from generation to generation, it is evident that many of them must have been lost, and many more might have been lost, had they not found zealous friends who undertook to gather those fragrant flowers and preserve them for the coming generations. It was in the first half of the present century, after Herder had called the attention of European nations to the beauties of the folk-song, that the Bohemian popular lays began to be collected. Of the collectors the following deserve notice: Jan of Rittersberk, 1825; Fr. L. Celakovsky, 1825; J. V. Kamaryt, 1831-1832 (religious songs); Fr. Susil, 1831-40, 1860 (Moravian songs) Jan Kollar, 1835 (songs of the Slovaks); K. J. Erben, 1842-52, '62, '64, '87; the "Slavia" literary society of university students, 1872; Fr. Bartos, 1832. These collections contain about five thousand songs (including variations,) three-fifths of which were gathered by Erben and Susil alone.

Most of the songs were composed in the last three centuries. Under the impulse of the moment, the peasant clothed his feelings in verses so formed as to fit a known tune, which best corresponded with his "mental intonation." It was easy to find a suitable melody, because hundreds, nay, thousands of melodies have been and are circulating among the people of Bohemia, Moravia and northern Hungary. They are dance tunes, and it is dance music that is responsi-

ble for a large portion of the folk-songs, for the Bohemians are fond of dancing* and like to listen to music, sing and dance at the same time if possible. And if the peasant would not find any suitable air, he would certainly compose a new one for himself, for his musical talents are not inconsiderable.

The dance tunes are common property of the people; hence we often find different songs adapted to the same air, or several tunes to one text. Accordingly the tempo is varied also; it is always dictated by the text. Some singers sing the old melody unchanged, others with some alteration to suit their views. Thus we often find even the measure changed several times in one song, the change being necessitated by the declamation. This gives the airs an unusual vividness, and stamps them as individual and original. Many of the old songs have disappeared, simply because their melodies, founded on the Roman chorale, did not agree with the popular taste.

According to J. L. Zvonar, the Bohemian popular melodies may be divided into three classes: The most simple ones embrace but five tones and their value lies principally in the text; in others enharmonic tones (tones of the various chords) are predominant, and the tunes show greater freedom; the prettiest are those which move in diatonic scales. A competent critic (J. Debrnov) speaks thus of the Bohemian popular tunes: "These melodies, are not as free as those of the Romance nations, their rhythm is not as easy and sensual as that of the Spanish songs, but the Bohemian song is serene and warm, with a melancholy coloring, the airs show the greatest variety, the rhythm fitly expresses the feelings and is original."

The older songs were unrhymed, they had alliterations and assonances instead. At present all the songs are rhymed. Stanzas of four verses have alternate, those of two verses, consecutive rhymes. Nearly all the songs are in trochaic measures—these are the most natural, as in the Bohemian

*They have over a hundred original popular dances, many of which are very picturesque. One of them, the polka, sometimes erroneously ascribed to the Poles, but really invented by a Bohemian girl about 1830, has literally "conquered the world."

language all words are accented on the first syllable and there is no definite or indefinite article that might turn the measure into an iambic one. Dactyls may occasionally be met with, too. It deserves to be noted, however, that popular metrics differs somewhat from that of the school books.

Variety is the rule in stanzas as well as in tunes. The Moravian songs differ somewhat from those of Bohemia in several respects.

"The Moravian folk-song," says J. V. Novotny, "has a peculiar character. It is older and purer than the Bohemian lay, because it has not grown up on the basis of modern West-European major and minor keys. In the Moravian folk-song we often find traces of ancient ecclesiastical modes; very many of them are founded upon an incomplete scale which lacks the sixth: C, D, E (or E flat), F, G,—B, C; most frequently do such melodies move in the tetrachord F, G, B, C; and though there is a leading tone (B), still the melody often falls in the conclusion from this B down to G, sometimes even to F, where it then remains, not rising to C after the present fashion."

Mr. Kopp divides Moravian folk-songs into three classes: First, songs in a definite major key which have a regular rhythm and can easily be remembered. Second, melodies in some pure minor key which never changes; and third, the most interesting melodies which rest on the ancient church modes, the Ionian, Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, Mixo-Lydian and Æolian. Some melodies of this class have remained unchanged for ages, while others have yielded to the influences of the modern major and minor modes. "As a majority of the older modes have no leading tone from the seventh to the eighth (the *subsemitonium*), always passing as they do by a whole tone (and not by a semitone, as it is at present) to the fundamental tone, those singing the old songs always raised the tone next preceding the last one so as to obtain the desired *subsemitonium modi*, the characteristical mark of the modern modes, *dux* or *moll*."

The Moravian folk-songs differ from those of Bohemia also, by their general tone, which is more serious than that of the Bohemian tunes, in which the element of humor and merirment is more prominent.

In the course of ages the Moravian people have suffered more than their brethren in Bohemia, hence their serious songs.

The creative powers of the Bohemian rustic Burnses and Berangers seem to be weakening in this prosaic age—for their latest productions are inferior to the older songs, and good songs are as scarce among the worthless ones as violets among leaves of grass. To some extent the perverse educational methods of Austrian common and high schools must be blamed for this. Although many other things are taught in them, the national character is not only not studied but purposely neglected, and Bohemian history is often misrepresented and falsified—its brightest epochs especially so. But, though the popular talents may not be active enough, the love of singing is as intense as ever, particularly in southern Bohemia. (It has abated somewhat in the North since 1848.) The people will sing anything, even mere numbers* provided the tune be pleasant to the ear. Love of singing is one of the most characteristic marks of the Bohemian people and it speaks well for them. A noted English writer** thus compliments the Bohemian farmers.

"Among our own people popular poetry in the true sense of the word is dead; we have nothing but the swashbuckler patriotism and mawkish sentimentality of the music halls. No song writer of genius is living among us. Nor, indeed, does it seem possible that there should be one. The Bohemian peasants are to be congratulated upon not having passed yet into this stage. They have not yet become a prey to the—

"Vulture whose wings are dull realities,"

as Edgar Poe says."

Their love of song the Bohemian people have carried to all parts of the world. Love of singing will be one of their

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*Of this "poem":

One, two, three, four, five, six,
Seven, eight, nine, ten,
The clock struck eleven
And awakened my darling, etc.

** W. R. Morfill, in the Westminster Rev., vol. 116, page 373

bequests to the coming American nation, that amalgamation of various peoples, which will retain and preserve the best trait of character of each of its component parts. We hope we shall have the pleasure to hear Bohemian folk-songs sung by "the Bohemian nightingale," Miss Marenka Postova, who is now traveling with the Whitney—Mockridge Company, and will sing in Chicago within a few months.

Among the Bohemian people the love of singing is universal. We have heard little children sing at Mr. Hladik's farm, we have visited Rychlik's Hall in Cleveland, O., where we have heard aged, gray-haired Bohemian gentlemen sing with juvenile vim and ardor, and we have listened to the young ladies of the Slavsky Sokol in the hall of the Slovanska Lipa in Chicago. "Where a Bohemian is, there is song" is a true saying.

The Bohemian folk-songs have been, and are, a rich mine for artists, painters, poets and composers. Bohemian opera, which we shall be happy to have in Chicago this year, owes much to them. Among the great Bohemian composers who have worked this golden mine, Smetana and Dvorak are the foremost. Dvorak's "Slavonic dances" are known all over the world. And as Pan Antonin Dvorak is to-day the best interpreter of the spirit of the Bohemian folk songs, we have respectfully dedicated our essay to him.

CHICAGO. JOSEF J. KRAL.

CHARACTER IN PIANO LITERATURE.

(CONCLUDED.)

Chopin in his polonaises and mazurkas reflects all the noble pride and elegant grace of his people and shrouds the poetic essence of all his works in a touching, dreamy sadness which seems to be born in the sad fate of the heroic but ill-starred Polish nation. So Schumann in his burly humor, his depth of sentiment, his dreamy reverie and the force and logic of his ideas is thoroughly German, as Chopin is Polish. The heart-broken lament, the wildly joyous shouts of the melodies of the Puszta, the striking rhythmic peculiarities give Liszt's Hungarian rhapsodies a distinctly national coloring (which cannot be traced in his other works) and the brilliant make-up of the loosely jointed melodies and the dash and force suitable for forensic display make them dear alike to pianists and public.

The French composers show a genial audacity in rhythmic refinement which frequently verges on the extravagant and loses itself in brilliant commonplace phrases lacking alike feeling or sentiments; the works of the later French composers for this reason often make the impression of an ostentatious finery without character, and the composers themselves are, as a rule, hardly above mediocrity. The piano works of N. H. Reber, C. Stamati, George Mathias, Chas. H. Alkan—the last a composer of high aspirations whose works are very difficult, but have a tawdry character even to eccentricity—are but little known. Saint-Saens, the most prominent of the French piano composers, has a very thorough knowledge of and deep admiration for Bach, to which commendable inclination much of the higher musical quality in his works may be attributable;three concertos, several ensemble works, solos and transcriptions from Bach are well known, besides a number of larger works for orchestra, chorus, and several operas.

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The Skandinavian folk songs and dances became known to the musical world in the early part of this century. The Norwegian national airs seem to reflect the grandeur and gloom of rugged mountain scenery with a mysterious depth of sentiment and a strong and vigorous fantasie as befits people who believe in manly courage and valiant deeds. Tender emotions are rarer, and in the melodies that speak of longing desire and heartsore affliction there is no affectation of any kind; their strains give vent to a wealth of suffering in a sonorousness which is always veiled in darkness, and requires a pathetic and declamatory rendition. The spring dances have a capricious, fantastic character full of freshly gushing power of life; their rhythms often move with a quick impulse and suddenly arrested motion. The Swedish and Danish melodies are of a softer tone and romantic character; their form often shows great artistic refinement.

This powerful new element has been introduced in musical art and can be traced in the compositions of N. W. Gade, L. Norman, E. Hartman, Ed. Neupert, Halfdan Kjerulf (1818-1870) and Edvard Grieg (1843–). The compositions of the last two have a very pronounced Norse character; Grieg's piano works, more widely known, are a concerto, sonata, ensemble and smaller works.

A neo-Russian school of composers, much influenced by the German models, has taken up the spirit of the Slavonic folk-songs and dances and has thus given a powerful impetus to instrumental music. The Russian national airs are exceedingly numerous and very varied in character. The slower airs, in the minor mode, have sometimes remarkable harmonious beauty, are of a somber, melancholy character, very pathetic and of an indescribably touching sentiment which seldom takes on a lighter tinge; those in a major key are generally lively, as though intended for dances and of a sweet, winning charm. The harmonious melodies of more pronounced musical tendency often end their phrases with characteristic long cadences, show marked dissonances and a shortening of the first and lengthening of the second beat, which causes a sort of halting and dragging in the rhythmical construction.

These characteristics have more or less successfully been reproduced in a number of works:—operas, oratorios, symphonies, etc. This element can also largely be traced in the piano compositions of M. Glinka (1803-1857; small character pieces), Rimsky-Korsakoff (1844–; chamber music and shorter works), Cesar Cui (suite and smaller works) Anatole Liadoff (etudes, etc.), Mili Balakirew, (scherzo, fantasie, etc.), Anton Rubinstein (in some of his works) and Peter I. Tschaikowsky (1840–) who is the most prominent Russian composer of the day, remarkable through his fire, depth of feeling and spontaneity, which is evident in his concertos, sonatas, ensemble works and character pieces.

The Bohemians (another branch of the Slavonic race which for ages has been well reputed for its musical inclinations), have come into prominence more recently. The strains which were sung by the Hussites in their grim wars are of a most vigorous characteristic rhythm, a darkly determined expression glowing with ardent zeal, full of manly energy and martial spirit. Their strict morals and deep religious feeling have left their impress on their hymns which have an inspired expression and great beauty of form; others of their national airs are of infinite tenderness, quaint humor even to joviality. Hans Seeling, (1828-1862), Fried. Smetana, (1824–1884), Ed. Napravnick, (1839–), are among their better known composers, but Antonin Dvorak (1842–), seems to have brought to life again the indomitable spirit of the old Hussites, so inspired, full of intensity of feeling and romantic grace are the compositions, which reflect largely the old national character even in the piano works—the Slavonic dances, ensemble music and concertos.

German instrumental music has in its early course been largely influenced by France and Italy, but its growth has been a steady and healthy one in its purely artistic tendency up to the present time. With the great host of eminent composers the national element never rose to supreme importance in musical art though in their individuality they manifest a more or less pronounced German spirit, as is evident in the works of Bach, Haendel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn and Schumann. To

the fact that the beauty of an ideal life in its complete expression was their ultimate object in their works of art is due the high artistic perfection that German instrumental music has acquired, a perfection which in the well balanced proportions of form, thought and feeling give it a true cosmopolitan character.

Joachim Raff (1822-1882) is one of the prominent composers of the romantic school and has written, besides a number of other important works, compositions for piano solo and ensemble. His suites and characteristic pieces are brilliant and markedly original; his style is reflective and strong, full of happy harmonious innovations and melodious inflections. He is much given to polyphone writing which not infrequently appears as the outgrowth of a peculiar fancy for scientific combinations and so impresses more readily by its eccentricity than its true poetical essence. Carl Reinecke (1824–) shows a genial, sympathetic spirit in his concertos and the various solo pieces. His cadenzas to Mozart and Beethoven's concertos give evidence to what extent he has entered the spirit of the masters; the compositions for children are full of romance and refinement. Robert Volkmann (1815–1883) has valuable ensemble music and smaller works. Theodor Kirchner (1824–) and Woldemar Bargiel (1828–1891) are largely influenced by Schumann's spirit and while the first shows more musical quality in his smaller works, those of the latter are more pleasing. Refined original sketches writes Alexander Winterberger (1834–); Carl Goldmark (1832–) ensemble music. Adolf Jensen (1837-1879) appears musing and tender with a romantic coloring, while Josef Rheinberger (1839–) is eminently a scholarly writer in his chamber music and piano solos. Of later day and brilliant promise are Jean L. Nicode and Moritz Moszkowsky.

Among the great pianists Anton Rubinstein (1829–) easily ranks first in the general excellence of a characteristic conception and genial rendition of the master works of piano literature. A superior musical intelligence, an unselfish devotion to the intentions of the composer, great physical power and endurance, a touch that responds to the most

sensitive refinement and an intensity of feeling that acts with the magnetic force of plenary inspiration give his readings serene repose or dithyrambic impetus, tender abandon or heroic energy. As a composer Rubinstein unquestionably ranks very high, but is more admirable in the smaller forms where the spontaneity of invention is not hampered by the drudgery of labor. Even in the best of his larger works brilliant but barren reveries are encountered where the fire of inspiration goes begging for lack of mental restriction. His concerto in D minor is the best of his larger compositions for the piano, which include five concertos, sonatas, ensemble works, (some of them very valuable), etudes and smaller pieces; a number of the latter must certainly be counted among the gems of piano literature. Hans G. von Bulow, (1830–), a musician of great mental astuteness, pianist of great technical and intellectual faculties and prodigious memory, is one of the first conductors of the day. His compositions show that critical analysis in him is superior to imagination. Jan. Ig. Paderewski and Eugen d'Albert, pianists of exceptional prominence, are composers of great promise; the compositions of the first are more of the pleasing, popular kind, while those of the latter show markedly the scholarly musician.

In point of uniform excellence in the originality of invention, the unadorned simplicity and ingenuousness of his ideas, the clear logical development and the evident repose in the consciousness of his mental power, in the conciseness of ideal beauty and perfection of form, an emotional life which in its expression is free from excess and always artistic, in his harmonic and rhythmical construction, even in the novelty of his technical treatment of the piano Joh. Brahms (1833–) stands unrivaled among contemporary composers.

In his early works—three sonatas, a trio, variations, scherzo and ballads—Brahms manifests a prolific power and romantic exuberance of fantasie in the genial and poetic essence and the novel and original development of his ideas. The pregnancy and beauty of the melodies, the tender abandon, the burly humor, the feeling in all its intensity, the well planned though often daring construction and the

playful mastery of piano technic give the impression of a remarkable artistic potentiality. There is nothing trivial or commonplace; even where his melodies take on a more popular color, the invention is altogether of an individual character: ideal beauty is his aim everywhere, but the beauty of sound does not always seem to claim primary consideration.

The variations (op. 21, 24, 35, and 23 for four hands) show a daring flight of the ideas, a power of combination in the melodic, rhythmic and harmonic reconstructions of the themes and a mastery in counterpoint which has no equal since Beethoven. The variations on a Haendel theme, (op. 24) belong to the best productions of modern piano music; in those entitled "studies for the piano," on a theme of Paganini's (op. 35), it is a trying question to say which is more admirable: the fantastic and withal extremely melodious new formations which the simple theme engenders in the composer's imagination or the novelty and the—even after Liszt, Chopin and Schumann—stupendous technical difficulties which carry the aerial flight of capricious ideas.

In the valses for four hands there is a wealth of melody and a variety of expression of the most winning charm, and it is safe to say that whosoever fails to see the wonderful beautv in these little sketches has no ear for music. The Hungarian dances, arranged from Hungarian melodies, speak for themselves in their well earned popularity, and the later pieces (op. 76, 79) are continually gaining ground with the sincere lovers of good piano music.

If in his larger works, for chorus or orchestra, and his beautiful, characteristic songs, Brahms claims consideration with the great masters, he asserts his powers no less in his ensemble works with piano and the second concerto; in a quintette (op 34), three quartettes (25, 26, 60), five trios (8, 40, 87, 101 and 109), four sonatas (38, 78, 100 and 108) he develops a melodious beauty, a thematic work, a variety in harmonic and rhythmic construction and a well defined character in each composition which secure him a place among the first composers of chamber and concerted pieces. The melodies have rhythmic clearness and distinctness, generally a simple (tonal) harmonic structure and frequently a markedly popu

lar character. In his work Brahms manifests the most com plete artistic development and perfect mastery over the material in the strictest forms. In the "Durchfuehrung' he contrasts the motives by every artful device of counterpoint. His interchange of the major and minor modes is very striking, his modulations into removed keys are effected with ease and appear perfectly natural; the peculiar effects he often produces by harmonic changes for greater intensity of feeling or marked coloring show his masterful use of the harmonic apparatus. The rhythm is most varied; combinations of different rhythmical figures are a frequent occurrence and striking are the effects produced by latent rhythms in the parts of the different instruments.

When individual sentiment in art frequently takes precedence of musical quality; when the ideal beauty and inspiring spontaneity of invention too often lack the sustaining power of artistic formation—noticeable in the number of indifferent works of better composers and in many brilliant but unprolific episodes in their larger works—it is an evidence of remarkable artistic strength in Brahms that his compositions are of an even merit throughout, that they have no inartistic weakness and, though they may fail to find *ready* appreciation, they are of great persuasive power where their simple beauty fails to convince at once. Brahm's way of thinking and feeling, his mode of expressing what he feels, and his whole artistic personality fail in that sympathetic essence which directly appeals to sentimentality; he never tries to win by mere outer charm, makes no concession to a popular taste, and gives expression in his own unceremonious way to what moves him, but in the unassuming simplicity of his great art, in the power of his reasoning, in his high aims and his severe earnestness, he is a composer who compels the admiration of all that take cognizance of his works.

ADOLPH CARPE.

"B'HUET GOTT."

A Musical Story. Translated from the German by Jeanette Hesse.

III.

The next day as Gerhard reclined lazily in his compartment consulting his time-table, he smiled at his delusion in thinking that Wiesenheim lay near his route to the city, for he now found himself being carried a considerable distance out of the direct course. But, what matter? Had he not a good right to a vacation? Might not he, like a weary scholar, lay aside for a time the pressing duties imposed by a restless ambition? And beside a childish impulsive longing to see again the old familiar nest, had he not another reason which insistently presented itself? Had he not since he first heard his song in the Pocherthal, been unable to silence a soft voice, a voice that whispered: "In your grandfather's house where you first felt the divine inspiration of music, there was always singing and playing; you may have revived memories of your childhood and mistaken them for your own creation. Had not your grandfather an ancient music-book, yellow with age, that had belonged to his mother? Was there anything you loved better, when a child, than for your grandmother to sing for you in the twilight from the same old book? Since that time you have not heard these melodies, and you cannot now recall them. Suppose other of your melodies bear slight resemblances to those old, but little known folk-songs of that ancient book. Would it not, in that case, be fortunate if you, rather than others, discovered the fact? Of course your pride protests against such conjecture, but the unwelcome thought returns again and again, and you know you cannot rest until you have convinced yourself that your fear is groundless."

After he had left behind the unfamiliar part of his journey, he recognized, with a mingling of impatience and melancholy pleasure, the places which, in earlier years, he had so often passed when on his way from the gymnasium, the home of the orphan boy, to his grandfather's house to spend his vacations. He recalled the joyful emotion with which he watched fields and meadows pass at a snail's pace, far too slowly for his impatient longing to be at home. In those days, the greater part of the journey had to be accomplished by stage, for the railway did not extend as far then as now; even yet the last part of his journey from Sigisweil to Wiesenheim must be taken by coach. Sigisweil was the post station, where, in those early days, his grandfather had always awaited his arrival with a conveyance. Soon the train slacked its speed, and before him lay the village with its broad single street lined with poplars, its red roofs seeming to nestle among green gardens, so much lower were they than the road. But the familiar old carriage was not there, no "God bless you" in the full deep voice of his grandfather greeted him. He was obliged to secure his own conveyance, for although he had announced his coming to his grandmother, he had not given the exact time. With critical eye he viewed the hard, uncomfortable wagonette, the only thing available at that time. He quickly decided to engage it for his luggage, and then started off on foot along the well remembered road leading between broad, fruitful fields.

As he went on down long lanes bordered on either side by fruit trees, that old feeling of pleasure he had long thought dead came stealing over him. Again it seemed to him, as in those old times when he had traversed these roads in the Whitsuntide, the autumn or the Christmas vacation, as if he were on the straight road to Paradise, and it mattered little to him whether the trees were covered with blossoms, with ripened fruit, or with snow. Yes, like a real gate of Paradise had seemed the dark, narrow old town gate, with its watchman's lodge from whose little window the watchman looked out with a smiling welcome, and saluted his grandfather by doffing the fur cap which he wore winter and

summer. Then when the carriage rolled into the little town, which nestled so cosily among its vineyards, and dear familiar faces greeted him from every window, when, finally, they had turned the last well known corner, and could hear the sounding mallets wielded by ten or twelve coopers, what a loving welcome it had seemed!

His grandmother had always met them under the red blossoms of the chestnut tree at the gate. Although quite elderly, she was at that time still very beautiful, with doe-brown eyes in which yet glowed the unquenchable fire of youth. From behind the blooming plants at the window had shone the rosy faces of his aunts, those charming, happy younger sisters of his mother, from whom he received his first impressions of feminine beauty and grace. His mother had died long years before; his beautiful aunts had married and gone to distant homes; how lonely his grandmother must be. He wondered if Regele was still with her, Regele, whose frequent anger at his boyish pranks had always been followed swiftly by reparation full and sure. Of course if she still lived she was there, for his grandmother and Regele were inseparable. She could not be dead, for how could she be satisfied in heaven, where there is neither baking nor roasting? In imagination he enjoyed again the appetizing odors of her New Year's cakes, and of the apple tarts and macaroons which his grandmother used to bake in the great kitchen, where a clear, open fire of chips and other refuse from the cooper shop, always burned. How pleasant it had been to play in the large, airy workroom, in one corner of which stood a cask of sweet beer for the free use of all, and in another a great pile of shavings in which one could roll and toss to his heart's content! In his childish fancy what merry kobolds had danced about that fire! What melodies the wind had sung as it whistled through the keyhole! What happiness it had been to play with the neighbor's children under the shed in the great courtyard, where the huge piles of wood for the coopers' use offered so many hiding places for their games of hide-and-seek! But ever a greater happiness had been to sit in a shadowy corner and listen to the soft melodies that ever haunted him, to watch the play of the

sunbeams, and to dream—dream as he was dreaming even now without notice of the passing time. Was it possible that he was already at the gate? The face of the watchman was strange to him, so the old man who had so often greeted him must be dead. A feeling of anxiety overwhelmed him at the thought that his grandmother also might be dead. In imagination he saw strange faces look mockingly from the old windows. He dreaded to ask the watchman about her, so he walked on. How quiet the streets were! They had never seemed so deserted before. Had his footsteps always resounded thus upon the pavement? And how strange the people were! No one recognized him.

He turned the corner of the market-place. Before him stood the apothecary's house, "The Lion," with its upper windows gleaming like red gold in the last rays of the setting sun, while below, the two gray stone lions that kept watch on either side of the door were already drowsing in the shadow. In the middle of the square a fountain plashed and murmured in a sleepy monotone, while gathered in little groups about it, the maidens with their copper vessels chattered in the fading light. Turning into a narrow street Gerhard came to the old common near the church, where the goats had formerly grazed, and where the three tall iron crosses had stood in the deep shadow of the old trees. Now the place was paved, grass and goats were gone, but the crosses were still there. Even if they did seem less tall than formerly they still inspired him with that unaccountable feeling of dread that had always overtaken him when in their presence. How many times on Sunday had he sauntered about under the dense green canopy of leaves, especially on solemn feast days when High Mass was being celebrated! He had not dared to enter the church because of his Protestant training which forbade him. In imagination he could still hear the notes of the deep-toned organ, and feel again the unfathomable mystery of the choral songs, which, like distant voices of angels, floated out from the shadowy church, upborne by clouds of incense.

As it was but a short distance to his grandmother's house, a few hasty steps brought him in sight of its high-

roofed gable. The upper windows were tightly closed, but from behind the snow-white curtains of the lower ones appeared the blooming plants as of old. The chestnut tree at the gate had scattered abroad her rosy petals, as if in greeting. The great gate stood open; within, it was almost dark, but one could look across the intervening courtyard, piled high with wood, into the garden beyond, which now lay bathed in a flood of sunset glory. Just inside the gate, to the left a broad, well lighted stairway led to the upper story, while to the right was the large drawing room, which in the past had been used only on state occasions. Fortunately, he knocked at the door of this room, evne though he scarcely hoped to find his grandmother there. "Come in," greeted his ears, and there sat his grandmother in her easy chair near the window. She had grown old, quite old; her beautiful brown hair was now as white as snow; but her bearing was still erect, her dress still arranged with the greatest care, and from her eyes still shone the warm welcome of old.

"Grandmamma!" Where were all the years that wree past? In a moment Gerhard was at his grandmother's feet; the old lady stroked the brown head resting in her lap with her withered hand, saying softly, "So you have come home at last, my boy, to your old grandmother."

Then for the first time Gerhard noticed that the old lady's feet, carefully wrapped, were resting upon a comfortable footstool, and learned that she had not been able to go upstairs for a long time, but lived entirely in the rooms on the first floor, her longest journey being from one room to another. In answer to her grandson's expression of sympathy, she said soothingly: "It is only my feet; my heart is still sound."

Yes, the old heart was still young and sound, and as ever, interested in all Gerhard's affairs. She could not rejoice enough in his beauty and noble carriage, could not feast her eyes enough upon the image of her long-lost daughter, nor satisfy her ears with the sound of his voice. Presently Regele appeared at the door, a little older and somewhat more formidable, but with a bright look of wel-

come in her face. As she led him to the room prepared for him, that he might rest from his journey, she told him how his grandmother had hoped each year that he would spend his vacation with her. Gerhard sincerely regretted his past neglect, and felt with shame that he had come home only because it was his last resort.

"Whenever a strange conveyance appeared, she would watch it expectantly for you," said the old woman as she opened the windows and let in the sweet evening air, freighted with the dear, familiar, woody fragrance.

"For *you*!" repeated Gerhard. "What new manner of speech is that, old Regele? Say *thou* as you used to. I am the same boy, even if I have grown a little more sensible. Do you remember how I drew an owl right on the back of your brown jacket, how you innocently wore it to market, and how angry you were? That was not a very pretty trick, but you need not fear such pranks now. You don't know how good I have become. You are quite unchanged, for you were always good. Do you still bake those little white sugar cakes? And those little men made out of brown cake-dough, always hand in hand, seven in a row? Have you saved my little china cup that had my name on it? Really? And my little silver knife and fork that I always used? Oh, you good old Regele! What a happy time that was—my childhood!"

Gerhard bade his grandmother an early good-night, the excitement of his arrival having wearied her. In consequence he arose early and sauntered about long before the household was astir. The early stillness was broken only by the familiar sounds of the coopers' industry, which, softened by distance, had always aroused him from his boyish slumbers of the past. Nothing was changed. There lay the courtyard filled with the morning sunlight, the birds twittered in the pear tree, and at the open windows fluttered bright chintz curtains in the gentle breeze—all just as it used to be. Near the entrance leading to the workshop, which was at the right of the court, still stood the rude wooden bench upon which he had time and again carved his name, and yonder by the well was the old grindstone upon which the apprentices had good-naturedly sharpened his knife.

From the court a few steps led up to the garden, which, by successive terraces, stretched upward to the vineyard beyond. O, this garden, with its box-bordered beds filled with old-fashioned flowers, with its gnarled fruit trees, and its sweet little red gooseberries which always grew in a certain corner! What happy memories this garden, which now impressed him as stiff and commonplace, awakened in his heart! Leaving garden and court, he strolled back toward the house. What a charm the pavement and stairs and corridors held for him, what reminders of happy hours met him at every turn! There was the large hall which he had helped to decorate with garlands at the marriage of his youngest aunt, when he had danced until so wearied that he fell asleep in yonder corner. Here stood the massive presses with their brass plates and hinges, which had formerly stood on the lower floor, and from them still issued the delicate fragrance of lavender.

In forgotten corners of a dark room off from the hal Gerhard found many beautiful old-fashioned articles, among them curious pewter utensils and colored earthenware dishes. Evidently the grandmother did not understand the modern taste for the antique. She treasured every article that her husband had used or prized, but preferred the use of white ware, "so that one can always see whether it is clean or not," she said. In her room still stood her husband's slate-topped table. Although Gerhard had not observed it the evening before, he saw it at once upon entering in the morning. The sun fell full upon it, and it was with a deep sense of loss that he noticed the absence of his grandfather's familiar figure. His portrait hung above the daintily spread breakfast table, to which his grandmother's chair had been rolled. He had noticed the evening before how the old lady's thoughts still clung to the memory of her husband, how no account of life in the outside world interested and pleased her as did his recollections of his grandfather—his appearance, his noble bearing, his jovial manner on festive occasions, his grave dignity at other times. She talked of him as would a fond young bride of her husband, and begged her grandson to tell her everything, everything he remembered about him. And how vivid were these memories!

This morning his memory was still uppermost in her mind and Gerhard waited modestly until she recalled her thoughts from the past, then spoke of himself, of what he had already accomplished, and his hopes and plans for the future. At the earliest opportunity he enquired about the old yellow music book, and learned with regret that one of his aunts had taken it away with her when she was married. But his grandmother knew by heart, as she said, every piece in it, and at his request, permitted her grandson to roll her chair to the piano.

The old piano—it was nearly forty years old and very much out of tune, yet, in the eyes of its owner, the best and most beautiful of its kind. The grandfather had taken a long journey in order to get it for his young wife, a great undertaking for a mechanic in those days. It had not served as a mere ornament, as in more aristocratic homes. Every evening, after the day's work was done, she had played, accompanied on the flute by her husband. Later, the children took part in the music of the home circle, each with the instrument she loved best.

"Yes, it was a beautiful life," and her brown eyes beamed as she lifted the cover of the old piano. Then she began, in the weak and trembling voice of age, her husband's favorite song:

"It is not long since it has rained,
The leaves are dripping wet;
I had one time a sweetheart dear,
O, that I had her yet!"

When the song was ended, Gerhard saw tears in her eyes, and would not ask her to sing again. But in the afternoon he could no longer restrain his impatience. After assuring him that she had lost her voice, and that she considered it the greatest infirmity of her age, the grandmother was somewhat surprised at his continued importunity, but finally consented to sing a few lines of all her old songs.

They were the same charming old melodies that he had not heard for many a long year—"Jockele, come to the window," "Before my father's house there stands a linden green," "A little hug, a little kiss, a little love for me,"

"Brown-haired Badeli, get up and let me in," "It was still, so still in the night," "That was the lord of Falkenstein, he rode a snow-white horse," "How dear to me, my nut-brown maid," "There fell a dew from heaven upon my true love's grave," and all the rest. How glad the listener was, that he could recognize each tune at the first few notes, and recall the exact time when first he had heard it! He knew he never could have mistaken them for his own.

When from sheer weariness his grandmother ceased playing, he began to search among his own memories, and succeeded in recalling all the old minuets and gavottes his grandfather had played upon the flute. As he played these simple melodies, clear and pure as his memory had preserved them, a feeling of childish gayety seized him and led him to improvise such sparkling little interludes that his grandmother applauded enthusiastically, again and again. Imperceptibly gliding into his own particular domain, he played, with the exception of "*B'huet Gott*" or "Farewell," the most beautiful numbers of his opera, his object being to ascertain whether his grandmother's still acute ear would detect anything familiar in them. She leaned back in her chair all ear and life and enthusiasm. When from time to time he would ask if she did not remember that his grandfather or his Aunt Doris had played these tunes, he always received the same answer—that she had never known them, that she must be losing her memory, for it was all so unfamiliar but so very beautiful. Had he the notes with him? If that was the case, he must leave them with her, or copy them for her; she had a young friend, a neighbor, who sang beautifully, and who must learn these songs. But he must be interrupted no longer, he must play on

So he played on with increasing power and confidence, with passionate zeal, changing from his natural voice to another, not strong, but a beautiful, well modulated, manly voice, then again imitating still others while the old instrument trembled beneath his hands. Then he would turn and declaim the recitative, appearing to forget that his audience consisted of but one lonely old woman. When at last he ceased, his grandmother sat silent with folded hands.

"Is that all new to you, Grandmother?" he asked.

"Quite new, but very beautiful," she replied, evidently surprised at the repeated question.

Gerhard drew a deep sigh of relief. Then he smiled, happy and triumphant as a child, for he realized that a heavy burden had been lifted from his soul. He confessed that the last music he had played was his own composition, and childishly enjoyed the praise lavished upon him. Finally he played the overture, but was suddenly interrupted by his grandmother just as Regele opened the door.

"Why, that is the song Franzele sings, is it not, Regele?"

Regele nodded. She had heard it before entering the room, and had at once recognized it as Franzele's.

Gerhard sprang up so suddenly that he fairly startled his grandmother. "Who is Franzele, Grandmother?" he asked.

"Well, well, don't be so impetuous," was the answer. "Who is Franzele? You will see her; perhaps she will come presently, for this is the day she usually visits me. She has a beautiful voice and loves to sing. She plays well too, but is not permitted to indulge in either pleasure at home. Even if her kind heart did not prompt her to visit me on account of my loneliness, she would come often, I think, from love of the piano. She was our next-door neighbor for a time, but a year ago her aunt, a dissatisfied, unhappy old creature, imagined that her discontent with the world was due to the house they lived in, so they moved into lodgings not far from here—just around the corner, near the church."

"O, Grandmother," interrupted Gerhard, eagerly; "tell me, what is the young lady's name?"

"Why, I scarcely know. I call her Franzele. The old lady's name is Ottermann, but that is not Franzele's name—it is—wait—I believe it is something that begins with T."

But Gerhard was no longer listening. No further questions were needed to assure him of the name. As a boy stands before a closed door, expectantly awaiting the disclosure of Christmas treasures within, so stood Gerhard with beaming eyes, blissful and silent in the consciousness that the longed-for moment had come at last.

"How handsome he is! How much he looks like his grandfather," thought the old lady, "He looked just like that the time he took me sleighing, many long years ago. But how does he happen to know about our Franzele? It is three years since they came to Wiesenheim, and she has not been away since."

"There comes the young lady now," said Regele at the door.

Gerhard rushed to the window.

"No, no," said his grandmother, "you won't see her there; she always comes through the vineyard and across the court, so that she may shut her aunt's lap dog, which she gives a daily airing, in the shed."

"And then she will come in here?"

"Of course," laughed she; "she is well acquainted here, and we are not so formal that she waits to be announced."

"Then—then I will go into the next room while she is here," stammered Gerhard.

"O, no, you are not afraid of a pretty girl! I did not think you were like that. Besides, you say you know her."

"That is the very reason, Grandmother. O, please do me a favor! Ask her to sing that song—you know the one I mean—and do not say a word about me. I shall know then whether it is the right song and the right girl."

The next moment he disappeared behind a door which he left slightly ajar, while at the same time a strangely confused sound came from without the other door. Then the door opened and a clear, silvery voice called, "How do you do, Grandmother? Do you know where Regele is? The woodshed door is locked and the key not there."

Then appeared a blonde young girl in light summer dress and straw hat, with a whining poodle in her arms. She was fairly radiant, this slender, graceful girl, with her fresh, rosy complexion and frank, happy eyes, as she beamed upon the old lady in the armchair, who returned her favorite's greeting with a kindly nod.

"I will shake hands with you as soon as I have disposed of this stupid Azurle. I wonder if he does not know he is to be shut up! It cannot be helped, Azurle; you can run about

enough after a while, but Grandmother must always sit still, with her crippled feet. Good, there is Regele. Now be sensible, Azurle, and behave like a good dog. You know you cannot help yourself. Leave the key in the lock, Regele, for I can stay but half an hour."

"Such a short time to-day, child?" said the grandmother. "I have taken such pleasure in looking forward to your visit to-day, for I have a surprise for you."

"I believe it," laughed the girl, "for I have already smelled it, the surprise. It is fresh and brown, and sprinkled with sugar, and Regele is very proud of it;it is *Gugelhopf.*"

The old lady laughed. "You guessed wrong! It is fresh and brown and we are very proud of it, Regele and I, but it is not sprinkled with sugar, and it is not *Gugelhopf.*"

"Dumplings?" suggested Franzele, with wide inquiring eyes.

"Wrong again. But you need not guess again, for you will soon see. Tell me something, child. How have you been?"

"Splendid, Grandmamma! We are having good weather at our house now. My aunt has received her interest, a whole bagful—she always requires it in silver, for the pleasure of counting it—consequently she is in a very good humor and does not scold much, even though it is the week for the washing. And then, my calla has bloomed, and more than that, early this morning we had an hour of the most beautiful music—a serenade intended for Herr Sahachtelhuber, who occupies the rooms below ours. Grandmamma, if I only had all the money I want, I would be awakened by music in the morning, I love it so. First they should play, as they did this morning, 'How brightly beams the morning star'; while the hymn was being played, I would lie there, think of my parents, and offer my morning prayer. Then should follow a lively waltz, and, when it began, I would spring from my bed—one two, three—and how beautifully the day would begin! But here I am talking about springing and dancing when you cannot even walk, Grandmother. How are your feet to-day?"

"Always the same, child. If I am good to them and let them rest, they are good to me and do not hurt me."

"How tiresome it must be to sit still always. If I could only do something for you."

"You do enough, child, when you come to see me. This afternoon before the coffee is brought in, and the surprise, you will sing for me, will you not?"

Franzele went to the piano. "Why, it is open," she cried; "I noticed it as soon as I came in. Who has been playing?"

"How curious you are! Now, sing for me."

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing that song about parting that you sang the last time you were here."

Franzele sat down at the piano, cleared her throat and began a simple little prelude, cleared her throat and got up.

"I do not know why" she said, "but I cannot sing that song to-day. Such a strange feeling comes over me—I don't know what ails me."

"You are not going to be nervous, after the fashion of the day, are you?"

"Nervous? O, goodness, no! I don't know what nerves are. I am slightly hoarse, and feel so—so strange. How would it do, Grandmother, if we were to have the coffee and the surprise first? Perhaps I could do better after that."

"No, no; be good, now, and sing as well as you can. You need not close the door. There is no draught."

"Well, I'll try just once more."

Again was heard the prelude, followed by the first two lines of the song and again the singer stopped, but this time with a start, and a quick flush. The door which had been slightly ajar was softly opened, and the intruder suddenly stood before her, as embarrassed and agitated as she.

"Fraulein Franziska, you, you here?" he stammered, extending both hands. "O, if I had known—" but a glance at his grandmother stopped the eager speech. The young girl was silent, but the little hand she gave Gerhard was trembling.

"But what does it mean? You—you began to sing—where did you learn that song?"

She dropped her eyes in sweet confusion. "I beg your pardon," she whispered; "I know that I have done wrong;" but she could say no more. Like a fair penitent confessing her sins, she stood before him, growing red and white by turns. "Don't be angry," she said at last, struggling for the words; "I thought you could easily write it again, and it made me so happy. I know that it is wrong, but may I keep it?"

"I do not understand one word of all of that" said the grandmother from her window "What has the child kept that belongs to you, Gerhard?"

Instead of answering Franzele threw herself at the old woman's feet and buried her face in her lap. Gerhard bent above her, imploring with confused and incoherent words, her forgiveness for having, in his excitement, so rudely startled her. But the poor child only clung closer to the grandmother's hand, turning her tear-stained face quite away from him.

"Child, child," said the grandmother, anxiously, "I never saw you like this before. What troubles you and Gerhard?"

"It was up in the forest of the Wetter See," began Franzele, sobbing. "I found the paper written in pencil—it was quite wet—the rain would soon have blotted it out."

"And you knew that it was mine?" asked Gerhard.

"Don't trouble her with questions," interrupted the old lady, impatiently; "there is no need of so many words about it. You need not answer, child, if you do not want to. What does it matter? And so you found the song?"

"I took it home with me," replied Franzele, choking with sobs, "and composed the accompaniment and words myself—they just came to me. On the evening after you left, I sang it at the usual evening's entertainment at the pension. Everybody was charmed. Even the old gentlemen, who at other times cared little for music, came into the hall to hear it better. The two eldest sisters learned it at once. I knew that it was the song and not my singing that pleased everybody. Crescenz, the second sister, married the manager of the sanitarium in the Pocherthal. When I sent

her my congratulations, she wrote that she often sang for her husband and his friends to the accompaniment of the zither, and that "*B'huet Gott*" was their favorite song."

"And thus has my little song had the honor to become a folk-song," said Gerhard, exultantly. "Even before I had given it to the world, it had winged its way into the hearts of the people. O, what is the applause of the opera to the triumph of this hour!" he exclaimed, and stood for a moment lost in thought.

"You wrote it again?" asked his grandmother, recalling him from dreams to reality.

"I had quite forgotten that I ever wrote those notes," returned he, "but now I recall the circumstance. I dare not hope that the sketch has been preserved, but if it has it would be of great value to me."

"The paper is—I saved it," said Franzele quickly, blushing furiously as she read in Gerhard's eyes the pleasure her admission gave him. "That is," she amended, "it is—it was by chance."

"Well, now, I thank the happy chance," cried Gerhard warmly. At this moment he cared little about the paper, for the happy assurance that she had saved it filled him with an indescribable joy which excluded all other thoughts.

But his grandmother was not so easily satisfied. She wanted to know the how and the where, and Gerhard was forced to content himself while telling her all about it—what brought him to her, and how he had become acquainted with her dear young friend.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PHILOSOPHY IN PIANO PLAYING. *

FINGERING.

Fingering designates the manner or mode of using the fingers in piano playing, and a rational method of fingering applied to the mechanical management of the keyboard for practical purposes is what constitutes the executive ability of the pianist. The more the fingers are freed from natural restraint the more will they be qualified for action, and execution in its highest attainable state will depend for *equality* and *rapidity* upon the independence of the fingers, but for *accuracy* and *faultlessness* upon a thoroughly systematized fingering. So closely and inseparably connected—save for the indispensable mechanical ability—are systematic fingering and executive skill that in effect the one is a complement to the other; even the mechanical independence of the fingers cannot be developed without some rudimentary system in fingering.

The execution can be even without being swift, and correct without reaching that perfected state which almost excludes defect—but it is self-evident that an *even* execution must rely to a great extent on a correct system of fingering; and that *perfect* execution (which includes swiftness) is only the highest degree of equality and accuracy which can be obtained.

A systematic fingering includes all grammatical rules which govern digital skill according to sound principles and established usage; etymological rules will comprise the fingering of all elementary technical forms and their changes and inflections, syntactic will be the application of the elementary rules to the musical sentences themselves, and in their necessary relations to each other in compositions.

The elementary rules of fingering have been established so thoroughly in course of time by the constant attention of

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the masters and the later phases of pianistic art have so perfected and arranged the material, that a reliable basis for a theory of fingering seems to have been gained. The application of these rules, however, to connected musical sentences in composition is still, and probably always will be, more or less arbitrary, since the practical analysis is always to a great extent influenced by individual adaptability, which allows and often necessitates modifications to all rules. The perfect practical mastery of fingering in the artist must be, so to say, individualized to obtain in conjunction with an adequate independence of the fingers a faultless execution.

Our knowledge of any attempt to give rules for fingering reaches back to the sixteenth century and sufficient evidence can be found in all the various epochs of piano music and piano playing to prove that the masters at all times considered a well matured method in fingering one of the most essential requirements in the pianists artistic make-up.

The views expressed in the earliest days are of such primitive order, and in the light of our advanced attainments so insufficient and erroneous, that they have none but an historical interest nowadays. The hands and elbows of the player were at first below the keyboard and permissible only was the use of the three middle fingers; when somewhat later the hands were raised to be in a line with the fingers, these were held stiff and straight so as to still exclude the use of the thumb and fifth finger. The keyboard in those days had only the lower keys and two B flats, the instrument itself was altogether inferior and offered small chance for musical combinations so that the above mode of fingering was probably tantamount to all the requirements of execution.

With the introduction of the chromatic half-tones, the division of each octave into seven lower and five upper keys, and the tempered tuning of the instrument, a decided change in composition must have caused a marked revolution in fingering and the treatment of the instrument. The first treatise on "musical temperature" by Andreas Werkmeister (1691) is very likely the result of many prior experiments; these radical changes themselves, however, can hardly be many years older.

Francois Couperin—highly esteemed for his originality and musical qualities in composition and for his elegant and expressive performances on the Clavecin—who made use of the even temperament, gives in his "*l'art de toucher du clavecin*" (1717) examples of fingering, which, though extremely daring, seem altogether capricious and void of method, a proof that the ideas on fingering for the new key-board were at that time, in France at least, still vague and unsettled. Couperin's novel use of the thumb and fifth finger, though apparently nowhere subject to any rule, forms the bridge to the rational system which was developed about that time. Scarlatti's mode of fingering must have been well systematized to judge the great performer by his compositions, though there seems to be no trace left of any method.

Joh. Seb. Bach's system which forms the basis for our modern fingering, was no doubt due to his very superior ability as a player and may have been developed in his earlier years—it is however difficult to say whether he originated this system independently, since Buxtehude (1635-1707), celebrated as organist before Bach's time, required as thorough a system of fingering for a good rendition of his complicated works, as Bach—was probably well matured when he wrote the first part of his well-tempered clavecin (about 1720) and the ideas were transmitted to posterity mainly through his son, Ph. Em Bach.

The salient feature of this new system was the employment of *all* the fingers and their *curved* position—so as to equalize the reach of the longer and shorter members; the use of the thumb and fifth finger must have been nearly equal to that of the other fingers, though their serviceableness for the upper keys was restricted by Bach to cases of necessity. Only with such a basis for fingering it is possible to reproduce the difficult and complicated works which Bach is said to have played with ease and where polyphone playing in either hand frequently necessitates the use of the thumb and fifth finger on the black keys.

This theory has held good with all the great players and teachers after Bach who held connection with him in an almost unbroken line through his sons. Dussek, Clementi,

Mozart, Hummel, Cramer, Czerny, Moscheles and many others have on this same basis specified rules for fingering according to their own individual requirements. Special rules were made for the various practical ends and exemplified in many a great piano method but the fundamental principle of Bachs system remained unchanged. As however the predominant homophone style of piano music after Bach offered hardly any needful occasion to use the shorter fingers on the black keys it became in course of time a strict rule *not* to use the thumb or fifth finger on the upper keys.

As long as the figures in piano passages were of a narrower pattern, seldom reaching an octave and in very extraordinary cases only going beyond that interval, this positive interdiction of the short fingers on the black keys could not become a serious obstacle in execution. When however in the last, most brilliant and versatile epoch of pianistic art the passages were made up more frequently of the very widest patterns; when everything that nature and training could bring within reach of the artist was not only considered practicable but made use of on all occasions; when all parts of the arm, wrist and hand joined in the most complete physical development, it became a matter of necessity to often employ the shorter fingers on the upper keys. The modern school recognizes the necessity of putting the shorter fingers as much as possible on an even basis with the longer fingers; reckoning with perfect freedom of the hand in complete repose, and with thoroughly independent fingers, it relieves the latter from all restrictions, so that henceforth the artistic purpose in musical performance and the convenience of the player, are the only considerations which govern the choice of fingers for any end whatever.

It is an erroneous idea to suppose that the methodical and convenient way of playing, what might be termed the elements of execution—which has been rationally developed and is upheld by the approval of all, even the latest masters —has been or ever will be radically changed by any new theory. As long as the mechanism of the instrument remains the same the use of the thumb or fifth finger on black keys in the scales or other elementary combinations is

neither *obligatory* nor *desirable* without urgent cause, though perfectly permissible under circumstances. The established way of playing has not been changed although in many instances it has been considerably improved in a rational manner.

The fundamental principles for a systematic fingering, whether applied to elementary formations or adjusted to practical purposes in playing by student or artist, may be summed up as follows: That the natural succession of the fingers is the most desirable, that the simplest fingering is the best and most methodical, and that according to the natural position of the fingers within compass of a fifth, octave or tenth, the fingering must be constructed on these principles. Based on these ideas the rules for a rational system of fingering have been developed for the elements of execution, and while such rules as would be fitting for the various possibilities in musical practice can not possibly be framed, since the various combinations in composition can as little be brought into connection with general precepts in fingering, as the individual qualifications of the student or artist can be disregarded, a general synopsis of some particular features in the application of fingering to practical purposes can be given.

Five fingers, slightly curved and resting on five lower keys in an unbroken row will represent the most natural position; this position may either be contracted by omission of one or more fingers, or expanded. All groups of notes ranging from the interval of the second to that of the sixth, will be within easy reach in this position; an extension of the hand to the octave, will include the seventh and easily cover the ninth, and the further extension to the tenth, will include the interval of the eleventh for all such as are sufficiently favored by nature to be able to reach it with a quiet hand.

Any one of these positions of the fifth, octave or tenth may be transposed and interchanged by crossing the fingers over the thumb or by gliding the latter under the fingers; or it may be slightly shifted by slipping the fifth finger below the longer fingers or the latter over the little finger.

The elements of execution—trills, diatonic and chromatic scales in all their various combinations, the broken chords and arpeggios in all their positions, variations and transpositions, the repeating notes, the diatonic and chromatic scales n thirds, sixths and octaves, the broken chords and arpeggios in double notes—have a stereotyped fingering which can be traced in any of the modern handbooks. (Plaidy's Technical Studies). A thorough knowledge of harmony will further elucidate the fingering of these typical tone combinations and will enable the student to locate the different patterns and figures derived from scales and chords correctly as to their position and so find their normal fingering. A combination of different positions or transposition will change nothing in the system of fingering, as the change, once effected, restores the same quiet position of the hand. Carl Tausig's daily studies offer a much larger variety of technical figures which, inasmuch as they are developed systematically from trills, scales and chords, and cleverly transposed through the whole harmonious system, are likely to broaden and mature in a careful student the ideas for a good method in fingering.

The correct fingering of these elementary combinations if properly and thoroughly mastered by the student, will give his fingers in course of time a sort of instinctive tendency to perform certain movements, and some deliberation will enable him to apply his proficiency to advantage in composition. The later standard editions as Peters, Litolff, etc., are in their carefully revised fingering an invaluable aid to student and teacher, if the same imperative necessity compels the use of the right fingers, that calls for the right notes.

Though a natural succession of the fingers is usually preferable, trills often gain in power and brilliancy by employing fingers out of their natural order, 1.3 or 3.5 fingers instead of 1.2—2.3—3.4—4.5;a change, however, of 1,3,2,4, for trills requires a very even touch and great facility to be effective. The use of one and the same fingering for all the scales—beginning with the thumb and ending with the fifth finger—would simplify the fingering for the scales in flats, would work perhaps to perfection theoretically, but

could not fail to be awkward and clumsy if carried out persistently even by an excellent player. Musical construction makes it desirable sometimes to use the thumb or fifth finger on the upper keys, even in scale passages, mostly, however, towards the end of such passages for the purpose of getting a more desirable position of the hand for the next phrase.

For short chromatic passages the use of the fourth finger on upper keys and the fifth on the lower keys insures a very effective mezzo voce; for rapid playing of the chromatic scale, a fingering 1, 2, 3, 1, 2, 3, 4, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc., (from E) has great advantages and is practicable, as the change from fifth to thumb is by no means difficult to overcome. A certain amount of proficiency in changing after the fifth finger should be developed as it may frequently be found useful; it is one of the prominent features in modern fingering. Scale passages, or their derivations, will gain in swiftness the fewer the changes of position; there is no fingering that will give the scale in C the supreme dash that two changes of five fingers each (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5) for two octaves will impart to it.

Passages or figures developed from or made up of scales can easily be fingered systematically; passages composed of a succession of similar figures should be fingered uniformly; if they are made up in close position after the manner of the classic school, it is desirable to avoid the use of the thumb on upper keys as much as convenient; in the extended figures of the modern writers a change to a higher or lower octave, will often make the use of the two short fingers on the black keys necessary. Even in common arpeggios, according to their position and extent, a change to the thumb after the fifth finger, may be advisable in reference to the ensuing position of the hand, which will always decide the choice of fingers.

Repeating notes may be played with various orders of fingers, (1, 2, 3, 4 or 4, 3, 2, 1 or 1, 4, 3, 2, etc.), but a regular change in the succession should be adhered to and the grouping should be such that the accents are rendered with the stronger fingers. In all the later standard editions of classic and modern piano works a change of fingers for a

renewed attack of the same key, where and whenever it occurs, is carried out with characteristic consequence, a usage which highly recommends, itself as it insures an almost unfailing repetition in the mechanism ot the instrument. This practice, however, appears less urgent in polyphone playing in the same hand, more especially when one part is of strong melodious import, while the other is secondary; the methodical change in such cases seems to increase frequently the difficulty in the more necessary qualifications of the touch, and is even more often liable to interfere with rhythmical precision.

For diatonic scales in thirds, a fingering analogous to that of the simple scale, with one change of position—$\frac{3\,4\,5\,2\,3\,4\,5}{1\,2\,3\,1\,1\,2\,3}$— is preferable and the modern way—$\frac{\text{F}\,5\,3\,4\,3\,4\,3\,4\,5\,3\,4\,3\,4}{\text{D}\,1\,2\,1\,1\,2\,1\,2\,1\,2\,1\,1\,2}$—of fingering the chromatic scale in thirds is superior for smoothness and agility. The more extended in compass the double passages become, the more liable is the thumb to get the entire charge of one part, while the 3 4 5 fingers take the other. The use of the longer fingers for the upper keys, and the fifth finger for the lower, more particularly in octave playing, seems the most natural. For arpeggios in double notes a regularly recurring fingering for every octave is advisable.

In melodious passages with accompaniment in the same hand, recourse may often be had to a quiet change of fingers, by continued pressure, on the notes of the melody, so as to render them *well* connected. The notes in the accompaniment should be played leggiero—that is non-legato—and the fingers should leave them before the next note of the melody is taken. This mode of cantabile playing with accompaniment in the same hand, though by no means the only nor the most effective one, is well calculated to purify the melodious feeling in the student.

In polyphone playing in the same hand, the parts will either move in parallel motion, in which case the fingering may be developed after that of the scales in thirds or sixths; or in contrary motion, when the thumb will generally take care of one part, while the four fingers take the other; or in oblique motion; in this case the moving part will be fin-

gered according to the natural order of the fingers. If a change of position in the moving part is required—generally when the fifth finger holds the other part—this must be effected with due regard to the following parts. The use of the thumb and fifth finger on the upper keys in polyphone playing is often indispensable and, like the change of fingers on the same key without striking, frequently a matter of necessity.

When the accompaniment is made up of wide spread harmonies in the left hand and the chords are struck after a fundamental bass note, it is desirable to retain the extended position of the hand as much as possible, and the chords are struck without the use of the fifth finger whenever practicable.

The execution of some passages can be at times facilitated and certainly made much more brilliant and dazzling, by dividing them between both hands. The particular fingering for each group can be easily developed—some routine in this special manner can be acquired in Carl Reinecke's studies, op. 121.

To give a succession of notes in a melodious passage greater delicacy, Chopin often uses one of the weaker fingers and a strong finger for a martellato; of much greater effect, producing with full arm stroke a tone of great penetrating quality, is the alternate use of a strong finger in either hand in melodious passages or trills.

Liberal views and rules which more readily adapt themselves to the greater variety of technical matter in composition, distinguish our modern fingering from the old system. Modern training aspires pre-eminently to a certain natural freedom in execution, which equally effects the movements of the fingers, hand, wrist and arm, a freedom which was not needed in the homophone style of composition after Bach, with its more limited practical requirements; but if greater diversity in the executive qualification of the pianist is necessary to accomplish the higher, more difficult and varied technical problems, greater liberty and variety in fingering will naturally follow. Yet it does not always appear that a greater variety will insure a better result. A continual

change in the natural order of the fingers and the consequent shifting in the position of the hand may be under circumstances very desirable, may even become necessary, but should never become a ruling principle in fingering. Mechanical ability in playing—always admirable when a means to the end in musical reproduction—has just as much right to become the sole and final aim of the artist.

In all cases where a moderate or slow motion is required in the character of the phrase, where a quiet and reposeful position of the hand will more properly represent the expressive quality of the composition, a continued change in the regular succession of the fingers is decidedly undesirable and unnecessary. Whenever the regular stereotyped manner of fingering is apt to tire the muscles, in the unvarying employment of the same fingers in natural order; wherever greater power of tone is required—obtainable by combined movement of fingers and hand—and wherever a vacillating character demands an agitated, restless rendition, the regular routine of the system may be altered to obtain the desired effect.

ADOLPH CARPE.

WHEN SHOULD A CHILD BEGIN TO STUDY MUSIC.

Those parents who think a musical education for their children desirable should decide early when the child shall begin its study, but some points need to be carefully considered before coming to a decision. There are and always will be hindrances to beginning music lessons, and if they seem insurmountable now, they are likely to be no less so a year hence. "Procrastination," it is said, "is the thief of time," and it seems to especially apply in the study of music. At no period of life is time to be wasted, and least of all should the seedtime of life—childhood—be frittered away by the indecision and carelessness of parents, for it is in childhood when the destiny of the active period of life is decided. Youth is the formative and preparatory age, and future success depends on present opportunities being well and promptly improved.

Waiting is the one thing more than any other that stands between parents and a liberal education of their children. Too many parents allow educational matters to drift, and do not stem the tide of affairs with firm decision, forgetting that to drift is to always be going down stream. Dean Stanley truly says: "Any life that is worth living for, must be a struggle, a swimming not with, but *against* the stream." Time slips by quickly, and almost unnoted soon the period of youth is passed and the golden days are gone, and because of indecision and neglect the world has lost the work and influence of a cultured mind and a refined heart that would have made it better and happier. On whom shall the blame and reproach be placed?

To become anything more than a common musician, it is necessary to begin music early in life, for as a child he ill learn easier than when an adult, and, too, technic needs to be formed in a young and growing hand, for it is scarcely

possible to acquire a good technic in a hand that is already mature. Parents should not be too easily satisfied, but should be ambitious to have their children reach a high standard. If a child is talented, it is surely a sign from heaven that the parents have in their keeping that which they are to develop to its utmost. If, on the other hand, the child is but of common talent, the parents love for, and pride in, the child will urge them to do all that they can for its improvement. In either case they should cultivate a "genius for persistent hard work."

Remember that no one can tell what the future may bring forth, therefore it is wise, prudent and merciful, to educate the daughters especially so thoroughly, in music that they may be able to maintaian themselves, and whoever may be dependent on them, in a style of living befitting their social position, should fortune ever so decree.

To have the self-consciousness that one is a thoroughly educated musician, brings a similar feeling of assurance for the future, as does a good bank account, and the musical education will not "take to itself wings and fly away," as is too often the case with a fortune. It will be well to think over this last idea and then make wise plans and work them out generously.

There is no way of investing money where it will bring returns, or interest, equal to that put into an education. A teacher with a limited musical education can get but a few pupils in music, and those at a small tuition fee, but one finely educated can get any number of pupils and those that will give a good price for lessons. By the expenditure of a few more hundreds of dollars for securing a superior musical education, the income can be *more than doubled each year*, while actively engaged in teaching, hence the wisdom of acquiring a thorough musical training. Practicing a music lesson is not like adding an hour of study to ones school work, it is more of a recreation, children will do better work in music, and learn faster while going to school than in vacation time, therefore it is a great mistake, to put off music lessons because the child goes to school.

It is a particularly erroneous idea that it is best to defer the study of music until after the general education is finished. *It is then too late* to acquire more than ordinary ability, and it is seldom that a musical education is begun after the school days are finished. It is better to study music from the first, and if necessary, be a little longer at school. Musical technic and expressive ability are the growth of years, and for their best developement it is necessary to begin early in life. Just at what age to begin depends much on the child; with some it would be wise to begin at five, and with others not before seven or even ten years of age.

There is another essential point: If a parent proposes to spend a certain sum on the musical education of his child, and begins when it is from five to ten years of age, he will have many years of music enjoyment as a reward for his outlay, and the satisfaction of seeing in the child a constant musical growth towards an efficient musicianship; and, too, this course is of far more value to the child. As a large house requires a deep and broad foundation, and is a long time in building, compared to a small cottage, so the musician or good performer becomes such from long continued work in fundamental technic as well as in the development of a refined taste and general musical culture.

The improvement of taste is of such great importance that parents should never let an opportunity pass for having their children hear good music. A dollar thus spent goes farther and does more good in the improvement of musical taste than if spent in any other way.

Lessons should be frequent, for inspiration and the impulse to do better work come from *contact with the teacher*. Interest and enthusiasm in practice are maintained by the pupil having new music to learn and new ideas to work up to, and by having lessons regularly and often. In practicing, quality is of more value than quantity, and when the lessons come soon the pupil has a strong incentive to do his best work. With frequent lessons pupils can be kept right before mistakes or bad habits are established. About three times as much is learned with two as with one lesson a week, therefore two lessons a week will give more value for the same outlay.

A mother who has the interest of her children at heart (and what mother has not?) can make the teacher's instruction much more produtive in the following ways: By speaking of music as a refining and educating art, and not as mere amusement or accomplishment. To consider what Plato said, more than two thousand years ago: "To look on music as a mere amusement cannot be justified—music which has no other aim can neither be considered of value nor viewed with reverence." She can give further help by speaking of and pointing out beauties in the etudes and pieces the pupil has for lessons, by cultivating an improved taste in her children for the better styles of music; and she should talk with the child about the ideas advanced by the teacher.

There is a strong impulse that can be given your child by reading the lives of the great masters and talking with the child about what has been read, especially showing that notwithstanding their great genius, they were hard workers. You will find no reading more delightful than these biographies. Caution! Do not be in too much haste for your child to play showy pieces. If you have any suggestions to give the teacher in this line do it out of the child's presence and hearing.

Keep your instrument in good tune and repair, and it will retain its good qualities of tone much longer. The best of pianos should be tuned at least twice a year, in June and November or December, and ordinary pianos four times a year. See to it that the piano stands with equal pressure on each of its four legs, (if a square piano), and not too near a fire or furnace, nor yet in too damp a place. The greatest enemies of pianos are dampness and over-heating. The keys should be open to the light as much as convenient, to keep them white. Exclude dust as much as possible.

Apply to the piano what Gounod has said of the voice; "I have seen in my life many examples of what I advance. I have known children sing false because their mothers and nurses sang false and spoiled their ear. It is not the voice which is false, it is the perception of the intervals which has been falsified by vicious expression."

Use a piano and not a reed organ, and if possible have your child begin lessons on the piano instead of the reed organ. It is next to imposible to make a fine pianist of one who has first learned on an organ, at least very difficult, but it requires but little practice to learn the reed organ after learning the piano.

CHARLES W. LANDON.

NOT YET.

A SONG.

Oh night! thou silence of the day,
Let thy darkness like a secret
Hide my heart from me.
For once again sweet violet
Brings fragrance of a memory—
(Ah, do I still regret?)
The dew-dimmed eyes are tears revealing,
Unto a dead past still appealing—
Soul of my heart let me forget—
But stay—not yet—not yet.

Oh, night, thy moon-blanched clouds—
White shadows of great happiness
That on my life path lay—
When earth's brown bosom is flower bereft—
Spring joys again. Ah, violet, thine eyes deep blue—
Alas to me, beseecheth loves' eternity.
Soul of my heart, let me forget—
But stay—not yet—not yet.

ANNA COX-STEPHENS.

GEORGE FREDERIC BRISTOW.

In looking back at the musical influences which pervaded society in the city of New York in the earlier part of the present century, there are some names worthy of special remembrance. Seventy-five years ago, Charles Gilbert deservedly held high rank as an orchestral leader, while P. K. Moran was the accepted favorite pianist and harpist of that day. Succeeding these appear the names of M. De Luce, E. Gillingham, William Taylor, William Penson and N. C. Hill, all of whom were popular orchestral leaders. Also appeared at about this time the name of William R. Bristow, the father of the subject of our present sketch, an English organist, pianist and orchestral solo clarinetist. The Euterpean Society of instrumentalists, with its full and well selected collection of the works of Handel, Vanhall, Haydn and Mozart, and the Handel and Haydn and Amateur Musical Fund Societies of vocalists shared in the public estimation pronounced upon their joint performances. Handel's "Messiah" and Haydn's "Creation" invariably drew good houses, while in concerts of less pretension, the overtures of Mozart were varied, and graced by the names of Dr. Calcott and Henry R. Bishop, whose glees were occasionally interspersed with the lovely Italian and English madrigals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Sixty-five years ago Garcia and his incomparable daughter, the "Signorina," afterward Madame Malibran, burst upon the astonished Gothamites like brilliant musical meteors, as they were. Rossini's "Tancrel," "Otello" and "La Gazza Ladra" were then new, and the Garcias produced them with unbounded spirit and dramatic vigor, the father having been at this time a vocal preceptor and disciplinarian unexcelled in his line, and a paternal terror as well to his youthful prima donna, whom he had to chase from the kitchen to the garret to secure her daily exercise in the indispensable *solfege* preceding the rehearsal of the

operatic role. Later on came William Penson, a talented but nervous and excitable English musician, organist and violinist, under whose baton Rossini's "Cenerentola," Auber's "Massaniello" and "Fra Diavolo," Von Weber's "Der Freitschutz," Bellini's "La Sonnambula," and Beethoven's "Leonora" were successfully brought out at the old Park theatre in the vernacular, "a language understanded of the people." Then appeared the arch soprano, Madame Austin, and the wonderful Mrs. Wood, whose bold and brilliant hero-husband's conception and ardent rendering of Elvino's music in "La Sonnambula" has, I think, never been excelled in New York. It could not well have been otherwise. With a form and face of perfect manly beauty, a tenor voice as clear and telling as Campanini's in his palmy days, and his betrothed Amina his own wife, *nee* Miss Paton, take my "Lady Lennox," irresistible in her voluptuous beauty, how could mortal man—we press the interrogative—how could a tenor so environed by lovely accessories escape without singing within an inch of his divinely musical life?

Two short seasons of Italian opera followed, one at Richmond Hill, on the west side, and the other at the National theatre, then near the centre of the city, under the management of the brothers Wallack, James W. and Henry, near which a favorite caterer and restaurateur, E. Windust, hung out his acceptable sign, "Nunquam non paratus," which could not be obliterated from the mind's eye of either actor or singer "after the opera." Windust further reminded his customers in his clean and comfortable apartments, of the shortness of life by exhibiting in unmistakable English at his entrance door, a touching Shakespearean remark upon a steak or chop: "If 'twere done when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly."

Pedrotti, one of the most charming of Italian cantatrices, Fornasari, the handsomest baritone of his day, and a small but well drilled chorus, all under the control of an accomplished violinist and leader, Michael Rafetti, secured the attendance of New York's *elite* at Richmond Hill; and at the National, the Seguins, John Wilson and Miss Shirreff pro-

duced W. M. Rooke's "Amilie," which ran fifty consecutive nights for the pleasure of a thousand lovers of joyous Alpine melody, varied with appropriate orchestral accompaniments and several sparkling choruses, one of which, "To the Mountain," I count fully equal to Gounod's soldiers' chorus in "Faust."

Arriving at this point of time in reviewing the steady march of music in New York, we are met with reports of conferences on the desirability of securing an orchestra of larger numbers and of greater power to accompany in oratorios and in rendering the more elaborate symphonies and overtures of the great masters of classic music. Out of these conferences grew the establishment of the New York Philharmonic Society in 1842-3, formed of the instrumentalists of the Euterpean Society and other selected resident players, American, English, German, French and Italian, the whole under U. C. Hill, who, as a talented and highly esteemed pupil of Louis Spohr, and the American editor of his "Violin School," together with Hill's previous fifteen years' experience as the conductor of the N. Y. Sacred Music Society, conferred upon him the distinction of having been the first acknowledged leader of the New York Philharmonic Society. Bristow, the elder, proud of his aristocratic antecedents, was now solo clarinetist in the Euterpean Society and in Mitchell's Olympic theatre, and filled also the position of organist and conductor of the music in St. Patrick's cathedral, in which he achieved an excellent reputation as a prompt and accurate player, as well as the composer of many original pieces in the Latin service. Bristow, the younger, after playing in the Olympic for five years, was now at the age of eighteen among the first violinists of the Philharmonic.

George Frederic Bristow, early trained in organ and in piano playing by his father and the late Henry C. Timm, in harmony, counterpoint and orchestral writing by Sir G. A MacFarren, and in violin playing by Messrs. Meyer, Ambrose, Musgriff and Ole Bull, was well qualified for his position as first violinist in this celebrated orchestra, and ultimately held the position for forty-five years, sharing

with Joseph Noll this honor in later years, through a gracious act of condescension on Bristow's part, confirmed by an enthusiastic *viva voce* vote of the entire membership of the society. The writer desires to add his personal tribute to the ever cheerful character of Joseph Noll as a man, and to his accurate, intense and telling playing on the violin. Although among many older players, it may be confidently claimed for the younger Bristow that he had already attained so complete mastery of orchestral resources that his first overture (op. 3), composed at the age of eighteen, won immediate recognition from the Philharmonic Society and its patrons, showed traces of his careful study and admiration of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, like Beethoven's memories of his predecessors, Haydn and Mozart, and developed at the same time a grace and swing of its own—a remark, indeed, which may be accepted as one of the predominant characteristics of his music, and with his clearness of conception and independent treatment of details stamp him as the peer of any American musician who has as yet written for the grand orchestra. "Style? *C'est l'homme!*"

A musician cannot consistently dismiss himself, or travel so far away from the accepted models which lie at the foundation of his style, as to be considered as belonging to no school whatsoever, without incurring the reproach of being labeled a veritable vagrant among classic musicians, fit only for the publishers of potpourris! This first concert overture of the youthful composer, as well as his first symphony in E flat (1845), both written for and performed by the Philharmonic Society, are early evidences of an intrinsic perception of the choicest subtle resources of the modern orchestra, and were received by his brother instrumentalists and conscientious critics as successful precursors of an enlarged fame at a later day. In 1848 the *coup d'etat* in France suggested to Horatio Stone, physician, sculptor and poet, the idea of a Hymn to Liberty. Jointly with Dr. Stone's stirring libretto of thirty numbers, Mr. G. H. Curtis added the music under the old Greek synonym "Eleutheria" as a name. Bristow's orchestral arrangement of this work was simply marvelous as to quick appreciation of the libretto,

shortness of time in scoring, and facile adaptation of the accompaniments to its varying character. The full score and separate orchestral parts having been accomplished in four weeks, it was presented at the Broadway Tabernacle, under Bristow's leading, in April, 1849; was twice received with enthusiasm, and added greatly to the young musician's fame.

The well remembered Jenny Lind concerts, organized and run financially by the facetious, original and inimitable Phineas T. Barnum, under the orchestral leadership of Sir Jules Benedict, afforded a brilliant opportunity to Bristow as first violinist of Benedict's orchestra of one hundred selected musicians to traverse the entire country and study the effect of Jenny Lind's vocalism and choice programmes upon all classes of the American people. M. Jullien's successful concerts also afforded him a similar opportunity, enhanced by an offer from that handsome and sensational conductor to pay a fair price for a new symphony. The result was Bristow's D minor symphony, which was greatly admired by Jullien, was frequently performed by his band, and by him was handsomely paid for. At this time (1855), John Howard Wainwright, a son of the late Bishop Wainwright, of New York, wrote the libretto of Irving's story of "Rip Van Winkle," for which Bristow composed the music, and it was produced at Niblo's Garden (1855) by the Tyne-Harrison English Opera Troupe, with unmistakable evidences of success, thirty consecutive representations to delighted audiences bearing witness to the fact. Bristow's "Rip Van Winkle" is a grand opera in every respect. Irving's happy transition from the reign of George III to the wise and inevitable existence of the republic under George Washington is made lyrically clear by the librettist, while the composer has heightened the effect of the transition upon the mind of the astonished Rip to a charming degree. The introduction is a model of its kind, combining a strong military movement, intense yet solemn, with few counter-subjects and unexpected sequences and harmonic devices delightful to the cultivated ear. Vocally the opera opens with a gay chorus (*pastorale allegretto*) of villagers, describing the beauty of a serene

American autumn and the conclusion of the harvest season. The jolly Rip soon appears with friends, and a concerted movement of men's voices and chorus follows, ending in a request from Vedder, landlord of the inn, pressing Rip for a song. The latter complies by singing a rollicking strain in praise of his favorite beverage—a sparkling mug of beer. Rip is here startled from his enjoyment by the voice of his wife, who, fully conscious of her illimitable control over him, shouts outside, "Where is he?" A very exciting exhibition of marital incompatibility here insues, in which Rip, though effectively encouraged by his friends, Schoolmaster Van Bummel and Landlord Vedder, is greatly subdued by the reiterated reproaches of Dame Van Winkle, and the pair decide to remain irreconcilable. Vedder, the innkeeper, receives an unmerciful thrust from the enraged wife at the close for continuing to deal out the "liquid damnation" to her intemperate husband. A choice bit of adagio introduces Diedrich Van Slaus, the burgomaster, whose sadness is presently dispelled by his son, Herman, in a taking, lively song, "Sweetly Sounds the Chink of Gold," a melody moving in alternate minor and major strains, eulogizing the possession of wealth –

> Then merrily chink the sparkling gold,
> And the shining silver bright;
> Many a one is bought and sold
> By this tempting king of might.—

The cause of the burgomaster's anxiety is now disclosed. Rip having contracted a heavy obligation to him, the burgomaster decides to cancel the obligation by settling all his property upon his son, Herman, and requiring Rip to do the same for his young daughter, Alice, who will in time be a suitable match for the burgomaster's son. Rip is pleased with the proposal, and the contract is signed for twenty years, with the important omission, however, of Frau Van Winkle's consent and signature! The burgomaster and Rip's contract affords a fine opportunity for much effective recitative, concluding with a well sustained duo by baritone and bass, both rejoicing in what they consider "a consummation devoutly to be wished." A charming duet of reconciliation,

"Whither art Thou Going?" ensues, in which Dame Van Winkle warns Rip not to be found late and alone in the mountains, with the sure prospect of never returning to her. Rip doubts her sincerity and constancy, which calls from his faithful wife a strain of sweet womanly chiding. Rip is vanquished by her love. She promises to dismiss her harsh words, and he promises to dismiss his intoxicating cups. Very sweet words and very sweet music complete the scene:

"Dearest husband, I've been thinking,"
"Dearest wife, I have been thinking."

"If you would refrain from drinking,"
"If I would refrain from drinking."

"You would happier, wiser be:"
"I should happier, wiser be:"

"Were you to your farm attending,"
"Were I to my farm attending,"

"Soon your fortune would be mending,"
"Soon my fortune would be mending;"

"What a change ere long we'd see,"
"What a change ere long we'd see!"

"From your work each eve returning,"
"From my work each eve returning,"

"You would find the fire burning,"
"I should find the fire burning,
"Brightly on the merry hearth;"

"I beside the table knitting,"
"You beside the table knitting,"

"What a paradise on earth!"

A musical tribute to the cause of temperance sincerely commended to the W. C. T. U.

The reconciliation, however, does not last long. Rip has a dog, "Wolf," so great a favorite with his master that, like the pet pug of many a sweet woman, he has complete freedom of the house even to the dainty lap of his mistress. "Wolf," wet or dry, soiled or clean, must come into the house by invitation of his master. Frau Van Winkle, neat but indignant, wifely but firm, insists upon his exclusion from her well kept domicile. War to the knife is proclaimed against his canineship and his lenient master. A storm arises; and in the midst of "thunder, lightning,

and in rain," Rip and his faithful "Wolf" rush to the mountains in spite of the wail of friends, the agonizing shrieks of his terror stricken children and his lightning-struck wife. This scene in agitated recitative and appropriate chorus is presented by the musician with a wealth of instrumentation that greatly assists the appreciation of the audience and interests the orchestra. Rip suddenly meets in the mountains the spirit form of Hendrick Hudson, whose voice, strange dress, sulphurous odor and offer to assist in carrying a keg of Old Holland so powerfully affect Rip that he agrees to follow the sprite. A deep ravine in the mountains discloses Hendrick Hudson and companions playing at nine pins! A long wierd chorus of men's voices follows, wherein the sprites sing of coming from the portals of the tomb, from beneath the sea, from dotting hill and plain; from the hills and the rills they gather, gather, gather, 'neath the lightning bright. A mixed chorus now joins in singing:

> The storm king now marshals his legions on high:
> On the wings of the lightning he rides through the sky.

Sprite Hendrick Hudson enters, hears a footstep and bids the wanderer approach. Rip follows with the keg on his shoulder. Questioned by Hendrick as to his name and rank, he promptly replies that his name is Rip Van Winkle hunting with his dog and gun for game in the mountains. Night setting in, Rip starts for home, but hearing his name called by the potent sprite, he offers assistance in carrying the keg. Sprite Hendrick bids him to the banquet as chief attendant. Rip consents, the goblets are passed around, and comrades one and all resume the rolling balls. Hendrick asks Rip for a song in praise of wine. The subject suits Rip, and at this point one of the most clearly defined and thoroughly English airs of the opera is heard from his capacious and resonant larynx. During the performance of a precious bit of symphony following, Rip gradually falls asleep:

> Twice ten years the sun shall rise,
> Ere he opes once more his eyes.

Act I closes with a chant in close harmony and marked rhythmic form, with an original accompaniment exactly suited to launch the somnolent Rip into the early days of the new republic. Act II opens with a martial chorus, "Awake! Awake! the Morn doth Break," based on the delight to young and old of promptly attending to daily duties in the spring and morn of life. Twenty-four measures of introduction to this cheerful movement indicate as usual the hand of a bold orchestral contrapuntist, while the progression of the vocal parts, whether unisonant or in independent harmonic parts, leaves nothing incomplete. Dame Van Winkle appears once more, and seeing a blush upon the cheek and tears in the sad eyes of her daughter, Alice, asks for an explanation for their unusual appearance. Alice with a sweet and touching simplicity replies:

"Joy, dear mother, dims mine eye,
And brings the crimson to my cheek:
Love and hope have made me sigh,
Fear has caused my grief to speak."

This, is very frank and maidenly, and it turns out that the cause of Alice's joy and grief and love and hope is the interesting fact that she is very deeply in love with Captain Edward Gardiner, of the continental army, that his long absence from her has made him more than ever dear to her, and that his return shall be greeted with love's sweet kisses, etc., in all of which her mother sympathizes with her daughter vocally and heartfully. This attractive number of the opera is certainly treated *con amore* by both librettist and composer, and forms an appropriate link and introduction to a trio, "I cannot Wait," the finest musical writing, I am inclined to think, in the entire work. Alice, impatient, sings in gushing and highly rapturous melody in expectation of meeting her lover; Herman Van Slaus, the burgomaster's son, who has long loved Alice, tenderly approaches her at this time, but meets with a rebuff, and annoyed and vexed, he holds over her the fulfillment of the contract between her father and the burgomaster, by which Rip's obligation to the latter was to have been canceled by the union of Alice to Herman. Captain Gardinier's position is easily understood

as the third party in the trio, since he is secure of Alice's love. This delightful trio, consisting of recitatives, four melodies, duet and trio, is smoothly and skillfully worked out with neat but not redundant ornamentation, giving special opportunity to each singer to be heard and to conform to the conditions of the plot. Alice pensively pleads for Captain Gardinier's longer stay with her, but her patriotic lover urges in reply the call of his country, and ere he bids her farewell sings, *andante affetuoso*, a movement combining the extremes of religious devotion to her and to his country, worthy of the inspired melodist and composer of "I Puritani," Bellini himself. Alice, after expressing her lonely desolation and the bitterness of her grief at parting with her beloved captain, suddenly arouses at the thought of his possible assassination by the treacherous tory and rival, Herman Van Slaus, determines to follow her captain to the field of battle, and if finding him dying, will gladly die side by side with him. This exhaustive strain is Alice's most brilliant vocal effort, and is none the less effective by reason of an apparent final touch of Rossini's exuberance at the close. Captain Edward Gardinier, now fully ready for the strife of war, calls upon his comrades to join him in the tented fields, first imploring the Supreme Power to protect them evermore. A short five-part hymn to the God of battles here occurs, worthy vocally and instrumentally of any composer in any age:

God of battles, hear our vow,
Be it registered on high:
We will free our country now,
Or unconquered bravely die.

Dame Van Winkle hearing by letter of the design of Herman Van Slaus to assassinate his rival Gardinier, and laboring under great distress at the absence of her daughter Alice, gives way to remorseful remembrances of her former conduct toward her absent Rip, soon expecting to join him in the far beyond, pending which, however, she sings a sweet contralto song of early youthful life, of the loss of friends, perpetual desolation to the last—an apparently isolated but veritable gem at this point in the opera. A stirring soldiers' chorus follows, with solo by Captain Gardinier detailing

the exciting and ever varying experiences of martial life, with unbounded hope for victory and freedom's cause. Alice, Captain Gardinier, young Rip Van Winkle, Herman Van Slaus and soldiers enter upon the finale to the second act. Gardinier directs his soldiers to scour the forests high and low for tory traitors, expecting to capture his malignant enemy Herman. Alice, unexpectedly appearing, is persuaded to remain on the field by her lover captain, under the special protection of her brother, Rip Van Winkle, Jr., who proposes that she shall become the *Vivandiere* of the regiment. This pet attraction of a regiment not having been recognized in the American army is yet enrolled as a *Vivandiere* through the influence of Captain Gardinier by reason of our association with the French as allies who love their *Vivandiere* as their ever present guardian angel and *fille spirituelle.* Alice as a *Vivandiere* is invested with unwonted interest to the soldiers, and sings her new song, long since a favorite throughout New York, with supreme eclat. The hidden and chased Herman Van Slaus is at last brought to bay, and comes begging for his life from Captain Gardinier and his men. The life of the beleaguered tory is only saved through the special pleading of Alice, who, remembering that Herman was her playmate in youth, intercedes for his life, whereby the lover captain and his soldiers grant him an indefinite reprieve.

Act III and last finds Rip Van Winkle still asleep; but with the approach of a rosy-cheeked and beautiful morning, and with gentle zephyrs fanning his weather-beaten face, the spirits of night cease to enchain him; he awakes after having heard heavenly music, and asks "Who speaks? Where am I?" The tender-hearted sleeper remembered that he had taken deep draughts of bewildering liquor with spectered men, but that it was now high time to awake, return to his home and resume the ordinary activities of life. The accompanying music is finely conceived, at first dreamy, but gradually progressing to bolder outlines and more positive rhythmic strains. To complete this scene and make it an expressive eye-opener, Rip regrets that he had left his home, his gun had become rusty, his trusty dog Wolf was dead, while he himself, alas! had but a bare remnant of his life in

which to atone for the sad irregularities of his former ways. The war is ended, the harvest song and chorus are once more heard. Rip listening to the chorus outside finds no joy therein. Freedom has blessed the land, but it only brings accumulated fears and horrors to the aged royalist. All is strange to him. No one knows him. What can the matter be? A Morris or Moorish dance is heard, which for originality of rhythm and vivacious melody would startle an anchorite from his devotions, and falls upon the unhappy Rip's ear like the clang of Babel. Where erst was hanging the sign of King George III now hangs the sign of that "other George" whom Rip knows not of. Victim of perpetual despair and crazed with grief, he appeals to the young men and maidens for information touching his former friends, Vedder, Brown Datcher and Dame Van Winkle, now all dead save Van Bummel, who gained distinction in the army and is now in congress. A tender song here attests the extremity of Rip's social surroundings and at the same time his faithful remembrance of the past:

> Alone, all alone in this wide world of sorrow,
> No kind friend to comfort, no children to cheer;
> No joy for to-day, and no hope for to-morrow,
> And gone is each heart that I ever held dear.

The sheriff demands immediately to know who he is, under threat of being thrust into prison. Rip pleads innocence of all motives and all attempts tending to insubordination, but still claims George III as his king and blesses him. Surrounding crowds, viewing him as a tory, spy and knave, advance suddenly upon him, when Alice, not knowing the aged stranger, interferes to save him from their violence. Sheltered in her cot at this point occurs a short and important recitative by Edward Gardinier, assuring Alice that though the miserable contract hangs over them like the sword of Damocles to cut off her right to her fortune, yet he will forever remain true to her. The tenor and soprano duo, "Joys Never Ceasing," by Edward and Alice following this recitative, is worthy of Mozart in its thoroughly melodious and graceful progression, not a chord, not a note in which may be truthfully considered as extran-

eous or unacceptable to the candid critic. The plot rapidly approaches a *denouement*. Alice, Edward, Rip, Herman, the judge, young Rip and chorus appear in court. Herman claims the fulfillment of his inherited contract. The judge declines to become a *particeps criminis* in Herman's claim. The latter, defiant and confident, asks: "Who shall deny my right?" The restored and venerable Rip seizes the contract, denies its validity, as there was no witness to the signatures, and proceeds to annul it therefore by reason also of its having expired this very day. Alice and her father mutually recognize each other, while Herman, leaving, calls down curses upon both. Young Rip claims a blessing from his father, which being joyfully granted, Alice sings a pre-matrimonial song of ecstasy, the chorus joining:

Now love's happy heaven is found.

This extended resume of the plot and music of Bristow's romantic opera of "Rip Van Winkle" is presented with the full belief that of all his numerous musical works it is the one by which he will be most tenderly remembered in the future, There is this further recognition of its claims that as a weird dramatic picture it has long been esteemed one of the happiest of Irving's literary efforts, while the joint artistic labors of Dion Boucicault and of Joseph Jefferson have made it the most popular of American plays.

The late William E. Burton designed at one time to write a libretto on the subject of Columbus, but died before achieving the work. Bristow had agreed to compose the music, but the death of Burton prevented him from proceeding beyond the composition of the overture. In a late number of Thoms' *American Art Journal* this Columbus overture is thus graphically described by an eminent English organist and critic: "The design of this Columbus overture is to present in dramatic form a series of tone pictures illustrating some of the incidents connected with the discovery of this continent by Columbus, without, however, pretending to follow all the events or to introduce them in the strict order of their occurrence. It opens with an *andantino* movement in six-eighths designed to depict the vessels of the daring discoverer rocking idly at anchor and

swaying to and fro as the evening breeze agitates the surface of the sea into a gently undulating swell. This subsides into a whisper when the horns signal for departure, and soon a tremolo movement in the accompaniment indicates the bustle of preparation, and the little fleet sets sail on its voyage of hazard and hope. The movement again diminishes into a pianissimo, and the horns announce that the adventurers have left the known world in search of an unknown.

"An *allegro agitato* movement follows, portraying the excitement in the court of Ferdinand and the restless conspiracies of the enemies of Columbus during his protracted absence. The powers of the orchestra are invoked to present a picture of turmoil and distraction, and we can even imagine coming over the sea the wild voices of the mutineers on the vessels of Columbus, as in their despair they clamor for an abandonment of the voyage and an immediate return. But the calm, firm voice of Columbus is heard, and a series of quiet chords indicates that the master spirit has gained the ascendency. Immediately follows a rapid passage in unison interspersed with strongly accented chords, suggesting the joy of the mariners as in the night they behold a light flickering on the far off coast, and breaking into a peal of exultation as the morning dawns and presents the new found world to their gaze. Then succeeds a song of thanksgiving as the great discoverer prepares to disembark upon the long sought land.

"Meanwhile the disaffection at the royal court of Spain has gone on increasing, and a *fugato* movement recalls us to the old world, and places us in the midst of the turmoil and bickering of those who would aggrandize themselves by asserting the sure destruction of Columbus. The confusion increases, but soon a reminiscence of the sailors' song of joy presages the approach of the mariners, and the signal-cannon announces their successful return. The conspiracies subside, and the music swells into a grand march of triumph as the once despised adventurer, now crowned with honors, is conducted into the presence of his monarch. Soon, however, the envious and disaffected make a last effort to be heard, and endeavor to gain the ear of the court, in order to diminish

the luster of the great achievement, but in vain ; the same old song of thanksgiving is heard, pealing far above their clamor, and an effective *rallentando* ushers in, as a finale, the melody of the same thrilling peal of joy with which the exulting sailors hailed the first vision of the New World, and the overture closes amid the rejoicings of those faithful friends who sustained the cause of the great admiral in his absence and now share the glory of his return."

Preceding the Columbus overture a symphony in F sharp minor and the overture to Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale" written for William E. Burton were produced, evincing a steady progress by Bristow in close and severe harmony, and a rare facility in adapting himself to the requirements of any new conception, whether in libretto or in musical treatment. Strict truth and candor demand the admission that Bristow, like Von Weber, does not write from the organ, violin or piano standpoint, but that his ideal is founded upon the ever varying and comprehensive resources of the full grand orchestra. "Leave your piano or your violin," said that true musical genius, the composer of "Oberon," "and trust to such musical instincts and conception of original themes as God may have gifted you with. The fingers move ordinarily where they have been accustomed to move, and you must get out of the old grooves before you can create new ones."

The most elaborate musical work which engaged Bristow's attention was "Praise to God," an oratorio not less from the character of the words than from its musical treatment. In solos, choruses and instrumentation it is at once serious and joyous, and admirably fitted to keep up a musical interest by its varied movements, in vocal societies large and small. Twice given in New York, and a third time in Brooklyn by the New York Harmonic Society of which Bristow was then conductor, it was received with favor and achieved a marked pecuniary success on its third representation in Brooklyn, where it was given for the benefit of the Old Ladies' Home, which received a clear profit of $2,000 as the gratifying result. The oratorio of "Daniel," Bristow's succeeding religious and profoundly interesting musical composition, has been closely

criticised and carefully considered by well balanced judges his best and most perfect religious musical effort. The lofty spiritual character of "Daniel" seems to have so impressed itself upon the minds and heart of both librettist and composer that in their joint effort an oratorio was produced which for grave dignified effect deserves to rank with Mendelssohn's "Elijah." Great pains in the choral and orchestral preparation of "Daniel" for the public appreciation were observed by all concerned in it, and to crown the effort that most accomplished and truly artistic oratorio singer, Madame Parepa Rosa, *sans peur et sans reproche*, stood up to render the chief solo part in her own incomparable way. Composition, performance, public appreciation, success, all were complete.

No. 48 in the chronological list of Bristow's works, entitled the overture to "The Great Republic," and No. 52 in the same list, embracing the vocal parts of William Oland Bourne's well known ode, "The Great Republic," may appropriately be considered one work. The overture, op. 47, is beyond question one of the most effective of Bristow's orchestral works, musically covering in quick succession the desolation, and the subsequent rejoicing after the final victory at Appomatox. And last, though far from being least, the essentially vigorous themes employed to convey these varying appeals to the mind and especially the brilliant contrapuntal treatment in the base of our most dignified national air, are convincing proofs that this overture to "The great republic," written at the maturity of his powers, leaves Bristow sole competitor in this special orchestral trend, save the composer of the grand "Jubilee Overture," Carl Maria Von Weber. The vocal treatment of the ode, op. 54, is indicated by the division clearly marked out in the overture, dating back indeed to the original conception of the librettist.

The composer has already musically divided this part of the ode into four choruses, four recitatives and five solos; but there might have been at least two recitatives more with a gain in needed variety. The remaining five numbers, divided into three choruses, two arias and a quartette, set forth

the call to arms, the strife and victory in Freedom's cause, and the consequent blessings to the toiling millions. "The Great Republic," overture, words and music, has cost poet and composer many long hours of labor, has been many times presented to an appreciative public, and has been neatly and handsomely published by Biglow & Main, New York.

When in 1874 that large hearted man and ardent lover of the art divine, Luther B. Wyman, stood in the Brooklyn Academy of Music before the Philharmonic Society and introduced "the gentleman from Arcadia," it was a proud moment for our friend Bristow. Leading the splendidly equipped orchestra of the Philharmonic, a delighted audience listened for the first time to his new symphony "Arcadia" by many critics considered his choicest and most beautiful orchestral effort. This charming work was originally written as the instrumental introduction to a cantata called "The Pioneer; or Westward, Ho!" the libretto of which, by the late Henry C. Watson, had been submitted to W. Vincent Wallace in expectation of his composing the music for it. Wallace's premature death having prevented this, Bristow, not less out of his regard for the memory of his friends Wallace and Watson than for his ardent sympathy with the subject of the cantata, produced his Arcadian symphony under the influence of this two-fold inspiration. Two orchestral pieces remain to be noticed, one the gay and very fanciful overture to "The Jibbinainosay," full of new and strange harmonic surprises; and the other the "Fantasia Chromatica Fuga" by Bach, specially transcribed for the Philharmonic Society.

Half a century of constant professional labor has not robbed this American musician of his intense devotion to his art. Blessed with a constitution that never seems to tire, a temperament that retains its equanimity under all circumstances, a jovial smile and imperturbable manner that never fails him under any provocation or in any emergency, my life-long friend still walks his daily round of duty in the New York schools, attends to his weekly rehearsal as organist and conductor of a church choir, is ready at reasonable notice to organize musical entertainments for benevolent objects

to act as organist, violinist, pianist, accompanist, leader of an orchestra, or lecturer upon any department of music from ballad singing to the highest forms of opera and oratorio. Long may he wave!

GEORGE HENRY CURTIS.

LIST OF COMPOSITIONS BY GEORGE FREDERICK BRISTOW.

Op. 1 String Quartet in F.
" " " " G minor.
" 3 Concert Overture Orchestra.
" 4 La Belle Amerique, Nocturne.
" 5 Duo 4 hands, La Fille du Regiment.
" 6 Valse in E flat.
" 7 L'Etoile du Soir. Noc. C flat.
" 8 La Serenade, Nocturne.
" 9 La Pensee, Nocturne.
" 10 Symphony in E flat, orchestra.
" 11 La Belle de la Joie.
" 12 Sonate in G, Violin and Piano.
" 13 Solo Violin, with Orchestra "Cracovienne."
" 14 Innocence, Nocturne.
" 15 Sentence in E flat "I will arise," Voice and Organ.
" 16 Andante of Polonaise.
" 17 Solo, Violin and Orchestra "Zampa."
" 18 Valse in E flat, Souvenir de Mt. Vernon.
" 19 Service in E flat, Te Deum and Jubilate.
" 20 La belle Nuit, Nocturne.
" 21 Life on the Ocean Wave, Var.
" 22 Grand Opera of RipVan Winkle.
" 23 Sentence in E flat, Organ.
" 24 Symphony D Minor, Jullian.
" 25 L'Amitie Morceau Violin.
" 26 Symphony F sharp Minor Orchestra.
" 27 "Blue Bell" Noc.
" 28 "Pot Pourri," Organ.
" 29 Valse in E flat.
" 30 Overture, Winter's Tale, Orch.
" 31 Chansonnette, "The abode of Music."
" 32 Overture, "Columbus." Orch.
" 33 "Praise to God" Solos, Chor. and Orchestra.
" 34 "Burial Service."
" 35 Valse in E.
" 36 Evening Service Bonum Est and Benediction.
" 37 Le Canari Piano.
" 28 "Eroica" Piano.
" 39 Easter Anthem E flat, "Christ Our Passover."
" 40 Sentence in D. "The Lord is," etc.
" 41 Epigram, Piano.
" 42 Oratorio "Daniel." Voice and Orchestra.
" 44 Rain Drops, Piano.
" 45 Impromptu, Voluntary, Organ.
" 46 Morceau in A flat, Piano.
" 47 Overture, Great Republic.
" 48 Ascriptions Organ and Voice.
" 49 Grand Cantata, Piano voice and Organ.
" 50 Symphony in E min, Arcadia.
" 51 Te Deum and Jubilate in C.
" 52 "No More" Great Republic.
" 53 Fantasia Chromatic and Fuga Bach, Orchestra.
" 54 Te Deum and Benedictus in B flat, Voice and Organ.
" 55 La Vivandiere, Piano in E flat.
" 56 Cantata and Deus, Evening Service in G.
" 57 Mass in C. Voice and Orchestra.
" 58 Te Deum and Jubilate in F.
" 59 The Dream, piano in G flat.
" 60 March in E flat, Band.
" 61 Saltarello, Piano.
" 62 Symphony Niagara, Orchestra.
" 63 School March, Piano.
" 64 Overture, Jibbinainosay, Orchestra.
" 65 Morceaux pour L'Orgue.
" 66 Introduction and Fugue.
" 67 Belteshazzar from Oratorio.
" 68 Darius from Oratoria.
" 69 Morceau for Philharmonic Club.
" 70 Trois Morceaux pour L'Orgue.
" 71 Chant TeDeum.
" 72 Six easy Voluntaries. Cabinet Organ.
" 73 Chistmas Anthem in G and D minor.
" 74 "Remember me." Male Voices.
" 75 Vocal Exercises for Schools.
" 76 Impromptu B Minor, Piano.
" 77 Easter Anthem in C.
" 78 Vocal Exercises for School, Second book.
" 79 Anthem, "Except the Lord build."
" 80 Opera Le Roi de la Montagne. Many unfinished fragments.

LOGARITHMS IN MUSICAL SCIENCE.

II.

In 1891 I published a series of twelve articles on "Tone Intervals," in a monthly musical paper, and during their progress received letters from several readers asking how I found my decimal fractions of the octave interval, by which I measured the magnitudes of all musical intervals, the correspondents stating that they could read the articles more intelligently if they knew this. I did mention the fact, in that series of papers, that the decimals were found by logarithmic measurement of the vibrational ratios, but did not wish to terrify the reader with any further attempt at explanation. I have thought best, however, in whatever I may say in this magazine about intonation, to forestall at once (or at *twice*), so far as may be appropriate in these pages, any objection of the kind mentioned; and as for *terrifying* —well, some of my readers may have *grown* a bit in two years!

In this second paper on musical logarithms, it should be declared, also, that I have no hobbies to ride; being not in the least committed to the advocacy of either "perfect intonation," "equal temperament," or any other temperament, having in fact long since outgrown *both* sides of the temperament question (which in our time is concerned only with "equal" and "perfect" intonation), and am, perhaps, an intonational "mugwump," and, at the same time and beyond all doubt whatever, a practical tuner; and it is more difficult than logarithms themselves to find another life-long devotee to *both* the mathematical science of intonation and practical tuning—though these two in one yoke can alone make, to-day, a useful plow team in this line of work. (If this be egotism, it cannot be helped.) Every bit of music which I hear, of whatever grade, thus habitually comes to

the ear as an object lesson; and whenever the music is good both in quality and execution, I receive a double, or a triple, pleasure; for there is, first, the concord of musical sounds,; together with the graceful progressions with modulation, all these appealing to the ear by much the same natural laws then, there is the effect upon the inner being, soul, or whatever we please to call it, and this varies greatly according to the circumstances or the condition in which this inner life happens to be at the time; but there is a third enjoyment superadded to these, namely, the intellectual, or what the *ego* would so call it, though others may have their intellectual concept too, and one quite innocent of those terrible things, mathematics! But my own *mental* enjoyment of music, while not necessarily associated with the working forms of mathematics, any more than with our notation, nomenclature and keyboard, is in a sort of concept, combining, however, two very different, yet both numerical ideas, the one pertaining to the few small prime numbers which make the vibrational ratios of all music, and the other, to certain numbers which truly measure the intervals between tones.

Of course, not all the elements of enjoyable or real music are enumerated here, which include certain qualities of tone, time, expression, etc. The point advanced is, that there is really an *additional* source of enjoyment, an intellectual one, in being able to conceive of the gist of musical arithmetic—something, I believe, which the musical world has not yet experienced. This concept, moreover, is a potent means of cultivating the ear for harmonious chords, and notably those chords of which in this age we have small chance of cultivating the close acquaintance, namely, those arising from the vibrational primes 5 and 7. As for those chords resulting from the small primes 2 and 3, these being the principal intonational leaders, the musical instruments of our age afford us far better means of cultivating a real acquaintance with these chords or intervals than with those of the larger but more interesting and charming primes and 7. And right here is where our present vocal mus.cal culture so conspicuously fails to satisfy the ordinary natur-

ally musical hearer; for, while it is not claimed that the latter can appreciate certain kinds of music in the same way or to the same extent as can the former, still I know of no reason save the one here given why the cultivated singing of our time should fail, as a rule, to meet the musical sense of that rather numerous portion of humanity which, though not musically drilled, possesses the true appreciation of harmony and melody; although the present popularization of such instruments as do not, save by accident, give these quincal and septal chords in very good tune, may tend to reduce the comparative number of these dear old-fashioned music lovers.

We cannot indeed save the old-fashioned people nor old-fashioned things—unless we make a collection or museum—for they must necessarily in time give place to the new-fashioned; but can *music*, and especially vocal music, afford to lose, under the almost absolute rule of the limited but rather bad cacophony of our tempered instruments, that most beautiful and charming of all the vibrational elements of music, the true quincal and septal chords? *It cannot.* The equal-semitone scale, while it has at last in our century firmly established itself and come to stay—and stay it must, because, in the very nature of music, independently of all practical considerations, nothing (as will be shown sometime when I get to it) can fill its place for a large part of instrumental music—is mischievously false (and not a merely tweedle- de-tweedle-dum false) to that tone in every common chord which any fair, natural and unvitiated musical ear recognizes as the chief charm of the whole triad. Any such amount of variation from the natural truth (about one-seventh part of an equal semitone), if occurring in a fifth, an octave or a unison, would be instantly resented by almost any one, as putting the music seriously out of tune. The quincal element, represented by the major third (4:5), as well as that element of still more inferior position, the septal, represented by the harmonic (or sub-minor) seventh (4:7), can indeed stand rather greater abuse than can fifths and octaves, their prime vibration ratio numbers being larger; but the gross amount of variation from purity, which the

instrumental tyranny usually compels them to carry, is counter to all decent respect to even their vibrational nature and forbearance! But these remarks mainly concern vocal and the slower instrumental music.

Our duodecimal scale treats the four prime intervals as follows: Octaves, of course, perfect; fifths, 1-51st of an equal semitone flat, which is next to nothing at all in practice, and this indeed is the great redeeming feature in our duodecimal tonal system; major thirds, 7-51sts of the same semitone sharp; and harmonic sevenths (vibrationally, when perfect, 4:7), 16-51sts of the same semitone sharp. This true septal seventh, however, must not be confounded with the true double fourth (9:16), largely used in suspensions, which is only 2-51sts sharp; but all this on the supposition that the octave interval is nicely cut into twelfths, which is doubtless realized more correctly and permanently on the common reed organs or harmoniums than on any other instrument in general use.

But in such statements as these, we are roughly anticipating what the pending logarithmic treatment brings to light. I fetch the former in advance, like the grapes of Eshcol; though their wine, it is hoped, will not intoxicate the reader! And indeed there seems to be small danger of a general rush into inebriety in this way, for many, doubtless, will not quite believe these true statements * concerning the amounts of the frauds perpetrated upon the beautiful quincal and septal elements of our music; while some of those who really do believe them, may indeed, as has been sometimes exemplified, be in danger of losing their heads, without a certain amount of collateral knowledge and experience of the subject, to serve as ballast. Frankly, I do not remember of ever losing my own for any great length of time; but I think that, under the influence of the late H. W. Poole's essay on "Perfect Intonation," which was published in the *American Journal of Science*, in 1850, and which I read in 1876, when I was very thirsty in this respect (and indeed

*Many, likewise, do not believe, as astronomers do by actual proof, in the real planetary magnitudes, distances and motions.

it was of much help to me in that early day), I learned to look, for a brief period, with too unmitigated horror upon our tempered tonal system; but have now long since ceased to vow eternal vengeance upon the system; not, however, because the arithmetical calculations were not true, for they were, but because I soon began to discover peculiar musical merits in it, especially for rapid music, which cannot possibly, in the very nature of music, exist in any other but an even 12 division of the octave interval, or something resembling it. And this real *raison d'etre* of our duodecimal system, which is scarcely known or mistrusted at all by musical students, I shall show in some future paper.

I wished to write a chapter or two on logarithms in a musical way, therefore, not, I humbly hope, to make a mere show of learning outside of my reader's line and opportunities, nor even for advocating any pet practical musical schemes, but for the purpose of laying the foundation for some true understanding of the subject of intonation—a real desideratum of our age; for I do not find—and I say it with all respect for the other abilities of the writers—that the published works on intonation and the inevitable chapters on "Intervals and Temperament," which appear in books on the acoustical phase of music, together with "Tuner's Guides" and all such fossil remains of undeveloped human antiquity, are calculated, on the whole, to bring us musical students out of the dim twilight of the past ages. Indeed it is safe to say that the reading musician, whether he consult books, periodicals, cyclopedias or dictionaries, on the numerical science of music, will unwittingly encounter a mischievous error or a mischievous blur for every two truths; and although logarithms have now been before the scientific world for nearly three hundred years, throwing (or at least being able to throw) the true light upon music, more, perhaps, than all our nineteenth century acoustics have done, the real mission of this great mathematical invention to music as a science—yes, and as an art too—does not seem yet to be really and effectively organized.

With the fact in mind that vibrational ratios—that is, the very numbers constituting them—do not and should not show

the relative magnitudes of the tone intervals which they form, these measures of ratios called logarithms are found to be priceless and wholly indispensable in musical science. Without them we may have the physical or acoustical, but not the mathematical or arithmetical science of music; and even acoustics sometimes limps or gravely tries to catch will-o'-the-wisps while too unacquainted with the science of tone interval measurement.

Now, concerning the following table, those who do not like the looks of it—and I mean it—can do as the schoolmaster told his pupils in reading to do with now and then a jaw-breaker—just pass over it! I sincerely do not recommend it to be sung, or even committed to memory! This solid pile of figures is nothing but 12-place logarithms of the first eleven numbers. They are not found beyond six or seven figures in school and college text books, but these which I here give have been taken from a very costly volume of extended logarithms made for astronomy and mathematical science in general. They are, however, of such fundamental importance to musical science as to deserve a place in some musical work, and MUSIC is entirely deserving of such a table.

TABLE I.

The	logarithm	of	1	is	0.
"	"	"	2	"	.301,029,995,664
"	"	"	3	"	.477,121,254,720
"	"	"	4	"	.602,059,991,328
"	"	"	5	"	.698,970,004,336
"	"	"	6	"	.778,151,250,384
"	"	"	7	"	.845,098,040,014
"	"	"	8	"	.903,089,986,992
"	"	"	9	"	.954,242,509,439
"	"	"	10	"	1.
"	"	"	11	"	1.041,392,685,158

It is to be granted that it seems almost ridiculous, at first, that this ugly table should be anything to the musician! As it here stands, it is nothing but a stone of stumbling and rock of offense. "What is it good for?" is the exclamation (not a real interrogation) of the ninety and nine. We shall see, but, perhaps, not too early; for, saith Epictetus, "No great thing cometh suddenly into being, for not even a

bunch of grapes can, or a fig. If you say to me now, 'I desire a fig,' I answer that there is need of time; let it first of all flower, and then bring forth the fruit, and then ripen. When the fruit of a fig tree is not perfected at once, and in a single hour, would you win the fruit of a man's mind (Briggs' and Napier's "noble invention," for instance, Mr. Epictetus*) thus quickly and easily? Even if I say to you, expect it not."

This table can stand alone for a little while.

Ratio, that is, geometrical ratio, called in popular language proportion, is a very simple idea. We cannot fail to understand at once what is meant if it be said that the ratio of the population of Rochester to that of Cleveland is 1:2, and that the ratio of the former to the population of Chicago is 1:8 (these statements being near the truth). But if we ask for the comparative *sizes of the two ratios*, that is, the ratio of the two ratios, perhaps the answer would not be readily given, although it can be ascertained in this case by a little consideration. It happens that this last ratio (1:8) can be easily separated into three equal ratios, thus, 1:2:4:8, the ratios 2:4 and 4:8 being each in their simplest form, exactly 1:2, like the first one. Therefore the ratio of the third city with the first is three times as large as the ratio of the first with the second. In like manner, if one string vibrate 100 times per second (or any other measure of time), and two others vibrate 200 and 800 in the same time, of course the vibrational ratio of the two lower strings will be 1:2 and that of the two extremes, 1:8; and this latter ratio, being three times as large as the former, makes a tone interval three times the size, it being an interval of three octaves, and the other, one octave. Now we have heard somewhere that three times two are six, and we believe it really is so; but this has nothing to do with the other fact that the ratio 1:8 is three times the ratio 1:2. The *third power* of 2 is 8, and here is the law of the whole matter of measuring ratios: The index of the power is the

*Epictetus, the stoic, lived in the first century A. D. Napier, of Edinburgh, and Briggs, of London, invented logarithms in the *teens* of the seventeenth century.

measure of the ratio. We see, then, that there is really a ratio between the magnitudes of any two ratios (which shows that ratios, although formed by mere abstract numbers, are a sort of concrete magnitudes), and that this is not expressed at all by the very numbers forming said ratios; for there is no such number as three in the ratios 1:2 and 1:8—and no matter indeed if there were—yet the ratio of their magnitudes is 1:3. This is no new doctrine, yet the musical student is practically without it, and it is morally impossible for him to gain it by reading the books in his way; though without it he (or she) will become an angel long before becoming, in one important sense, a thoroughly scientific musician!

But we are anticipating again. This will never do. Now we have found a sort of logarithm. A what! A logarithm! Where? Now please lower the opera-glasses, and be seated. We have got it! You can see it with the naked eye of your mind. The number three is here a sort of logarithm, because it measures the ratio 1:8, some other ratio being taken as the unit ratio, which in this case is 1:2; or, if the ratio 1:8 itself were considered the unit, then the ratio 1:2 would measure one-third (or .333,333$\frac{1}{3}$), and therefore one-third, or the decimal, would be a logarithm, although on a different base from the one in the former case.

Soon after the invention of logarithms by Baron Napier, Mr. Briggs chose the number 10 for the base of his logarithmic system, this base being preferable to Napier's.

This was no doubt a wise choice for mathematics in general, but unfortunate for the mathematics of music—infinitely better for it however, than no logarithms at all. But in these Briggsian logarithms, which are essentially as we have them now, although they have been improved and extended, 10 is the number of which the logarithm is 1, or unity, which really means that the ratio 1:10 is taken as unity, or a unit ratio, by which to measure all others. The logarithms of 100 and 1,000, therefore, are 2 and 3 respectively, on this base 10; since these numbers are its second and third powers, the numbers of ciphers always expressing the integral logarithms. But what about the logarithms of the

multitude of numbers lying between these round numbers? In musical science, we only want to know what are the logarithms of the very small numbers 2, 3, 5 and 7, and then we are all complete; for thus we shall have the comparative magnitudes of the prime ratios 1:2, 1:3 1:5 and 1:7, these being everything musical, as I have emphasized before and expect to emphasize and re-emphasize till the end of time! But we have neither of these in this merely round number view of logarithms. And how are we to get them? That same law, the law of powers, must govern the measurements of these ratios as it did the others. The numbers 2,3,5 and 7 are very simple, are they not? Some savages, it is true, have been found not able to comprehend the complexity of even some of these, but we can scarcely remember when they were very difficult to our own conception. But now I imagine ourselves—as musicians, not skilled mathematicians—pondering these simple numbers, and trying to ascertain how many, for example, it would take of the ratio 1:5 to make the ratio 1:10! Well,now, what a fuss! Everybody can see—yes, but everybody can *not* see—that the former ratio is raggedly .69897 of the latter! We can swear by it, for such is the truth, so far as five decimal figures, which is a very nice approximation, since the three next figures happen to be ciphers. This is the logarithm of 5, 10 being the base.

To translate this to our musical ground—and this will show the extreme awkwardness of logarithms on the base 10 for musical science—we would have to say that two octaves plus a major third (the whole vibrating as 1:5) is .69897 of three octaves plus a major third (1:10)! The semi-Briggsian mathematico-musical statement is true nevertheless, although to measure musical intervals by such a unit interval as vibrates, so to speak, as 1:10, is about as interesting and entertaining, especially to strangers, as an elaborate setting forth of a complicated case of neighborhood consanguinity!

But why cannot *we* find these results? and why, oh! why should they be in such everlastingly long decimal numbers? Well, in the first place, did you observe that the numbers 2, 3,

5 and 7 are not powers of 10, and that 10 is not a power of either of them?—that is to say, any power that we can cipher out by any common calculation? And when it is thus found by the mathematician, it is necessarily not only in decimal fraction form, but incommensurable with the unit on which it is founded, for which reason the decimal figures are interminable. This does not mean that tone intervals are imperfect or indefinite in magnitude, so long as we can know their vibrational ratios; but that, whichever interval or vibration ratio we adopt as a unit, others cannot usually be perfectly mathematical fractions of the same. Yet we can practically ignore this fact, even in the science of the matter, for we can use just as many decimal figures as any case of the nicest calculation requires; but we should not forget nor fail to know that these quantities which we thus make practically commensurable, are really incommensurable, for all incommensurables can be reduced to as nice practical commensurability as we choose or need.

Now without following this trail too far—and I am certainly not here explaining logarithms—there is not a shadow of uncertainty about these honest numbers, "artificial numbers" though they have been called by their inventors—no more uncertainty than about the multiplication table, though their truth is not indeed so apparent by far. They have been used for these nearly 300 years in facilitating great numerical calculations, and always prove themselves true, although great care has to be taken in printing in order to keep them free from errors. In this sizable octavo volume of logarithms before me there are, by a rough estimate, a million and a quarter of figures. The decimals extend in some cases to 61 (!) figures, in others to 20, and in others to 7. Little of all this, of course, pertains to musical science. And yet the devoted investigator of this branch has occasional use for logarithms far beyond the logarithm of the little number 7, though music proper does not deal with a higher prime.

But what are we students of intonation going to do about that terrible unit of measurement for tone intervals?

The logarithms, in the form in which they are established, are to musical science somewhat like an excellent railway, only it does not lie anywhere within miles and miles of our door. We need not build the road all over again, but we can build a branch for our accommodation. The constructors of logarithms might have taken 2 as the base of the system, instead of 10; but they chose the latter, not to accommodate us musicians specially, but for the general good of the world of mathematics; and I am afraid they didn't even think of us while so grandly leaving us all out in the cold! We are glad they built the road, however.

It is not necessary to construct—elaborately, ingeniously, and *ab initio*, a new table of logarithms for our use. First, because we want but comparatively few logarithms, and secondly, because we can make these very economically from those already existing. Neither is this a new idea, though it was new to me when I first thought of it, that is, to make the base of musical logarithms 2 instead of 10, for thus the octave interval will become the unit, instead of—$3\frac{1}{3}$ octaves? No, not quite that, but 3 octaves plus a major third. The honor of first publishing the idea of "binary" or dual logarithms seems to belong to Euler (1739); but musical philosophers have not generally honored themselves by adopting the Eulerian method—mathematical ability being too inconsiderable in even the learned musical world to create an appreciation of the immense advantage of this method.

Now it is a fact that dividing each of the logarithms of the table by any number whatsoever, either integral or fractional, will not affect their true logarithmic nature; the new logarithms would be just as truly the relative magnitudes of the ratios 1:2, 1:3, 1:4, etc., but in a different unit. It we should divide them all by 2 or by 3, it would make the unit ratio one-half or one-third of the ratio 1:10 (whatever that is); but this course would not help us any at all. Seeing that the ratio 1:2 (vibrationally the octave) is by far the most desirable unit ratio possible, we must divide all the logarithms by a number which will make this ratio unity; so that if the logarithm of 2 be divided simply by itself, the

quotient is 1, and the logarithm of 2 is now 1, instead of the long decimal fraction. Divide also all other logarithms by this same long decimal logarithm of 2, and we have all new logarithms on base 2.

Musical logarithms will thus stand on their own most proper foundation, since every tone interval will be some decimal fraction of the octave interval, the simplest in nature, and for this reason highly advantageous in our science. The usefulness of being able to stand upon our own proper feet is none the less because we never happened to be able to adopt such a fashion before!

To return now to Table I, it is to be remarked that the logarithm of 1 is always 0, whatever be the base chosen; because the ratio 1:1 has no magnitude at all, and two (?) tones vibrating in such a ratio would form no interval at all, but are simply unison itself.

The following table of dual logarithms, like the former table, contains several more than musical science actually needs, for those of composite numbers, like 6, for instance, as we shall see eventually, are needless. But, in order to form a good setting for the picture, these are retained, as well as the logarithm of the unmusical prime 11, which may serve as a background. It is to be observed that the logarithms of composite numbers can always be found by adding or subtracting those of other numbers, but the logarithms of primes, never. They are elaborately computed independently of the logarithms of other numbers.

Table II.

(On the base 2.)

The	logarithm	of	1	is 0.
"	"	"	2	" 1.
"	"	"	3	" 1.584,962,500,721
"	"	"	4	" 2.
"	"	"	5	" 2.321,928
"	"	"	6	" 2.584,962,5
"	"	"	7	" 2.807,355
"	"	"	8	" 3.
"	"	"	9	" 3.169,925
"	"	"	10	" 3.321,928
"	"	"	11	" 3.459,431

I have retained here the logarithm of 3 to millionths of millionths of the logarithm of 2, because it is the most important logarithm in musical science, as indeed the fifth, which this logarithm concerns, is the most imperative interval, next to the octave itself, in musical art.

With this change of base, we are now in better sailing. especially if we keep the logarithms—these especially musical logarithms; as for the old ones, so far as concerns music proper, we can now throw them overboard. We can even do more than this.

Logarithms! Now to tell the truth, I do not like to follow their bloody story in these pages a whit better than does the equally gentle reader! And although I have called them priceless and all that, and mean it, we can get rid of them entirely in form and name, in our science.

It was necessary to take them up, shake them, turn them over to a new base, and show the intrinsic and eternal value of the confounding things; but having done this, it is sufficient, at any rate for a musical magazine. For from this Table II we can extract the following tabular statement, which will cover all the arithmetical ground of musical harmony and melody.

TABLE III.

The vib. ratio	1:2	(the octave)	measures	1.
" " "	2:3	(the fifth)	"	.584,962,5
" " "	4:5	(the major third)	"	.321,928
" " "	4:7	(the harmonic 7th)	"	.807,355

This is the essence of the whole matter of measuring all musical intervals, as the small primes 1, 2, 3, 5 and 7 contain the essence of the other numerical musical idea, vibration ratios. For scientific use, the decimals of an octave should extend, as here given, to millionths, and for the fifth, to ten-millionths, although if they had but three figures each, thus .585, .322 and .807, they would still measure the three intervals in perfectly audible perfection, but not near enough to the mathematical truth for calculations or operations. By these millionths of an octave, which really measure on one unit the three intervals besides the octave, on which all harmony and melody depend, we can easily

test the degrees of approximation to perfection which any aliquot division of the octave possesses—for no artificial tonal system can be said to be complete which does not cut the octave interval into some number of equal parts, and retain all of them, whether 12, 53 or any other. In the former the three intervals are represented by 7, 4 and 10 twelfths; in the latter, by 31, 17 and 43 fifty-thirds respectively. These common fractions can be reduced to decimals and then compared with the true tabular decimals, and thus the test can be made as finely as any one wishes.

If it be asked if there is not still a simpler method of measuring musical intervals, the answer is yes, plenty of them; but they must all be found from these decimals or at least from some logarithmic measurements, and the octave logarithms are immensely the easiest logarithms. Such methods, however, although more useful than logarithms in forming a good mental conception, are not to be relied upon, in the last resort, for close scientific calculation. Mr. Ellis, in his second English edition of Helmholtz, uses the hundredth part of the equal semitone, calling it a cent, the octave therefore being 1,200 cents. This system of interval measurement has the advantage of the round number 100 for subdividing the tempered semitone; but the system is almost a failure in the very feature for which any such system should be most valuable, namely, accuracy in showing the degrees of purity—or impurity—of our practical 12 system.

Instead, therefore, of a 1,200 system of measurement—which, however, is certainly far better than none, and most writers have none so good—there is a much smaller divisor for the octave interval, 612, possessing far greater accuracy in interval measurement, though not of course so near the very truth as are the octave decimals. There is no possible number under several thousands which hits the truth so nearly as does this octave divisor, 612; and I shall bring this out hereafter. This method of cutting the octave interval (mentally, of course) will be eventually seen as not only far the most nearly accurate which any such number of three figures can form, but also superior to any other for gaining an insight into the "mysteries" of intonational science.

JAMES PAUL WHITE.

ALBUM LEAF.

BY WILLIAM MASON, MUS. DOC.

[A fac-simile of Dr Mason's MSS]
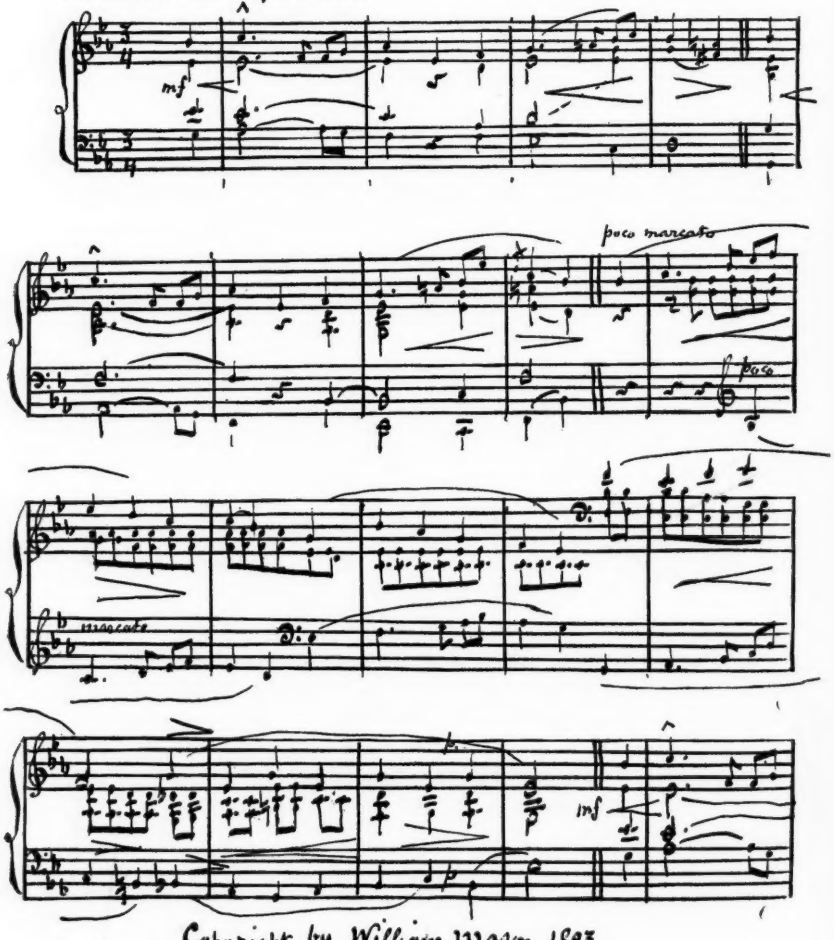
To Marie & Martha Walther.

Album Leaf
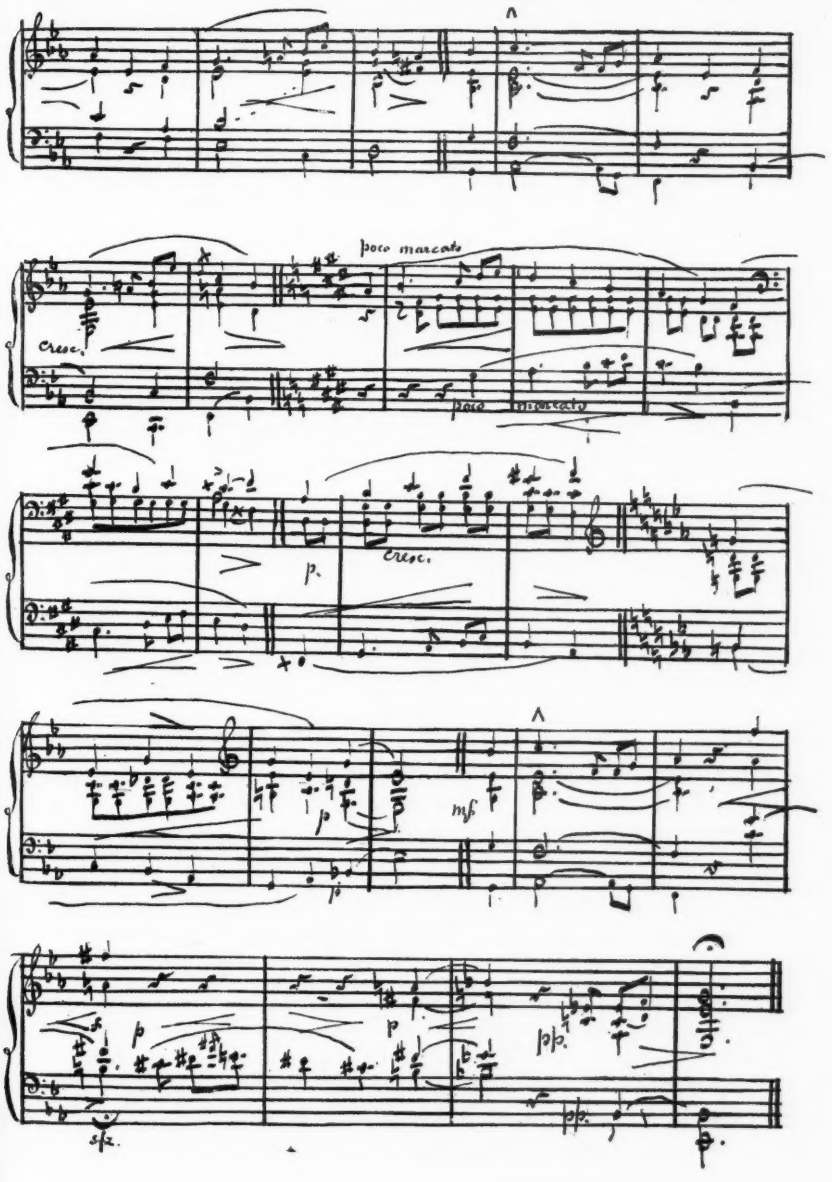
by

William Mason.

Andante. Con espressione



Copyright by William Mason, 1893.


poco marcato
cresc.
poco marcato
p
cresc.
p
mf
p
p
sfz

Rules for Expression.

PART THIRD.

EXPRESSION IN SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

I. Phrasing.

75. The simplest melody cannot be rendered in an intelligible—much less expressive—manner, unless the executant has a clear perception of its phrases. The greater difficulty in phrasing instrumental forms on account of, 1, their greater extension; 2, the irregularity of their melodic and rhythmic structure; 3, their more minute divisions of the pulse; 4, their wider compass; 5, their freer use of expressive elements; 6, the characteristic merits or defects of particular instruments, require a restatement with additions of what was said in Part Second.

II. Method for the Discovery of Phrases—Central Rule.

76. All points of division, whether between periods, sections, sub-sections or phrases, are at the commencement of similar or contrasted figures (compare Christiani's "Principles of Expression" page 117). Therefore on first examination of a piece, mark tentatively (lightly, with a cross) the commencement of all figures that have obvious rhythmic, melodic or harmonic likeness or unlikeness (as at repetitions, or where chord passages or passages in double notes succeed a single-voiced theme). Also mark the apparent terminations of all cadences. (See par 61.)

Special Rule for the Period.

77. Select the apparent full closes, that give a feeling of conclusion, and mark their terminations with the period sign. (See par. 67.) As some not final phrases end exceptionally with the tonic cadence, reference to the prevailing period length must be made to determine whether the group is a period or a division of a period. Rhythmical symmetry gives a degree of regularity in the length of periods. If a transition or modulation, lasting more than two measures, appears, the transitional or modulatory cadence that effects it, if in form a full close, is usually the end of a period. If the change of key is less than two measures, the feeling of conclusion will be lacking. (See par. 60.)

Special Rule for the Section.

78. The period may have a two-fold or three-fold division into sections. Mark middle cadences, terminating such equal divisions with a *semicolon*. (See par. 67.) Some irregularly short periods, as the "Plagal Cadence" and other ejaculatory sentences, have no middle cadence. Introductions, interludes and codas that are exceptional in form may at this point be isolated for later treatment.

Special Rule for the Sub-section.

79. The section may have a two-fold (very rarely, a three-fold) division into sub-sections. Decide which division is rhythmically most satisfactory, and near the point of equal division write a *comma*. (See par. 67.)

Special Rule for the Phrase.

80. Most sub-sections have a two-fold equal division into phrases. This division in instrumental music imitates the vocal practice of limiting a phrase to what can be sung in one breath. But the phrase defined as a single phase of feeling, having only one climax (compare Riemann's "Art of Phrasing," page 11), may be identical with the sub-section. The forcible dislocation of sub-sections—a fault that virtuosos in their efforts to be novel or strenuous much affect—destroys melodic and rhythmic fluency. The musician is no anatomist. But if a division is apparent mark its place with the

greater reading mark (see par. 67). Occasionally phrases *overlap*, the final tone of one voice coinciding with the initial tone of another voice. Mark such points with a cross. If (which is rarer) such an overlapping is found in one voice —as when the final tone of one theme is the initial tone of another—the reading mark should be written after the penultimate tone of the first theme, thus sacrificing its final tone. The new theme is the more important.

Special Rule for Motives and Disjoined Elements of the Phrase.

81. Write the lesser reading mark (see par. 4), 1, before syncopes and specially accented notes; 2, before trills and passages (coloratura); 3, between repeated notes of the same pitch and value—but not if they are of slight value, as in the tremolo of pianists, the elements of the trill, rolling octaves and other similar figures; 4, between such groups within the phrase as have melodic or rhythmic resemblance (motives*); 5, After the resolution of a suspension; 6, after a short note tied to a preceding longer note, if followed by others of the same value. The lesser reading mark does not simply show a perceptible separation of tones (except in the first "giving out" of a theme) but indicates that the succeeding tone should receive a more forcible attack, something such as in speaking is given to each word.

Composite Forms.

82. This is the name given to works comprising two or more periods that are wholly unlike, or unlike to a considerable degree. The exact repetition of a simple period does not make a composite form. (Compare par. 69.) Many composite forms leave an introduction and coda that must be

*The motive is a dependent portion of a phrase usually not longer than half a compound measure or the whole of a simple measure. It may be as short as two tones or a tone and a silence. It is distinguished from a phrase by its lack of a climax (compare pars. 64 note and 80). Sometimes motives have *absolute* repetitions; that is, exact repetitions of the melody or rhythm. But more commonly the repetitions are *relative* (*a*) the interval is changed or (*b*) the motive is imitated at another pitch; or (*c*) the melody is inverted; or (*d*) the rhythm is augmented or (*e*) diminished.

separately considered in phrasing. Similar to them are links, codettas, guides and interludes that lead from one structural division to another, but belong to neither.

III Thesis and Antithesis.

83. Stress and lull are phases of all forms of acittiv.y In music this is seen in the alternation of strong and weak pulses. In quick time, successive measures similarly differentiate, and to a less degree in slow time. In all two-fold equal divisions, the first (of the two phrases of a sub-section; of the two sub-sections of a section; of the two sections of a period; of the two periods of a composite form, etc.) is the *Thesis*, implying anticipation, expectancy, excitation, stress, with a resulting sense of imcompleteness: the second of such divisions is the *Antithesis*, implying realization, relaxation, lull, with a resulting sense of completeness. The shorter the divisions, the less definite the states of feeling can be; and the less apparent the specific qualities of Thesis and Antithesis.

84. As was seen (par. 60), middle cadences give a sense of expectancy; full closes, of conclusion. Enforced by their cadences, sections are the clearest examples of Thesis and Antithesis. It may be noted that the Thesis (implying excitation in some of its forms) tends to subdivide into motives, short phrases, etc.; while the Antithesis (implying decline of emotion, or tranquillity) is usually composed of longer phrases. An example of this, so frequent as to seem typical, is the division of a period of eight simple measures into a *Thesis* of two sub-sections and an *Antithesis* of an undivided section. Eight-measure sections similarly divide.

85. In three-fold equal divisions, whether of section, period or composite forms, the first (a true Thesis) excites or arouses interest; the middle sustains (suspends) it; the third (a true Antithesis) concludes the matter.

86. This statement of esthetic relation of such divisions is all that is necessary to suggest the general manner of their rendition. By reason of their universality, the doctrines just delivered are next to those relating to the climax (par. 71) the most important in the subject of expression

IV. Repetition.

87. Repetition intensifies the dominant feeling. Therefore the repetition of any Thesis* (see par. 83) indicates increased excitement, and suggests increased energy in its delivery. The repetition of any Antithesis indicates further decline of energy, and suggests a further relaxation in force and speed. If short and final, it is usually an echo.

88. Composite forms as they embrace within themselves all necessary contrasts (are autonomic, so to speak), permit no change on repetition. Too long for the memory to carry all their details, slight changes would be irrecognizable; while changes in force and speed that could be recognized, would too much alter their spirit. (The rapid playing of an adagio, the slow playing of an allegro on repetition, are musical jests for which those who favor that sort of thing may find rules.)

89. So also with periods. When composers direct their exact repetition it is more for formal symmetry than to enforce any feeling. An exact imitation of the first delivery is the correct method. When a change in style is desired repetitions are not exact, but composers make changes that suggest a different performance.†

90. But a section is not too long for its impress to be retained. An exact imitation in style would be weak, vapid, tasteless. As it is the climaxes that most vividly impress the mind, it is sufficient to modify them; to strengthen the climaxes of the Thesis; to weaken the climaxes of the Antithesis. So with sub-sections and phrases.

91. If there are two exact repetitions the first may be, not similar, but contrasted in force.

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*Repetitions of the Thesis may be disjoined (see par. 14) because with increased force, it is a mode of emphasis. Repetitions of Antitheses may be disjoined, because with decreased force. it i indicative of relaxation.

†When repetitions are not exact the *new* elements, whether melodic, rhythmic or harmonic, should be specially emphasized: but not in works of thematic construction where the exigencies o composition require a change in themes after their entrance, as in strettos of fugues, etc.

V. Imitation.

92. Augmented themes should be broader, that is, played with increased force and slightly lessened speed. Diminished themes are usually quicker than the originals and because imitative rather than repetitive, receive less force. Transitions and modulations that are incidental to imitation or sequence are not delayed. Ascending sequences should crescendo. Descending sequences should diminuendo*.

VI. Transition and Modulation.

93. Transitions to dominant keys and modulation from minor to major are like ascending sequences. (See par. 49.) Transitions and modulations reverse to the above are like descending sequences. Distant transitions are indicative of strong feeling or—unripe genius. As discrimination is impossible, it is directed; all such changes require increased force but—that the ear may distinctly recognize the new tonality, and not be mystified—decrease of speed.

VII. Accents

94. Regularly recurring metrical accents distinguishes music from speech; the degree of their prominence, the different classes of music, and their effective use, the artist from the tyro. Though their order in various measures is well known, a restatement of it may be pardoned, in view of their great importance.

Measures	Order of Accent.
Two-pulse	| Strong: weak |
Three-pulse	| Strong: weak: weaker |
Four-pulse	| Strong: weak: | medium: weak |
Six-pulse	| Strong: weak:weaker: | medium:weak:weaker |
Six-pulse twice	| Strong: ——: ——: weak: ——: ——— |
Alla breve twice	| Strong: ———: weak: ——— |

As the alla breve measure practically includes two measures of 4-4 time a more correct statement would be:

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* The obverse of repetition. Imitation and sequence is the entrance of new elements. Whether in tonality or harmony or melody or rhythm, the *new* always requires emphasis; less, if prepared; greater, if unexpected.

First Measure. **Second Measure.**

Strong: weak‖ medium: weak‖‖

Nearly the equivalent in 4-4 time of:

‖ Strong: weak‖ medium: weak‖ strong: weak‖ medium: weak‖‖

95. Such a combination of measures as the alla breve is called a *large meter*. In rapid time measures have a tendency to differentiate into the relatively stronger and weaker and thus form large meters of two, three or four measures. This is the "phrasing in long groups" that gives sustained rhythm and repose to the playing.

96. Pulses divided into groups of two, three, four or six tones have inferior accents in the same order as the accents of corresponding measures. The sextolet must however be distinguished; its order may be strong weak weaker, medium weak weaker or strong weak, weak weaker, weaker weakest.

97. In quick time, the strong accents are relatively stronger, especially those that mark the large meters. Obversely, the weak accents are relatively weaker, for when the large meter assumes the function of a simple measure pulses become like the divisions of a pulse in simple measure.

98. In slow movements, the strong accents are less prominent, for the tendency being toward the formation of *small meters*, weak parts of measures and of pulses are exalted. (See par 50.)

99. Firm accentuation, even in soft passages, is a *sine qua non:* but in songs it must be more a sensitive response to an earnest soulfulness than the mechanical time marking, that is its function in dance music.

100. Other than metrical accents are on points of imitation, as of a bell, of the sounds of nature, etc.

101. Syncopation is the raising of weak accents to the force of strong accents. There is a true and a false syncopation. In the first, the regular accents of the measure remain and the conflicting accents produce the syncopic effect. When there is no voice to give the regular metrical accent—that is, if all parts syncopate or if an unaccompanied melody syncopates—the violinist and singer must mark the regular

accents by pressure (<) The pianist must similarly press the key. Physically the tone of the piano lessens from its inception, and all the pressure in the world cannot increase its quantity; nothing like the effect advised for the singer and violinist is attainable—though on the best pianos something may be derived from the use of the pedal on the regular accent; but pressure will insure the significant ending of the tone (a form of emphasis), or its significant connection with the following tone; and psychically, the pressure will maintain the integrity of the regular measure in the mind of the player, while the conflict between the physical and ideal will insure the agitated delivery of a syncopated passage that its form implies. Nevertheless, many admirable teachers and theorists, bearing in mind the physical effect just noted, declare that the measure is really displaced, and that the strong accent is carried back to the beginning of the syncopation. The current definition of syncopation has helped to establish this view. But such is false syncopation —not syncopation at all, but to the eye. The pianist is admonished that great care is needed to effect the true syncopation.

102. Contrary to a nearly universal opinion, the chief obstacle to an intelligent rendition of pianoforte music is the present use of the *slur*. Acceptance of the sign as a sufficient indication of phrase outlines has prevented that study of music-structure (see par. 75) by seemingly obviating its necessity, without which an intelligent performance is impossible. Obedience to the scholastic rule that the first note under a slur must be accentuated and the final note shortened has produced the identical performance of the phrases of the Thesis and Antithesis (compare pars. 83 to 86); the identical performance of phrases commencing on strong or weak parts of the measure (compare par. 104); of those ending on strong and weak parts (compare par. 106); of complete phrases and of motives (phrase members) when the latter were marked with a slur. Attempting to evade the effect of this rule in phrases which they wished to have played in a different manner, composers and editors have written the slur so variously that it is no longer a safe guide in phrasing. Per-

ceiving these incongruities but wishing to sustain the rule, Christiani declares that the final note under a slur must be shortened to half its value, and then states that no note that may not be thus shortened is permissible as a final note. Of course this is not true; to disprove it, it is only necessary to cite the familiar examples of the second and fourth phrases of short meter hymn tunes and the perfectly correct hold on the final tone of each phrase of many chorals, such as Old Hundred. But it is interesting as an attempt to make what is in its nature complicated, conform to a simple rule—as an attempt to pour the contents of a quart pot into a pint measure.

Further, its uses are so various and conflicting that it is disqualified as a phrase indication. That a sign may have value it must be definite, precise and limited to a single use. But the slur sometimes indicates legato (see Christiani's "Principles of Expression," page 163); it also outlines phrases and sometimes motives. It is not truly a sign for legato, for it is frequently written over staccato notes and even rests. Nor is it needed for such a purpose if it be understood that in the absence of any sign, successive tones must be played legato (see par. 68). As an indication for phrases, were it limited to that single use it might be permitted (though a reading mark were better). But no player who possesses the absolutely essential knowledge of theory needs it for that purpose. And such a use would disqualify it for service where a sign is urgently needed, namely, that of marking motives and themes, similar in effect to underscoring significant words in writing.

As motives and themes have a continually changing aspect (see par. 92) from their change in pitch, from their augmentation, diminution and inversion, such a sign is needed. Fortunately, careful composers and editors almost always use it correctly for that purpose. But unfortunately the rule that of two notes under a slur "the first should be struck firmly" and held to its full length, and "the second should be softer and short (see Palmer's "Piano Primer," page 71), conduces to a detestable result. As only Dr. Mason dissented from this doctrine, it may be presumed that

the other eminent musicians who, as appears by the preface of that admirable work, read the manuscript, concurred with it. As an illustration of the method by which virtuosos distort melodies (see par. 80) the student is referred to the example given in Dr. Mason's note. It has even been suggested that the pronunciation of the word "ever" is a key to groups of two notes under a slur. (See Taylor's "Primer of Pianoforte Playing.") This rule is correct if the first note is on a strong time part. But if the slur connects a weak time part to a stronger, whether across a bar or within a measure, such a performance displaces the accent, effects a syncopation. When that musical effect is intended no objection should be made; that would be to impeach nearly every composer. But the slur gives no clue as to his intention. Were it the universal custom to write *f* (or the sign <) over the first and *p* over the second, as some have done; or better, were a tenuto mark (—) written over the first and a staccato dot over the second, as Liszt has done in his transcription of Allegri's "Miserere," there could be no question. But in the absence of such a sign, groups, such as are under consideration, would better be played in agreement with regular metrical accents; that is, accenting the note that is metrically stronger; in short, not as if the word "ever" were spoken, but using as a key the name "Marie." As an example of the right and wrong playing of such a group, the student is referred to measures 33 and 34 of Rubinstein's etude, Op. 23, No. 2. The harmony implied is that of G major. If the F chords are specially accented the effect is highly disagreeable; if the F chords are softened and the second of the slurred notes is accented, as in the name "Marie," the effect is most charming. But to further discredit the rule and the slur itself, and so to compel the student to think for himself, it may be noted that by reason of the negligence or ignorance of composers and editors (or, perhaps, because they have studied the violin where the slur has uses and indicates effects that the pianist cannot imitate), the slur is so frequently written mistakenly that no careful student should depend on it as a guides in phrasing.

VIII. The Phrase as a Whole.

103. The typical phrase for the singer is "what can be sung in one breath"; for the violinist, what can be played in one bow; for the pianist, what is played with one motion from the arm. (The various forms of staccato are only apparent exceptions, as they are detached members of phrases, rather than separate phrases, which are usually delivered in one *full* breath, one *full* bow, one *full* motion of the arm.) The elements of phrases should be connected, but in the first delivery of themes the motives may be disjoined. Perspicuous delivery of themes and a fluent connection of tones are not attainable in their highest degrees at the same time. The salient points of a phrase are the beginning, the climax and the termination.

IX. The Beginning of the Phrase.

104. The singer prepares for it by filling the lungs; the violinist, by raising the bow; the pianist, by lifting the hand; for there is necessary a certain "energy of beginning." It implies confidence in the message and compels attention to it. 1. The initial note of themes even if weak must be attacked from a high position of the arm. 2. The first strong accent of all phrases is relatively stronger, especially in the beginning of chief themes, and has something of the explosive attack (>). 3. If the beginning is on a weak part of the measure, and the note is long it is relatively stronger than other weak parts, and has the pressure attack <. 4. If it is a short note and the tune is slow, it is lengthened a little—made broader. But if the time is quick and the note is an essential part of these rhythms,  or  it may be shortened to the value of an *acciacatura*. 5. The pause between two phrases *may* be taken from the initial note of such phrases. Generally, it is taken from the final note of the first phrase. It *must* be so taken if the beginning of the second is on a strong part of the measure. 6. When phrases overlap in the same voice, there must be a disjunction of the penultimate and final tones of the first phrase (see par. 80), that the second may have a correct attack, but if the initial tone of the second phrase is

repeated the attack may be transferred to the second tone, permitting the completion of the first phrase. 7. All the tones of an initial group (such as a triplet) may be accented.

X. The Climax.

105. It is usually on a strong part of the measure or pulse, but a syncope may transfer it. It is usually the highest tone of a phrase, but it may be low in pitch if, 1, it is approached by a significant interval such as a diminished seventh; if 2, it is a chromatic tone; or 3, a part of a foreign harmony; or, 4, a suspension. The rules for its delivery are given in par. 71.

XI. The Termination of the Phrase.

106. The message is delivered; the song ceases; the bow leaves the string; the hand is lifted. "A dynamic zero." (See Riemann's "Art of Phrasing," page 11.) 1. The final tone *must* be shortened if the succeeding phrase commences on a strong accent. 2. It is normally shortened when the succeeding phrase commences on a weak part, that the initial tone may have a clear attack. 3. Shortening final tones by an almost inappreciable amount is as full of spirit and vitality as an indefinite holding them is heavy and inanimate 4. But irregularly long tones, such as dotted notes in double measure, must be held out. 5. In overlapping phrases, if the penultimate is a suspended tone it must not be shortened 6. Final cadences of periods and full closes are usually diminuendo and ritardando. 7. Middle cadences, if transitional or modulatory, are retarded and crescendo. 8. Deceptive cadences are retarded. 9. Half cadences introducing a cadenza are retarded to give *relief* to the solo.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MUSIC EXTENSION AGAIN.

In response to many inquiries the editor begs to say that Music Extension is not given up. It is applied as yet, however, only to a very limited extent. Upon the practical side, the facilities contemplated are as yet not complete. It will not be possible to do very much in the way of suggestion to students at a distance until the works of the principal composers have been classified with reference to their value in instruction. This is a very difficult task, and one which ought to be done by musicians of the very highest order, and with all the time and reflection necessary. If independent courses of Schumann, Beethoven and other leading composers for the pianoforte could be arranged by such master as Dr. Mason, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Bowman, Mr. Orth, Arthur Foote, Emil Liebling, Wm. H. Sherwood, and the like, they would undoubtedly disagree with each other in selection and in the order proposed. But when such courses had been made, it would be much less difficult to combine them into something like a composite photograph of the courses. Now there are many teachers who will sit down and make out a course from any of the greatest composers in fifteen minutes, and declare that it is all right. But the educational value of first-class music depends upon certain fine qualities which musicians of the first order immediately feel and determine, at first by intuition, and later by experience. Often these great teachers are not able to define the educational value of pieces which for years they have been using for definite purposes, in coloring the playing of their pupils. Present a certain musical state to them, and straightway the prescription comes, as reliably as the old time "Dover's powder," for restlessness or a cold. But ask them what they expect to accomplish by it, or wherein the piece effects the modification they have been accustomed to expect from it, and they will not be able to tell us. This is why it takes time. All the same, it is of

the very greatest importance that the courses when they do come shall be the expression of the finest and truest musical intuitions. This, then, is one reason for a lento tempo.

In applying the Chautauqua idea to music we are met with the difficulty of talking about music, (which in the nature of the case must be the principal occupation of any circle of friends exercising themselves co-operatively upon the subject) in such a way as to lead towards music instead of away from it. A large part of the talk concerning music tends away from true musical culture rather than towards it. To represent one of the greatest composers by such of his works as the local amateurs believe themselves able to play or sing, is to do a probable injustice—for whatever the intention (and it is undoubtedly irreproachable), the performance will generally lack the positive quality which alone will impress it upon unaccustomed ears. In the boyhood of the present writer, if there had been a club to talk about Beethoven, they would have based their remarks upon "Spirit Waltz," which was one of the few compositions of the great master known in the neighborhood. And so the practical difficulty remains of co-operating upon Beethoven with as truthful a result as a local Shakespeare club might expect in reading "Hamlet." For in the case of "Hamlet" we have to do with language, and ideas which have been made common property of culture, while when we come to discuss Beethoven we have two of him, and both mostly unknown. There is the composer Beethoven, of the last sonatas and the great orchestral symphonies, whose delicate coloring is simply maligned by pianoforte arrangements; and the deaf and solitary old man of the Polko's and Schindler's, who is a myth, and has nothing to do with such things as the seventh symphony, the Waldstein sonata, and the string quartettes.

Moreover, when a Shakespeare club is formed, it usually embraces the most mature minds in the community; when a musical club is formed, its natural selection is of the less mature, the impressible, and those with whom good intentions excuse everything.

The writer is well aware, from his own experience, that the music of the great composers contains a great deal of

self-evidencing quality, whereby a student who will set himself to the study of a succession of sonatas, or important works, will presently arrive at some kind of a true idea concerning them—provided he be not thrown off by some kind of technical nonsense of the keyboard, or some misconception ofromancing biographers. To suppose, as the writer was taught, that the average Beethoven was a moody man, represented by the "Sonata Pathetique," to is presently misinterpret or undervalue some of the most beautiful works in the whole list. Of course the truth is that Beethoven was a man of all sides, and that while he might sometimes be in the mood of the "Pathetique" and "Moonlight" sonatas, and of the last great tone-poem, the op. 111, this was not to hinder his having many moments of purest rapture, as we find in many other works. But the player who will commence the study of Beethoven with a fair pianoforte technic (which is easy enough to presuppose in these days) and go on in the determination to know all the works, and to understand them, will presently find himself in sympathy with the great composer, and all his music will come to him, according to its moods; the playing will pretty faithfully interpret it. But whether he would soon be able to carry the fruits of this, which he has won in the closet and by meditation, over to the outsider, who in effect wants us to tell him in five minutes all we know about Beethoven—this is another question. The sublime art of listening needs its apostles.

The obvious conclusion is that one of the first steps in local progress in musical taste is to secure recitals by artists of real power and insight: for the interpretations of these will contain that quality which impresses the music upon the unaccustomed listeners, as a good Hamlet makes you understand the text as one never did in the closet. In short, while the formation of local circles upon any kind of musical basis whatever, tends in the right direction, it will fail in bringing the members into true relation to the inner things in music if the playing and performances be confined to the local amateurs. The difference between amateur and artist is not one of degree, but one of kind. The artist (as Mr. Tomlins has well said) plays always to himself;

the amateur thinks that he is playing to some one, and his principal fear is lest he should not play it well enough. The artist plays the music, as utterance is given him at the moment. He feels the music and seeks to carry over this feeling to the hearers, but it is not until he is through that he remembers that at this point or the other things did not come quite as he meant them to come. There is therefore a sort of "music extension" in the psychic attitude in which the artist "extends" music to the hearers. And whenever there is a so-called amateur who possesses this faculty in musical interpretation, he or she is no longer an amateur, but an artist—for the circumstance of taking pay or doing it for the love of art cuts no figure whatever. Everything turns upon the inner spirit of it.

There is also a technic of listening. It is not easy to give Martha Jones, living next door, precisely the same attention when she is playing a Beethoven sonata as you would give a great artist from a distance. It is like the sermon of a bishop; they always sound better than those of the home preacher, because everybody knows in advance that a bishop is a great man. And while this mental attitude may degenerate into a blind acceptance of whatever is offered from a supposedly higher source, it has its good side. The local player has to play about three times as well before her neighbors get the same impression from the same work. Nevertheless, the great point of union has been gained. Thousands are agreed that in music there is something well worth learning to understand. By however little they accomplish this, or by however much, it is music extension again. And every town and village should have its circle, and a definite object for work. M.

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

NOTES OF A VACATION TOUR.

The most pronounced musical sensation of the season up to the present time is the phenomenal success of Paderewski. The Leipsic *Signale* published an item to the effect that Paderewski had sailed for America for a short stay of a week or ten days, under a guarantee of 16,000 marks ($4,000). Mr. Tretbar, the American superintendent of the Paderewski tour, replied that so far from Paderewski coming here for a week or ten days, he had come for the season; he came also upon his own account. In place of a guarantee of $4,000 for the tournee, his first eleven recitals brought in over $44,000 (176,000 marks); and his first twenty-three, $66,123.98 (over 284,000 marks). In Boston the music hall was filled several times, and at the last concert the entire hall, including all the standing room, was sold out more than a week before the concert took place. Upon the day of the concert the box sheet was opened for two more concerts to be given about a month later, and within two days about $3,000 was taken in for tickets, so far ahead. And this under the consideration that, having no one but himself in the troupe, he is able to repeat the concerts to the limit of the demand.

One of the most striking evidences of the height which his popularity has reached was given in the incident of his playing an hour at Smith college, on his way to New York. He simply stopped over one train and played an hour. The manager, desiring to save him for the large concerts, had named a price which he hoped would be prohibitory, $1,200, but to his surprise it was accepted.

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This is a greater degree of popularity (measured in terms

of money) than ever before was awarded an instrumenta artist. Liszt's palmiest days were not by any means equal to this. When Rubinstein was in this country he was so fortunate as to be able to take home with him about $44,000 as net proceeds of the whole season. No other pianist has ever before broken this record. But here Paderewski far surpasses it in the first five weeks of his second season.

* * *

There are very many who do not regard this popularity as deserved. Some say he is inaccessible; others that he has mannerisms; others that he does not cut his hair; and others that his playing is not so good as that of Rosenthal, D'Albert, and other good artists, who while well appreciated have never been able to come within seeing distance of this popularity.

But there are several things to be said upon Paderewski's side. In the first place it is enough to call attention to the fact that people go over and over again to his concerts, and enjoy them just as well the dozenth time as the first. Business men who do not particularly care for music do this. This shows that there is an attractive quality in his playing, which criticism does not always recognize. The truth is that Paderewski possesses one of the most individual and charming personalities which has ever been seen in a great artist. Of superior birth and breeding, his early years of poverty and struggle have given him a heart which is both tender and considerate. Now that his day of great things has come, he is the same simple-hearted gentleman that he was ten years ago when he was pursuing his chosen career as composer, scarcely knowing where his daily bread would come from.

He is a singularly generous man. Last season he played a benefit for his manager and assistant manager, which netted those gentlemen $2,000 each.

The present season he has promised to play for charity. He has told the ladies that if they will organize a concert and sell the tickets on any terms they like, he will play and will himself pay all the expenses of the concert, and the entire gross proceeds may be divided between the three principal charities that may be chosen for the purpose. It is

likely that this benefit will bring in not less than $5,000, and it may reach twice these proportions. To this must be added Paderewski's direct outlay of the expenses, which will reach $500.

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He is always surprising his friends. Last season upon one occasion he had a concert in Portland, Me., and Mrs. Montgomery Sears, a well known friend of his in Boston, had a reception for which he had received cards—not with expectation that he would come, but merely as a remembrance. But at the end of the concert he had an engine and parlor car ready, and had himself taken to Boston as fast as the Boston & Maine could get him there. At about 11:30 he walked in and surprised his hostess.

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During the present season he has been obliged to lose about $20,000 of concerts in consequence of a felon upon the third finger of his right hand. When this was at its worst the Adamowski concert, mentioned below, took place. Upon being asked whether he would risk playing, he simply said that he could not postpone this concert, because it was not his; he postponed his own concert later. At the very moment when he is doing something most magnificent and princely, Paderewski is most modest and self-forgetful.

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These particulars are not foreign to his record as artist. A high-bred graciousness enters into and pervades his musical interpretations. The simplest melody under his fingers acquires nobility and grace. You begin by thinking that this is not such remarkable playing after all; but in a moment you find yourself recognizing some little master stroke of *nuance* or grace which awakens you, and charms and attracts. In short, along with his masterly and consummate technique, there is always the working of a refined and superior musical personality. It is for this that we like this great artist.

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Unlike most virtuosi, he is interested in many things besides himself. He is intelligent, quick to observe, remembering little things with the tenacity which holds in his mind the volumes of master-works which make up the staple of his numerous recitals. A face once seen is never forgotten. A person introduced casually, is remembered and placed when not seen for months after. This happens not alone with strongly marked individualities and prominent people, such as those who are showering attentions upon him in every city that he visits, but in the case of young music students whose only hope had been to see him "close to."

His manners, also, are easy and full of grace and charm. Authoritative upon occasion, no public man is less self-asser ive in ordinary meeting. Last season he spoke very little English. He is now able to make a fine speech in this language.

* * *

His ideal is to study and be a composer. He hopes to lay by money enough to render it unnecessary for him to travel another year. He will settle in Paris, and will devote himself to composition. The works that he has written give great promise. The beautiful melody in G flat is equal to the best of the Chopin nocturnes. A more gracious melody can scarcely be found.

* * *

I had the good luck to catch in New York one of the concerts of the Boston orchestra at Chickering hall. The program was both interesting and impressive. Opening with the overture to the "Flying Dutchman," it went on with a 'cello concerto by Davidoff (Mr. Alvin Schroeder), the Mendelssohn "Italian" symphony, Liszt's Mephisto waltz, and the prelude to the "Master-Singers."

It is not necessary to spend time in commenting upon this orchestra, at least if the playing upon this occasion is to be taken as an example of its ordinary style. It was consummately fine in every respect. Whatever suspicion of posing for effect there may be in Mr. Nikisch's manner before the orchestra, the playing is excellent to a degree which is

very rarely equaled under the very greatest of conductors. Nothing could surpass the *verve*, the refinement and precision of this remarkable company of players. This was shown in every one of the pieces, but perhaps nowhere better than in the Liszt selections.

The concerto was delightfully played by Mr. Schroeder, who is a very fine artist. He was recalled over and over again, and at length had to play another piece. Nothing illustrates the excellence of this orchestra better than the fact that two such quartettes as those of Kneisel and Adamowski should be obtainable from its rank and file. No doubt there are yet others there perhaps equally as good, if only the quartette market justified their being brought forward.

* * *

Strolling into Steinway hall the next day, what should I stumble upon but our little Chicago pianist, Miss Augusta Cottlow, playing the Chopin E minor concerto for Mr. Nikisch. Others were attracted by the firm touch and musical playing of this gifted young lady, and at the end Dr. Mason joined with Mr. Nikisch in complimenting the young artist upon her excellent interpretation, her power, and her equal and well measured rhythm.

* * *

The Kneisel quartette is composed of leading members of the Boston symphony orchestra. Franz Kneisel is first violin, Otto Roth, second, L. Svecenski, viola, and Alvin Schroeder, cello. The players work together with the perfection as satisfactory as one could wish, and the interpretations are characterized by neatness and good sense. The program on this occasion consisted of three works: A string quartette by Dvorak, in E major, op. 80; Beethoven's quartette in G major, op. 18; and Brahms' quintette in B minor, op. 115, for clarinette and strings. The hall was half full, or perhaps a little less. The audience included many well known musicians and connoisseurs. In one of the front seats was Dr. Mason, with two favorite pupils; Arthur Mees, Franz Van der Stuecken, Thallen, and many other well-known men were to be seen.

In the center of the parquet was Dr. Dvorak himself, accompanied by his wife. Dr. Dvorak is about fifty-five years of age, medium height, thick set, getting rather bald, and with a Socratic face which lights up with interest. His quartette is a work which one would like to hear a second time before saying too much about it. My own impression is that the motives themselves are a little too vague, and the work in consequence is not everywhere clear. The general impression of the music is rather one of musing and melancholy in the first movement, in spite of it being allegro. The third movement is more vigorous, rhythmically. The andante is a very pleasing piece.

The Beethoven quartette is as bright and clear as the other works in the program were vague. It sounded like Haydn. The Brahms work is very beautiful indeed. The last movement is a set of variations, in which the theme is handled with all of this composers' well known technic, but as a conclusion to the work it is not altogether a success, not arriving at a climacteric and completing effect.

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I was just in time for the public rehearsal of the fourth Philharmonic concert, in the beautiful Carnegie music hall. The orchestra, which is a very good one, numbered about 100, the leader being Anton Seidl. The program was this:

Symphony in C minor, op. 57, by August Klughardt;
Scene and Aria, "E. Dunque Ver," Rubinstein, Mme. Fursch-Madi;
Vorspeil to "Lohengrin
Concerto for Violencello, in A minor, Saint-Saens
Mr. Joseph Holman.

The symphony turned out to be a well made piece of "kapelmeister" music—interesting in many places, and thoroughly respectable, but not poetic, still less sensational. The playing was very good. Mme. Fursch-Madi has always been a favorite with New York audiences, and her work was extremely well received. But the main solo attraction was the celebrated Dutch 'cellist, Holman. He is no longer young, but he is a strong master of his instrument. Tall, he has very bushy hair, the unusual cut of which entirely warranted the question put me by a lady at a pleasant

reception the same evening, "Why do musicians always manage to find some queer way of wearing their hair?" To this very natural interrogation I had no answer to give other than an evasive one. I asked why Samson had to wear his hair different from other men. This conundrum also proved a poser, and the research dropped.

But to return to Holman. A strongly marked face, a strong Roman nose, and unlimited capacity for sentiment, he would attract attention anywhere. The concerto proved to be interesting, but like many of Saint-Saens' compositions logic was not always the order of its going. There was a very charming passage in the third movement. It begins with the wood-wind in staccato, scherzo-like movement, and when it is well under way the 'cello comes in, with a super-imposed melody of the most lovely and languishing character. The combination was eminently "fetching," and this part was very properly repeated when after many recalls he consented to play again. The best orchestral work of the afternoon was in this concerto, and in the "Lohengrin" prelude. The "Parsifal" selection showed itself more mechanical and unimaginative than I ever remember to have noticed before. The concert naturally suffered a trifle in comparison with that of the Boston orchestra the night before, which had the advantage of thorough rehearsal and a familiar and pleasing program.

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The concert of the Adamowsky quartette took place in the beautiful concert hall of Madison Square Garden. It is a lovely room, seating perhaps six or possibly eight hundred, but with an exit which is insufficient in the extreme, and in case of panic many fatalities would result. On the present occasion it was entirely full, Paderewski being the center of attraction. Unusual interest attached to this concert, as it was one of the few opportunities to hear the great pianist in chamber music. Their program consisted of the following:

Quartette in G Major Mozart.—Strings.
Soli—Mr. Paderewski.
Trio in B flat, op. 97, Beethoven.—Messrs. Paderewski and the Adamowski brothers.

The Adamowski quartette, like the Kneisel, is made up of players belonging to the Boston orchestra. It is a fine body of players, their work characterized by great delicacy and smoothness. To my ear it lacked a dominating personality. This, however, is a question concerning which there might be differences of opinion.

The piano numbers consisted of three small pieces. The playing was done under peculiar difficulties. The felon which had been disabling the third finger of Mr. Paderewski's right hand had been lanced the day previously, and he ought not to have used it at all. But as he told the manager, this concert was not his. His services having been rendered out of friendship to the Adamowskis, who were old friends and fellow-townsmen, he could not in honor postpone it. Under the circumstances it is not remarkable if the playing called for little comment. At first, in the effort to avoid hitting the sick finger, there was apparent a little constraint; later it disappeared, and in the great Beethoven trio, op. 97, the work was excellent and thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Paderewski's success with the audience was quite in its usual order. He was recalled over and over again, but, of course, he could not repeat.

* * *

Two evenings later there was a concert of the Brodski quartette. Unfortunately I have mislaid my program, and therefore cannot give the *personnel* of this most artistic body of players, except to say that all are from the Damrosch ocrhestra. Nor can I give the program with the particularity desirable; substantially, however, it consisted of a Mozart string quartette in G major and a Brahms string quartette. Between these two important works Mr. Arthur Friedheim played Liszt's great B minor sonata.

Mr. Friedheim's playing was the best I have ever heard from him. In addition to the magnificent technic which everybody knows him to possess, there was a warmth which is sometimes lacking in his playing. Nor have I ever heard this sonata before when I liked it all, or even received a clear impression of it. I now see that while fragmentary, like all of Liszt's works, it is full of reminders of the popu-

lar and brilliant E flat concerto. On mentioning this trait to Dr. Mason, he answered that it was composed at about the same time, or very soon after. It was this sonata which put the young Johannes Brahms to sleep, in 1853, when Liszt, as an especial honor, played it to him. The hot day and the sonata together did for poor Brahms, as they have done for many other musicians since. It is indeed a clever work, but as yet I could scarcely go to the length of its author and call it the best of his works.

Mr. Brodski is a Russian violinist of great European reputation, for some time concert master of the Euterpe orchestra at Leipsic, brought to America by Mr. Walter Damrosch to act as concert master of his orchestra. Of strong build, sincere and hearty in temperament, and possessed of immense technic, Mr. Brodski is one of the greatest masters of the violin that I have ever heard. In the playing of the quartette his personality dominates the entire interpretation, just as Joachim's is said to dominate his quartette, and as is known to be the case in many other celebrated instances. His playing is strong and manly, rather than over-delicate. Hence he carries the hearer with him. Even in a Mozart quartette these strong *nuances* occur, and you find that the genial composer had also in his music certain possibilities of passion which players in general overlook. For some time after the establishment of this quartette, the critics spoke in somewhat disparaging terms of it, but later they have adopted a different tone. There is one thing about their performances; whatever the work, the hearers do *not* go to sleep. You are kept awake and interested. And this, after all, is the beginning of the work of founding a taste for chamber music.

The other members of the quartette are of good quality, the 'cellist in particular being very fine.

* * *

A genuine novelty in local musical experiences has been the appearance of the young Italian pianist, Signorina Eugenia Castellano. This is in three programmes, the contents of which are as follows:

I.

Adagio (1600), Galuppi: Presto, Turini: Toccata, Sgambati, Rhapsodie, Brahms; Sonata, Op. 4, Chopin: "La Musette" and "Il Momento Capriccioso," Van Westerhout; "Il Conto d'Amore,' Wagner-Tausig; "Ride of the Valkyries," Wagner-Tausig.

II.

Andantino (1600), Rossi; Sonata, Scarlatti: Slumber Song, Schumann; "Spring Night," Schumann-Liszt; Waldstein Sonata, Op. 53, Beethoven; Canzonetta and Badinerie from Suite, Van Westerhout; Melodie and Etude de Concert, Martucci: Prelude and Nocturne, Chopin: Tarantelle di Bravoura, from "Massaniello," Auber-Liszt.

III.

Menuetto (1755), Graglioli; Fantasie, Bach: Pastorale and Capriccio, Scarlatti; Campagna a Festa and Etude Melodique, Sgambati; Romance and Polacca, Van Westerhout; Nocturne, B major, and Scherzo, B minor, Chopin; Rhapsody Hongroise, Liszt.

Miss Castellano is a Neapolitan, and is still quite young for such formidable tasks. She is reported to be about 16, but is more likely to be about 19 years of age. The most noticeable quality of her playing is its immense technic and her repose. Those two qualities very rarely go together in so high a degree. It was also admirable in her to introduce so many Italian pieces, for we take our music so habitually out of German glasses that we are in danger of being one-sided.

Of the Italian composers represented Sgambati and Martucci are those who are at the head. Martucci was her master, and he must be, as Alfred Veit said in MUSIC last month, a pianist of the first class. Van Westerhout is a Hollander, resident in Naples, and is younger. His polacca is a very difficult piece, with considerable merit; but the effort to avoid Chopin seems to be rather too great, at times. As for the other Italian pieces, they show clearly the descent from the technic of Scarlatti. In no German pieces do we find a modernized and nineteenth century Scarlatti technic like this of the Martucci "Etude de Concert" and the Van Westerhout "Il Momento Capriccioso."

In the difficult numbers, like the Liszt rhapsody, the Chopin sonata and the Liszt tarantelle, the playing was most astonishing. Short in stature, reaching the pedal with

little to spare, her touch is powerful, her endurance great and her technic sure and brilliant, comparable only to that of great virtuosi. She is undoubtedly destined to an honorable career. Her success with pianists and the audience was very striking and gratifying. With the average public it was somewhat less, owing to the unfamiliarity of the pieces, and, perhaps, to her rather undervaluing the lyric moments in the selections. Sweet melody and sentiment are so generally to be expected of young girls that their absence strikes one as a mistake, and one forgets to recognize greater qualities which may have come in place of them.

* * *

During my stay in New York several meetings were held in the interest of arranging for a festival of American works at the Fair, and for meetings with the auxiliary. Although the former is a very difficult undertaking, there is still a chance of its succeeding. The musical congresses are in a way to take on a better form than has previously been realized, and it is now intended to have the principal meeting at each day's congress assume the form of international reports of the existing condition of music, in all its aspects, in the different countries. These reports will be prepared and presented by eminent musicians from the country interested, and will form a collection of material of great value to the historian, and of interest at the moment.

The remaining congresses of each day will be devoted to the various specialized combinations of musicians, such as the College of Musicians, National Association, heads of conservatories, and the like.

W. S. B. M.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

PROGRESSIVE TECHNIQUE, by CHARLES DENNEE.—Boston, H. B. Stevens Company. Quarto, pp. 101.

Almost all teachers who are in the habit of following the old ways will be pleased with this collection of material. It consists of all the major and minor scales, triads, dominant and diminished sevenths, and scale in octaves, double thirds and sixths, arranged according to keys. The earlier exercises are easy, the passing of the thumb in scales and arpeggios occupying considerable space. Quite a number of the explanations are derived from Dr. Mason's technical works, without credit. Among these are the analyses of the legato and failure of legato in double thirds (p. 28), and those for the lateral movement of the arm, in arpeggios (p. 15). Also accents are directed (p. 21) without formal recognition of the source whence this important ingredient of profitable finger practice has been derived.

As already stated, Mr. Dennee has here brought together a very fair lot of material, for which many teachers will thank him. The reserve in this note of praise is due to the conviction of the writer that the time has come when all systems of piano technique ought to have their beginning and source in a concept of *musical touch*, as distinguished from a purely mechanical touch—such for instance as prevails in many seminaries, and in all systems where the bulk of the daily practice is done upon exercises, and away from the piano. All these are vicious, and foreign to the development of a truly musical style of playing. The utmost application of a machine in cultivating touch will be for the brief adjournment of tonal practice in favor of some neglected point of mechanism; but the divorce can profitably be for only a few minutes at a time, and never for whole hours—still less for days and weeks, as some faddists are now having it. Next to the complete divorce of the practice from tone, in its harmful influence upon the playing, is the practice of tone-material, such as this in Mr. Dennee's system, without regard to tonal results. In this respect the present book is world-wide distant from Dr. Mason's "Touch and Technic." In the latter the player has reference to artistic uses of the touch, at every point of progress; in the present, purely mechanical and routine ideas rule.

The beginning of any rational system of piano technic ought to be in the formation of an expressive musical touch for melody playing. Mr. Dennee, like Plaidy, and all the others but Dr. Mason, places the emphasis upon purely finger and routine con-

cepts, without the slightest attempt at tone-coloration or versatility of touch. For this reason I find the work unsatisfactory.

W. S. B. M.

DESIRABLE NEW MUSIC.

The most discouraging feature in the present overproduction of music of all sorts is the fatal taint of correct mediocrity that is pervasive; so that it is an especial pleasure to find a few new pianoforte pieces that are really interesting and individual. There are some charming ones, and not of great difficulty, that have lately been published by the H. B. Stevens Co., of Boston. They are by a man, who, as yet, is not much known, Sigismond Stojowski, a young Pole living, we believe, in Paris.

His op. 1, Melodie and Prelude, is exceedingly, effective and characteristic, and can be recommended not only to teachers but to artists, as an attractive number on a programme. His Serenade op. 8, is also striking and interesting; while his "Trios Intermedes" op. 4, are much in the vein of Paderewski's shorter pieces.

We do not believe in trying to find good in a thing, simply because it is by an American. None the less, however, is it a satisfaction to see first-rate work done by Americans, like the Ode of Chadwick, the "March" of Paine, and the "Jubilate" of Mrs. Beach, written for the dedication of the World's Fair. Some smaller pieces (for piano) have just been published by Mrs. Beach, with Arthur P. Schmidt of Boston. They are, first and foremost, written to perfection for the instrument, as would indeed be expected from a finished pianist like their author; and, besides that, they are "fetching" as concert pieces, excellent for teaching, and of a quality to command the admiration of musicians.

"In Autumn", and "Fireflies" are the two most immediately effective (and most difficult); the other two ("Phantoms," and "Dreaming") being natty companions.

By Moszkowski there is a new suite for piano, in G major; it is hardly up to his former successes, and will probably not have much attention paid to it. The most attractive thing of his that we have seen lately is the "Guitarre," which is really fascinating.

X. Y. Z.

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

PIANOS AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

The present aspect of the piano exhibit at the Fair is peculiar, to say the least. Eleven firms which had been awarded space and had signified their acceptance of the same, have formally withdrawn, and the allotments of space have been canceled. The firms taking this action include Steinway, Knabe, Decker, Weber, Wheelock, Stuyvesant, Lindemann.

The grounds publicly assigned were insufficient space and the system of awards. All the large makers were opposed to a system of awards, desiring simply an exhibit of their goods, leaving the same entirely without commendation or criticism. Quite a number of firms which are using devices recently patented were in favor of awards, hoping to get something that would be serviceable in trade. The older ones, who have been victors in previous expositions, felt that no award would better their position before the public; while, on the contrary, failure to get one, or a larger one to some competitor, might be detrimental to their interests. Add to these considerations the remembrance of the unseemly scramble for the best, which has characterized former expositions, and the further fact that now within two months of the opening of the Fair the judges have not been appointed—orat least the irnames made known—there began to be a feeling of uneasiness lestsome local manufacturer might have been able to get the "pins" set up to his peculiar liking. This feeling was emphasized by a line in the *Musical Courier*, a few weeks ago—"Kimball has it"—a line intended probably as a joke. But it had the effect of crystallizing into form the unspoken fears of many eastern manufacturers. Thereupon followed conferences, and at length a general stampede.

The withdrawal was a double insult to the Fair. First, because a contract had been passed in accepting space; second, because the tacit reason of withdrawing was that under a system of competitive awards the firms withdrawing felt that they would be dishonestly dealt with. The prominence of the firms only served to emphasize the insult implied in the latter consideration. If such a firm as Steinway, which has been synonymous with progress and radical improvement in piano making for forty years, could not hope to gain its proper recognition without a disgraceful scramble and underhand dealing, what chance would others have to take the place of merit?

Very naturally, the director general of the Fair felt the reflection implied very seriously, and he now declares that not one single piano which went out under these considerations shall come inside the gates in any capacity—either in a state building, a concert or any other relation.

To further complicate the situation, the firm of Chickering, which had withdrawn slightly before the others, on the ground of insufficient space, was notified later that space could be had. The commanding position at first assigned to Steinway has been given them, and they are now in the most honored position in the whole Fair. Should the director general's rule regarding the use of instruments be maintained, this will leave the Chickerings in a position of singular value.

It is to be remembered that among the firms which did not withdraw are several which make fine instruments, including grand pianos. Chickering, Henry F. Miller, Mason & Hamlin, Chase Brothers. A. B. Chase, Kimball, and in fact many others, produce grand pianos which find many artists to play them, and singers to praise them as among the best which can be produced. In the case of an artis like Paderewski, if he cannot use the Steinway in his appearances at the Fair, he can use the Erard, as he does in Paris. So it is not likely that the withdrawal will materially impair the magnitude of the exhibit or the number of piano recitals.

One ground of regret at the withdrawal was that these two firms had it in their power to make a historical exhibit

of progress in Ameriean piano making which would have been practically complete. The return of the Chickerings, and the show which the firm will doubtless make of some of their older instruments, removes a part of this regret. It is now announced that the entire Steinert collection, supplemented by a number of additions from foreign sources, will be on exhibition. In this case everthing belonging to progress, both before American participation in piano making and since, will be included, saving possibly the important and in some cases radical inventions of the Steinways. Whether these are included in the Steinert collection, the writer does not know.

MUSIC still regrets that the only kind of examination of musical instruments which could by any degree instruct the makers, and point the direction of further progress (namely, a scientific examination of the tonal capacities in every direction, such as sustaining power, volume and quality of tone, together with mechanical precision and solidity of construction) is not likely to be made. We have already shown that there ought to be at least two kinds of judges of instruments—scientists, testing them with instruments of precision; and artists, testing them by ear and musical feeling. To this might be added yet a third class—piano makers, or makers of violins, etc., in such a way that a jury of makers of instruments of corresponding kind would pass upon every class of instruments. When it was supposed that all the makers would be in the Fair, it was not thought possible to obtain a jury of the latter kind; but this withdrawal simplifies matters, and the manufacturers who have gone out might very well be made to serve as a jury of experts upon the work of their competitors who have and still do insist that they desire competitive awards. If the totality of the award to any firm were made to depend upon the average of three results independently arrived at (the tonal experts' artists' and makers'), why would not this form an award of real value and of relative impartiality? It seems to us that it would.

There is also another suggestion which MUSIC, respectfully and without offense, commends to the attention of the

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trade. If the history of former expositions has shown the relative futility of lying and dishonesty, why might it not be well for once to permit the instruments this time to take their course in competition without the slightest attempt to interfere with the course of impartiality? Who knows but that all would come out better, and, certainly, at less expense, under such a system, than under a system of scramble and log-rolling, such as prevailed, for example, at Philadelphia? Why not fall back upon the radical maxim of Ben Franklin, "Honesty is the best policy?"

EDWARD P. MASON ON THE WITHDRAWAL

As soon as the rumors of trouble at Chicago became current, Mr. Edward P. Mason, president of the Mason & Hamlin Company, came to Chicago and carefully looked the ground over. Directly upon his return to New York, the following letter appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, and has since been reproduced in many other papers. It bears out MUSIC's impression of the fairness and high-minded spirit of the management of the Fair, in a very satisfactory manner.

SIR: Concerning the withdrawal of certain eastern piano makers from the Chicago Fair, permit me to say that I have just returned from Chicago, and it is my firm belief that the charge of unfairness towards New York exhibitors is wholly unwarranted. Having made an endeavor to get at the truth, in this matter, I am satisfied that eastern exhibitors, with one or two exceptions, have been treated with perfect fairness. Indeed, there is noticeable a broad and honorable spirit which pervades the whole management, and I, for one, feel that if underhandedness is ever to be barred out from a world's fair it will be at Chicago.

Dissatisfaction with space allotted is not a sufficient reason for the withdrawals. If any exhibitors were dissatisfied with space assigned them, they had plenty of time to consider the matter, and need not have accepted the same—as was formally done by all who now withdraw. While our

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Fig. C.

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Fig. A.

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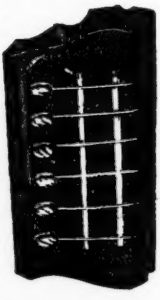


Fig. B.

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company had not sufficient space in which to properly display our instruments, yet considering what others received, we were satisfied. Considering the very difficult task of fairly assigning space, we feel that it was done as well as could be expected.

The real grievance is probably due to the system of special awards. By that system awards are to be given for specified points of excellence which constitute an advance in piano construction, or which clearly indicate superiority. We do not understand that it is the intention, as has been stated, to give an award for a trivial improvement. The improvement or point of excellence must be of an important nature. My company considers the system eminently just and proper, whereas a system of general awards is impracticable. The makers who have withdrawn had great opportunities at Philadelphia in 1876, and made the most of them —the awards secured at that time being of great commercial value. That is all right—but some of us did not make pianos then; and some of us have in recent years effected improvements of an important nature. The younger makers have a right to the opportunities which are now offered. Let us have fair play.

The intimations that discrimination is being shown Chicago makers, and that the latter are acting dishonorably, are most undignified and uncalled for. I am convinced that the officers of the Fair will do all in their power towards fairness, not only as to awards, but as to everything else.

EDWARD P. MASON,
President Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Co.
NEW YORK, February 15.

PIANO MAKER'S AS EXPERT JURYMEN.

Mr. Henry F. Miller holds that it is not possible to obtain an examination of musical instruments, and particularly of pianos, which will be at the same time impartial and capable. He says that artists are largely actuated by prejudice and small whims, whereby they are apt to condemn an

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instrument for lacking some little peculiarity of touch or mechanism or tone quality, which may be of no essential relation to the value of the piano in a deep sense. Scientists, he says, are not competent to test the tone quality in the manner proposed in a late number of MUSIC. "Nobody but a piano maker," says Mr. Miller, "can satisfactorily judge of a piano, because the piano maker alone has given to the subject, its difficulties and methods, the attention necessary to enable him to make a complete judgment."

From this verdict MUSIC feels compelled to dissent. If one were to believe what he is told about pianos by other makers, he would conclude with the Psalmist that "all men are liars," or that there is no such thing as a good piano made. Weber holds that the Steinway tone is a mistake, and that the ideal piano for the home will have a very different piano tone. Miller holds that while the Masons are gentlemen, their pianos leave much to be desired; and as for the Chickerings, it is well known that the Miller piano has taken the concert place which theirs used to hold. Steinway holds, it is believed, that when we come down to strict facts there is only one good piano in the market. Chickering holds, it is thought, that there is now, and never has been, more than one really fine piano—and this one is not made in New York. A gentleman who spent an evening lately with that veteran warhorse of the piano trade, Mr. Frank H. King, was occupied half the evening in being educated to observe the superiority of the Wissner upright for concert use to a concert grand by another maker. And so one might go on by the hour.

Men are not now principally engaged in resigning nominations for congress in favor of other men whom they believe more competent; clergymen do not object to be nominated for bishops; and captains are quite ready not to pass over a nomination for a generalship in favor of some more competent person. "Every man," the German proverb says, "is nearest unto himself." He knows his own ideals, his own good intentions, and his merits. He is not so sure of the corresponding points in his neighbor.

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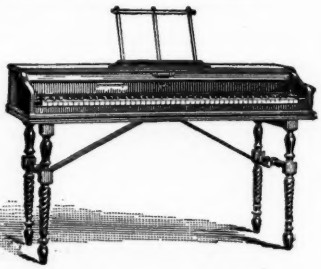
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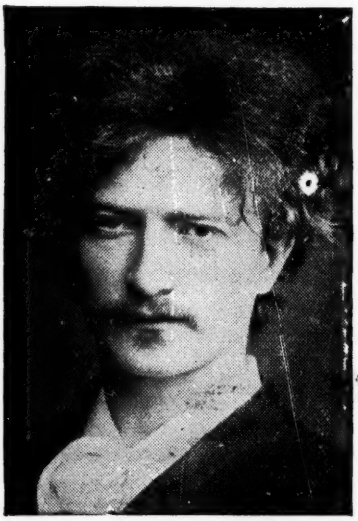
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I. J. Paderewski

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And hence, while MUSIC gladly chronicles the progres of altruism in the piano trade, as between the makers and the public, it is not so evident as between the makers and each other. Every man has his peculiar ideals. The vividess of this inner idea makes him apt to undervalue the evidences of a different but equally valid ideal in his brother's work. Mr. Miller expects too much.

And yet there is a way. Every piano might be intrusted to a committee of experts, consisting of its own makers. These would examine it and write its award. They made its and they understand what it is. Nobody else knows its weak points as they do. Why not, then, have them say something like this: "My upright piano is the best combination of good qualities that is now in the market. The sounding boards are of the first grade, and bought at a high price by the gross. Some of my workmen practiced piano making in the Garden of Eden, and have been continually engaged in the business ever since. I feel therefore that if there be any merit in tradition and in strict gathering up of the wisdom of the past—there can be but one, and that one I have. You hear ME."

Or like this: "My upright pianos represent the highest triumph of scientific machinery applied to tone production. My iron is cast the hardest, my lumber planed the smoothest, my tuning pins driven tightest, and my sounding boards crowned the most reliably of all instruments now before the public. Moreover, while the tonal qualities are good enough for kings and queens, the prices are 'for the people and of the people.' You hear ME."

Or this: "My pianos are made to sell. The cases are very handsome, though I do not pay very much for them. My iron is well gilded in all the places that show, and in all respects I have taken care to produce an instrument which will please the uneducated eye, and, if possible, take in the trained expert. Between ourselves, I do not pretend (outside of advertisements or a pending sale) to have such tonal qualities as Weber, Steinway or Chickering; I make a piano to sell. Unfortunately, I am succeeding rather too well, inasmuch as I am more than 400 instruments behind my

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"FEB. 7, 1892.—Permit me to express the gratitude my wife feels for the inspiration and assistance she has derived from the two volumes of your 'How to Understand Music.' For eight years without a piano, living in the country where advantages are limited, she became discouraged. A fine instrument and a library of classical music appeared only to increase her difficulties. I am not a musician, and so do not understand the *why*, but I *know* that your books have enabled her to make very great progress in her studies during the past year. I must also thank you for the ideas that have enabled me to appreciate music as I never hitherto have done."

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orders, and if I advertise I cannot begin to keep up with the demand. This proves that my piano is the best now made. *Vox populi vox Dei.*"

And then a final summing up of the committee: "The undersigned group, judges of awards, beg to submit the accompanying report, in which the good and bad points of all the instruments are made known by those truthful Jameses, the respective makers. No such valuable contribution to scientific progress has ever before been made at any international exposition. If the public is able to deduce from this report good advertising material, or any exhibitor to claim an award superior to that of some other exhibitor, your judges are unable to find it, and they submit this report, therefore, with great confidence, as likely to occupy the attention of students for ages to come. We have accomplished the great end of language, which by so great a master as Talleyrand was said to be 'to conceal thought.'"

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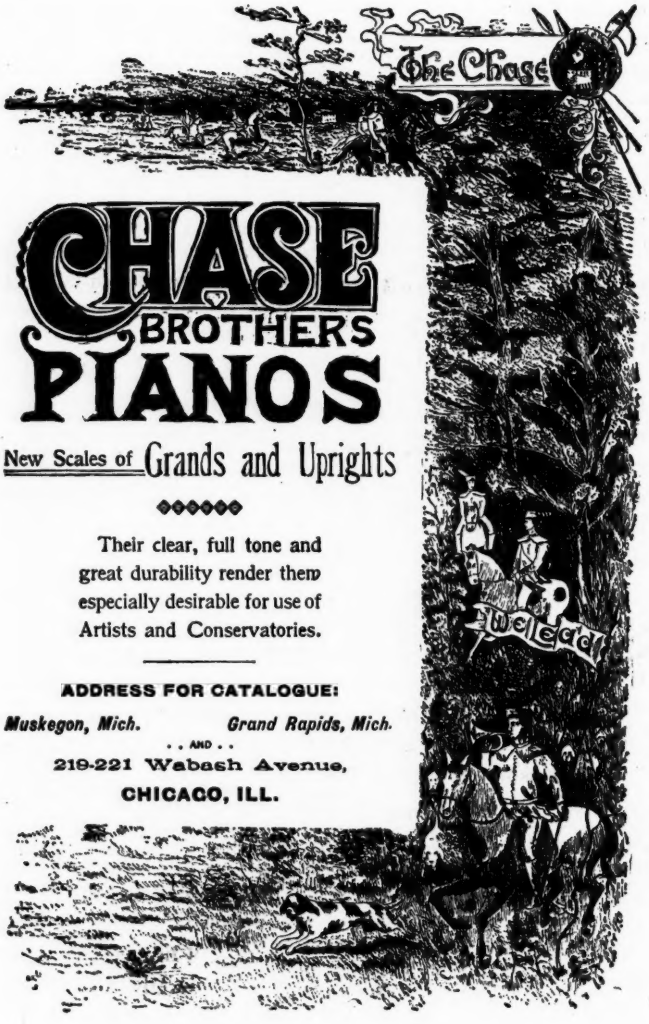
very central element of the whole thing, the *tone*, had been neglected. At length this idea gained upon him to such a degree that, after certain preliminary studies, he apprenticed himself to a piano-maker, in order that after having acquired the art as it was then practiced by its best representatives, he would be in a position to start where their efforts had left off, and impart to the art of piano making an entirely new impulse.

The tone he desired was a *pure*, *full*, *round*, *sympathetic singing quality*, which would resemble the voice, and be wholly free from any kind of metallic quality whatever. To this end he kept down the element of metal in his instruments to the smallest limits consistent with solidity, and in all the scales, selection of material and in the voicing he had this one ideal in mind.

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In spite of the death of the great master who designed this musical instrument, his ideal of tone still rules, and as far as possible all improvements are rejected except in so far as they tend to render this peculiar tone-quality more perfect.

What Weber aimed at was the production of the *ideal piano for the home*. This is the reason of all its peculiarities. And this is the reason of its standard popularity. The great factory of the firm, on Seventh Avenue, New York, was visited recently by a representative of MUSIC, under the guidance of that bundle of energy, the young Albert Weber, and it was evident that whatever other makers may be doing, Weber is still at the fore. A great variety of new styles was shown, and the instruments bore the same unfailing stamp of Weber singing quality of tone. It is a splendid example of an idea consistently carried out.



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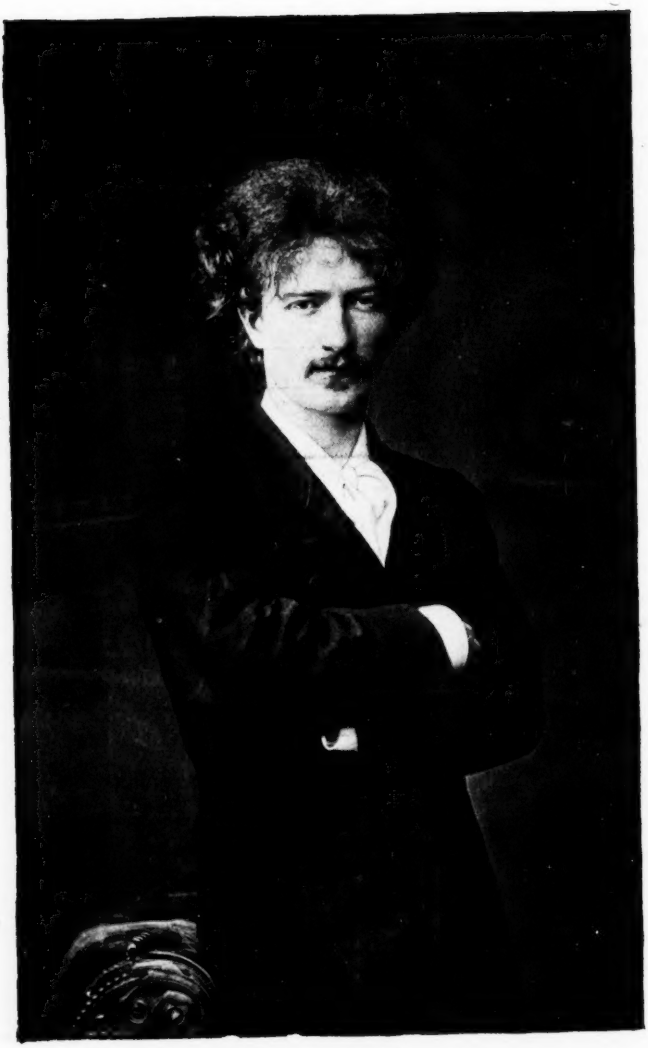
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MUSIC.

APRIL, 1893.

THE UNPUBLISHED BACH-SCHUMANN VIOLONCELLO SUITES.

Mr. Joseph Bennett, of the London *Musical Times*, in reply to an inquirer, who wished to learn why Mr. Piatti should have written accompaniments to Bach's violoncello suites, when Schumann had already made a similar arrangement, expressed himself thus: "It is scarcely my business to answer the question, but I will. Schumann's accompaniments are not published, and his widow declines to part with the manuscript or even allow it to be printed. From all I can learn regarding them it appears that they are not very favorable specimens of the master's skill in such work. For one thing, they nearly always double the part of the solo instrument!" His implied commendation of Mr. Piatti's work, coupled with the direct condemnation of Schumann's efforts, seems to call for a word of consideration for the latter.

While studying in Stuttgart I heard in a chamber music concert, given March 28, 1879, the "Suite in G major for Violoncello by Bach, with piano accompaniment by Schumann." The performers were Herren Cabisius and Pruckner, respectively the court 'cellist and court pianist to the king of Wurtemburg.

I was particularly impressed at the time, not only by the characteristic themes and their development, but by the

quasi collaboration of two such masters. The idea of an outline drawn by the representative of the contrapuntal epoch, and colored by the representative of the harmonic era, struck me as being especially fascinating.

As I happened to live in the same house with Herr Cabisius, I often had the pleasure of accompanying him on the piano, when he was preparing his concert programmes. I thus had the opportunity of playing this suite with him several times, and was much surprised to find that it was still unpublished. One day Herr Cabisius asked me to try over a new accompaniment to the same suite, whether by Piatti or not I have forgotten; be this as it may, we were not long in discovering that the new treatment, although more elaborate, was quite commonplace in character.

One of the cheapest methods of forming an opinion is to stamp as excellent all works by a celebrated man, and, *per contra*, to put a black mark on all compositions bearing the signature of one who is little known; but that the claims of Schumann's accompaniments are really of more importance than those which merely follow in the train of a great name, I believe can be amply proven.

In the first place, I am a firm believer in the value of all themes which one can remember; and as the harmonies as well as the melodic figures of various portions of the suite remained fresh in my memory for some years after I returned to America, a certain proportion of the pleasure derived from playing them over I owe to Schumann's additions.

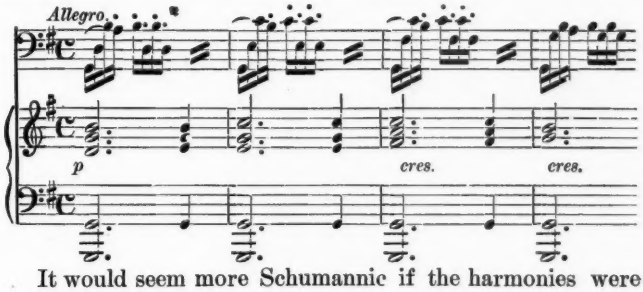
I remember particularly one occasion when I tried a peculiar experiment. At a reception given by one of the leading artists in San Francisco a number of young gentleman and ladies wished to dance the Sir Roger de Coverly, Knowing the awe in which many of them held the fugue writer, I volunteered to play for the dance, making use of the gigue from the 'cello suite, and while they thoroughly enjoyed the music, they were still more elated to learn afterwards that they had heard something by Bach which they could appreciate on the first hearing.

It was about this time (1883) that I sent to Germany for a copy of the manuscript, which I obtained through the

courtesy of Herr Cabisius. As the work had already been performed in public in Germany, and receiving no injunctions to prevent its being given here, I had hoped to get it produced; but for some reason or another, it has never to my knowledge as yet been performed in this country. Indeed I know of no other copy anywhere.

Although I infer from Mr. Bennett's communication that Frau Schumann does not wish to have the suites published, I do not think under the circumstances that the presentation of a few excerpts, to show the nature of Schumann's work, will be regarded in the light of a breach of good faith.
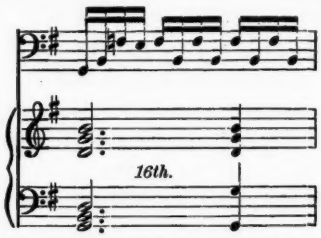
The suite opens with a prelude thoroughly *cellomaesig* in character:



It would seem more Schumannic if the harmonies were more dispersed. The placing in close position of the upper voices of the chord in the third measure appears to be an endeavor on the part of Schumann to disguise his individuality, or to sink it behind that of the elder master. Otherwise the passage might have read:



Still more striking is a place in the sixteenth measure, where the third is doubled in the bass, something which Schumann, as well as Chopin and the other modern writers of good taste, most carefully avoid.



In a composition of his own he would have placed the B in the triad an octave higher (above the D).
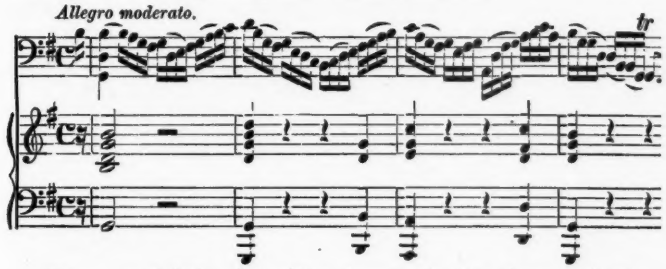
He undoubtedly was seeking to harmonize the work as much as possible in the spirit of Bach, and the latter never spread his chords, as do the modern writers before mentioned. Each school had good reasons for using their harmonies as they did, although to enter into the details would occupy too much space here. One of the most curious things in the entire suite is the close of the prelude:
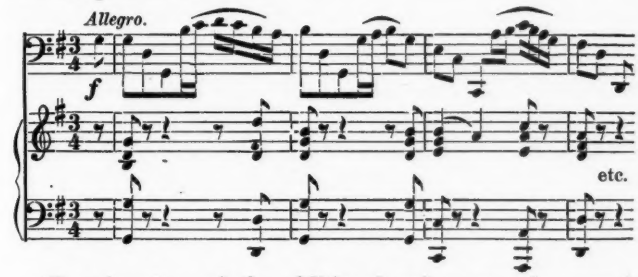


Seeing that no stringed instrument can sustain more than two tones at once, the low G in the violoncello chord might easily have been doubled by the pianoforte and held by the pedal. As it now stands the effect is more that of a close on a chord of the sixth. It is quite possible that the copyist may have omitted a grace note G (in the bass), which with the pedal held would give the proper effect. (I make this comment as I have noticed a few errors in my copy.)

The second number is an Allemande, which, in its original form, is the least interesting of the entire suite, being for the most part a series of scale passages with an occasional arpeggio and now and then a trill. Inasmuch as the figure consists of a succession of sixteenth notes (rarely a quarter or a dotted eighth), with few and inconspicuous sequences,
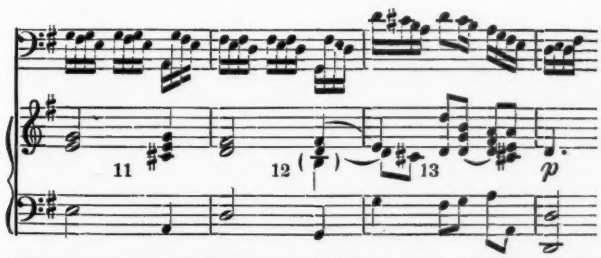
the general effect would be quite monotonous without the variety afforded by the piano accompaniment.



Strong and full of healthy humor is the theme of the courante which follows :
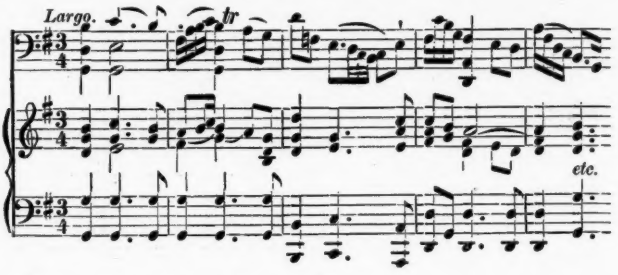


The advantage of the additional voices may be seen in eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth measures :



The emphasis of the sequential character of the eleventh and twelfth measures is evident, while in the thirteenth a progression of the voices quite *Bachisch* must be conceded as a happy inspiration.
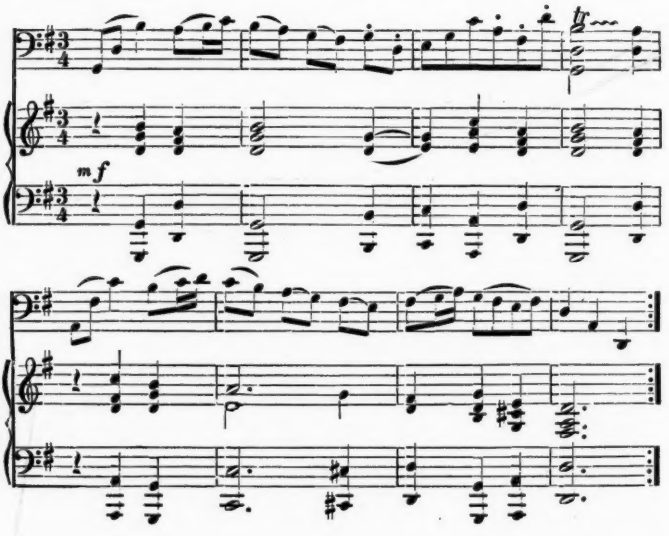
The next number is a Sarabande, and here one is reminded of Mr. Bennett's criticism, "They [the accompaniment]s nearly always double the part of the solo instrument '



But even here it would be difficult to suggest any better method of procedure, unless the harmonies be so changed that the F sharp of the 'cello does not grate against the G of the piano in the second measure, and that there be less movement in the accompaniment throughout.
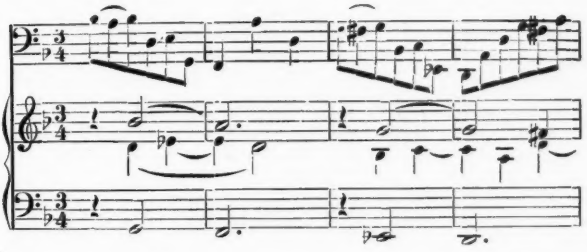
In all these examples it will be seen that Schumann has, with praiseworthy modesty, refrained from inserting any superfluous melodies or any attempts at imitation of the figures already existing in the work, which so disfigure the arrangements or transcriptions of certain writers.

Very refreshing after this slow movement comes the Menuetto I:



It would seem as though the first notes in the bass, in the piano part (first measure *G*-G) might better be an octave higher G-g, thus giving the passage more of a minuet-like swing.
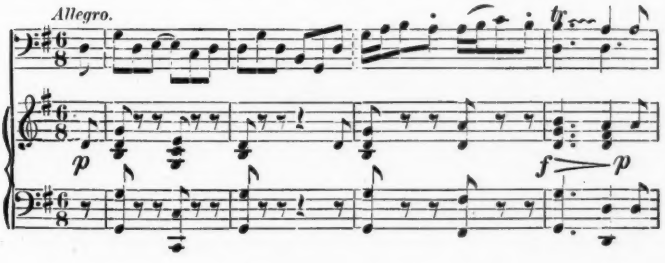
The Menuetto II, which corresponds to the trio of the Haydn-Mozart period, also possesses good ear-marks easily remembered:
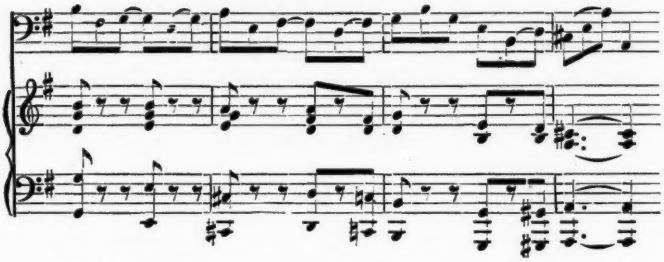


It is curious to note that, although the key is G minor, Bach has placed but one flat in the signature, the E flat being added as an accidental. This mode of procedure is similar to that applied by the old masters to the clarinette notation, where never more than one flat or sharp was written in the signature, no matter what the key might be; the remaining flats and sharps being placed before the individual notes to be lowered or raised.
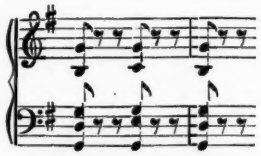
After Menuetto II, the Mennetto I is repeated.

Last, but by no means least, comes the gigue previously referred to:
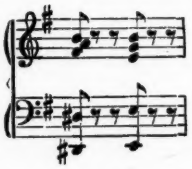




The succession of chords in the first measure is less Schumannic than



(witness, for instance, the first and third measures of the finale of the D minor symphony).

Again, it seems strange that the melodic sequences in the 'cello part (measures 5 and 6), are not carried out in the harmonies also. One chord only need be changed to effect this:



But Bach is responsible for the most singular feature of all, and that is the conclusion of the first section (in the twelfth measure) in D minor. This close in the minor dominant of a major key is a little trying to modern ears.

The succeeding section begins in D major, and this shows that the master's object, in closing the first part as he did, was to save the major dominant as a novelty, so to speak. How mightily hard pressed for new cadences would a modern composer become by the time he reached the last movement of a suite, were he to confine himself as religiously to the main key as did Bach!

Considering the piquancy of the themes and their elaboration, together with the harmonization by Schumann, this production of two of Germany's greatest composers is one of the most interesting of chamber works.

Whatever may be the nature of the remaining suites, it is to be hoped that Frau Schumann, whose ability as a composer, coupled with her experience as editor of her husband's works, renders her especially adapted for the undertaking, may find the necessary time and inclination to revise the arrangement here considered.

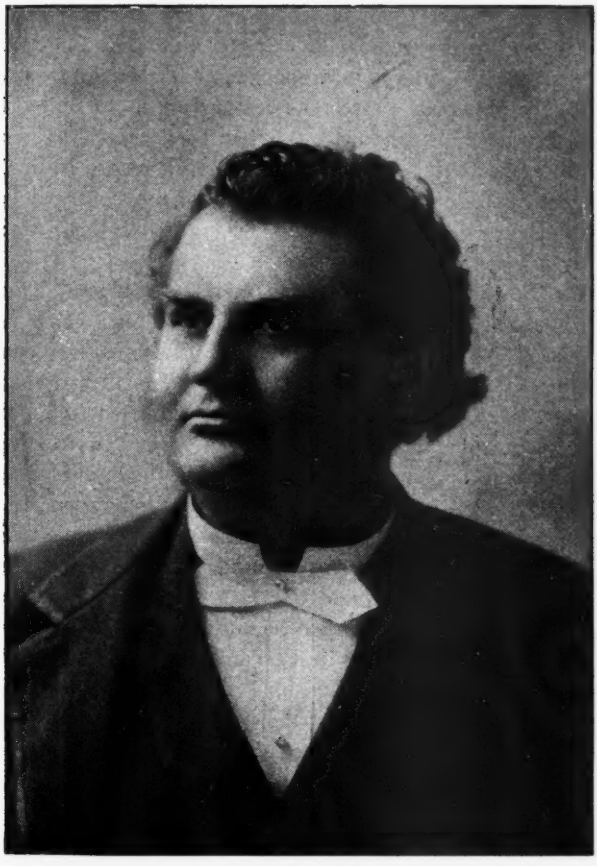
By so doing she will enrich a department of musical literature which has flourished but feebly of late.

EDGAR STILLMAN KELLEY.

A SUCCESSFUL CHORUS CHOIR.

There are several reasons why a chorus choir is the most satisfactory method of furnishing the singing for church service, but the difficulties attending it are very great, if a high standard of musical merit is desired in the performances. The advantages of a chorus choir are found in the scope it gives for employing advantageously all the good voices and musical dispositions of the congregation; it is also possible to reach a better musical result with this kind of choir than with an inferior quartette. But the difficulties attending the maintenance of a chorus choir at any very high degree of efficiency are also very great. It is a burden to require of the members unvarying attendance at church. Even the deacons now and then take a Sunday off, and why should not the singers, who as a rule are not deacons, also take their little vacation? To this question no answer can be given by the average outsider, but the leader of the choir will quickly remind us that when one or two good singers plan to take a Sunday off, it is very likely to happen when some special reason requires their attendance. Moreover, when it is made a point of honor to ask permission when one would stay away, it brings out the obligation of attendance in the strongest light, and places the leader in the disadvantageous position of having to forego his own natural preferences for retaining efficient help, in favor of a singer taking a day of idleness. And in whatever manner these little difficulties may be overcome, no one who has watched the administration of a chorus choir for a series of years but will admit that the situation has its trials for singers and leaders alike. The celebrated chorus choirs, where a large number of singers unite to give good music in a serious spirit, and continue together for a series of years, will be found upon investigation to owe their success to exceptional personal qualities in the musical leader, or in some others of those concerned in

the administration. So it was with the first choir of this kind which attained a national reputation, that of Lowell Mason, Boston, in 1830 and later. So it was with the chorus choir which Dr. H. R. Palmer led in the second Baptist church, in Chicago, for some years, and so it was with a



E. M. BOWMAN.

chorus choir which the late J. A. Butterfield led in Centenary M. E. church for five years from 1869.

One of the most successful chorus choirs at present in service, is that belonging to the Peddie Memorial church in the city of Newark, N. J., led by the distinguished organist

and musical scholar, Mr. E. M. Bowman. The organization of this choir is the most complete of any that has ever come under the notice of the writer, and is so managed that the choir, besides furnishing the music, serves important uses in the church. In the first place, the choir in this case is unusually near the spirit of the religious part of the service. This it owes to the leader. When the Rev. Dr. Boyd was called from St. Louis to take charge of the splendid work at the Peddie Memorial church, he declined to do so unless he could also have his organist, who had been associated with him for some years. This brought Mr. Bowman to Newark. Precentor and minister work together and not contrariwise, and there are many good results arising from this, which might be traced if space served.

Mr. Bowman's choir numbers in all 100 voices. These are organized in five divisions of twenty voices, which are designated by numbers. Each of these divisions is a completely balanced choir of twenty voices. The fifth division is composed of new voices, which have been tried and duly elected to membership, and in this division are in training, in due time to be promoted to vacancies in the higher divisions. The regular singing strength of the choir upon ordinary Sundays is sixty. One division is excused from attendance at rehearsal and church one Sunday in a month. This is easily kept in mind from the fact that the right to an absence goes to the division whose number corresponds with the number of the Sunday in the month. Thus upon the third Sunday it will be the third division which will be absent, and so on. In five of the months there are five Sundays. These fifth Sundays are made occasions of unusual services, and all the choir comes together. Larger works are rendered, and the music is made a feature.

Having once recognized what we might call the "duty of absence," the rules of this choir governing attendance at all rehearsals and services where attendance is a duty, are very stringent. Small fines are imposed and rigorously collected. There is an attendance register ingeniously contrived, which enables the clerk, with the smallest possible outlay of time, to preserve a complete record of attendance and punctuality.

When the choir was first organized, the leader watched the attendance record very carefully, and he presently began to notice that there were certain ones who made perfect records for months together, and, in a few instances, for an entire year. This was brought out forcibly when there happened to be a spell of bad weather, when it rained or stormed in some way for thirteen Sundays in succession. Upon a favorable occasion, Mr. Bowman called the choir together and brought up the question of attendance. He organized his brigade of "invincibles," who had shown by their works that rain and storm had no terrors for them. The head of this brigade he designated "The Grand Mackintosh," and a fine mackintosh coat was presented him, and he was inducted into it as a robe of office. There were lesser officials at the head of the "invincibles" in every division of the choir. These "invincibles" he made the social reliance of the choir, since the trial had shown that they possessed the necessary qualifications for the work in a sense of responsibility. When a new member is elected, he or she is presented to the Grand Mackintosh, whose duty it is to introduce him to the subordinate official of the division to which the new member is assigned. This official, in turn, has the duty of introducing the member to all the other members of his division, and if he desires to become acquainted with any member of the choir, he may do so through the intermediation of these officials.

The combination of serious work and playful humor is illustrated throughout the work of administration of the choir. Upon one evening of every month there is a glee night, when they sing secular music, and have a social time at the end. The programme of the festivities attendant upon these occasions is turned over to each division in turn, and there is naturally considerable rivalry in getting up something novel. Upon one late occasion a farce was very well played, upon a practicable stage which forms part of the furnishing of the social apartments belonging to the church. It was something done decently and in order, if ever so mirthfully, as is evident from the fact that one of the most amused spectators was the pastor, Dr. Boyd, himself. The social evening concludes

with refreshments, which are mainly paid for out of the proceeds of the fines for non-attendance and tardiness. This is like nature, where it is a rule to make one hand wash the other. The repertory of this choir is large, and extremely varied in character. Besides the American works of such writers as Dudley Buck, Shelley, Gilchrist, S. P. Warren, and the like, there is a very large collection of the best English anthems, bound in a book which Mr. Bowman has named his Westminster collection, from the circumstances of the selection having been made from the repertory of the choir at Westminster Abbey, by its leader, Dr. John Stainer. The standard of performance is kept as high as practicable. Through the stringent rules governing attendance at rehearsal and performance, and through the *esprit de corps* which pervades the choir, and the perfect sympathy existing between the pastor and director, there is never any of that crossing of interests which often prevails between the choir's desire to make a good showing, and the pastor's desire to keep the service at a certain emotional key. Here all work together in one spirit, and the results are approved by all who know them.

The fortunate plan of allowing every singer a vacation of one Sunday in every month, and the pleasing combination of mirthfulness and serious purpose and usefulness, are the main elements of the success of this remarkable body. Nevertheless, much must also be credited to the powerful personality of Prof. Bowman, and to the high key of Christian usefulness set by the pastor, and shared by the great proportion of the membership.

TRAVELER.

KARL FORMES.

"Art is a service—mark you!"

—MRS. BROWNING.

The Karl Formes I recall is he who had just passed his seventy-fourth birthday. In his honor the majesty of roses held fragrant sway, the censer of their sweetness filling the rooms with a rare benediction of late loveliness.

As the artist enters, it is with the charm of a music-mellowed life upon every movement; he is, indeed, the embodiment of his beloved art. The unsparing years have spared him. His form is erect; the snows of time—not even an early frost has fallen upon him; his manner holds the smoldering fire of youthful fervor, ready to leap forth into fresh ardor at the touch of a familiar note. Alas! a few months later on he verified his own motto—"Der Kunstler geht, die Kunst bleibt" (the artist goes, but the art remains).

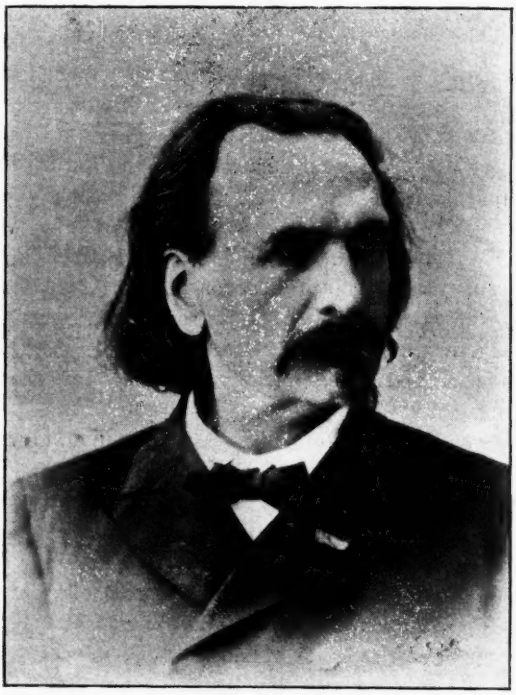
He was struck mute with his last song upon his lips, and in making a sad application, his words were strangely befitting—"Sono contento" (I am content).

□ In December, 1889, Campobello opened a season of opera at the Bijou theater, San Francisco. Karl Formes, urgently pressed, consented to sing in his fame-crowned role of Don Basilio, in "Barbiere di Siviglia." He sang gloriously, having confronted his wife's fear of the exposure to cold, by replying: "If I sing it makes me twenty years younger." He ascribed the preservation of his voice in the characteristic and naive assertion that "it was due to God's grace, and the old Italian method."

Karl Formes was born at Mulheim, on the Rhine, opposite Cologne. His father held the post of sacristan in the little church. His ancestors, however, were originally Spanish, and were of the aristocracy, emigrating to Holland early in the sixteenth century, and without means compati-

ble with the title; the "de Varaz" was dropped from Formes de Varaz. When he visited Spain, the queen bestowed on him the order of Comendatore. He was also presented while at court with valuable gifts.

The life of Karl Formes was a predestined dedication to art; for an early religious imbuement is the deepest inspiration and the highest incentive to an artistic life, for, as the



KARL FORMES.

great Liszt said, "What is genius else than a priestly power, revealing God to the human soul?" As a little boy he served as an acolyte at the altar. His boy being was steeped in the mystic effect of a holy symbolism, the chastening significance of light burned into his soul, and the sacredness of offering in the solemnity of rites, the subtle appeal and the eloquence of gestic gravity were the inspiration to high

thoughts. He felt a great purpose in the exaltation which gave a nobler intent to life, an intensiveness to his character, thus building for himself what could never have been reared upon the shallow sands of the commonplace. As a writer has expressed: "How wonderful! how beautiful it is! that both kinds of senses, the spiritual and the natural, can be kept simultaneously open, and that a man can look out from his double eyes into both worlds; hear from his double ears the music of each, and commune one moment with angels and the next with men."

When God sends a great voice it is hence forever omniprescient in the vastness of sound—a foretelling of the divine mystery of harmony, a ceaseless reverberation in the eternal sound, an impalpable presence in the world of music, the expression of unreality, for music is the voice striving to the illimitable and the unfathomable.

"Art is a service—mark you!" and to an artist earnest as Karl Formes, the ministry thereto must be a conscientious vocation—a devout self-dedication, feeling in the inspiration of art the full meaning of life for him, and submission to its exactions the kindly oppression of a glorious but arbitrary destiny, which placed the laurels of a grand accomplishment upon a career wonderful in achievement, and super-eminent in success.

When Karl was ten years old his voice was high soprano or descant, taking high C with ease. He exchanged lessons, teaching the choral music for lessons on the guitar. He sang at a banquet at this early age, in the presence of the municipal officers and the church dignitaries, and he tells us that his father possessed a spinet (that instrument sacred to Mozart and other great masters). Pastor Fils, from the cathedral at Cologne, looked at him long and earnestly, then said, "My son, you will one day be a great, great singer." To his "mad delight" he was presented with a fine guitar, and when any home duty interfered with his practice, he said: "I kept on looking at it, for out of my sight it dared not go."

At the remarkable age of eleven he was appointed as organist, which position he filled satisfactorily for three

years—wonderful boy! full of fun, loving his dear pigeons which he kept in the church tower, and yet never swerving in obedience to the artistic sense, which impelled him to live his life unreservedly, a determination which won no sympathy from his father. Driven by the unyielding impetus of strong desire—listening to the irrevocable voice of his soul—he went forth from an uncongenial atmosphere to find the God of his love high in the holy temple, with a young friend who he says "could sing the Tyrolese yodlers exquisitely." These devotees sang at country inns, where they were greatly appreciated. Journeying on to Drachenfels, they arrived at the season when nature had glorified herself in the crowning glory of the year—a perfect autumn. Beethoven says, "A musician is also a poet," and here the poet in Karl Formes found a response from the wondrous beauty of the "Rhine to the south." He says: "We both fell upon our knees, and I exclaimed, 'O, God, how beautiful is the world!'" Happy indeed to be blessed with perception—the insight which reads the secret and fine lettering of the great poem. His determination and genius for accomplishing a purpose are exemplified. When he swam the river from Mulheim to Cologne to see the noted actor, Essler, he possessed only five groschen (twelve cents), and he deliberated how to go to the theater with that sum, and pay the bridge toll—two pfennige. The very heavens favor him. The weather is delightfully, propitiously warm. He wore a linen suit. It was a very Peri's drapery before paradise. The stream—the very water of life—it would bear him on to the goal of his hopes. At the place called Katzen-Kopp he jumped in and swam, a fearless Leander, reaching the Hero of his desires. Seeing a tall, distinguished man, he felt it was the great actor, and the brave Karl walked up to him, saying: "Sir, will you permit me to carry your satchel?" at the same time taking it from him. Arriving at the theater, Herr Essler wished to repay him. "Sir," said Karl, grandiloquently, "I am amply repaid by being allowed to do ever so slight a service for so great an actor." Essler looked at him surprised, and said: "Young man, you express yourself like one of superior education." Karl thereupon told of his

manner of reaching him and his longing wish, which, of course, insured him entrance to the performances in which Essler appeared.

When about twenty-four, his voice changed from descant to low baritone, and by degrees to basso profundo, so instead of singing one of the soprano airs, as formerly, from "The Magic Flute," he sang instead "Qui Sdegno," from the same opera.

In 1838 he sang at a concert given at Cologne, the proceeds being given to the fund devoted to the reconstruction of the throne of Rense, where in the middle ages the German emperors were wont to be crowned. He made a great impression by singing "Ein Shultz bin ich," from the "Nachtlager in Granada," by Kreutzer. This was sung in B flat, accompanied by a horn quartette. After his second number, "In diesen heiligen Halle," from the "Magic Flute," the members of the singing club in their enthusiasm carried him around the hall on their shoulders. He assures us he was bewildered by his triumph. Now began his studies for the operatic stage. The parts—Sarastro ("Magic Flute"), Giorgio ("I Puritani"), Oroveso ("Norma"), Gaston, ("La Dame Blanche"). He also studied a time under the celebrated Karl Keibel. In 1842, on the 6th of January, he made his first appearance in the part of Sarastro, at the Stadt theater, Cologne. (Over a half century ago; think of it!) During this first year of his career, he said, one evening Spielberger came on the stage between acts, and said in his peculiar manner, taking snuff out of his vest pocket in imitation of Frederick the Great: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to tell you that Kaiserliche Konigliche Hofopern and Kammersanger [titles] Herr Staudigl, from Vienna, the great basso, will do us the honor to stop here on his way to London." Karl Formes says, much as he expected, Staudigl went far beyond his imagination.

During the next year, he tells us, he lived at the Romerthurm am Zeughaus, a very old building, the walls still standing from the Roman occupation of Koln. He rose at six to study his parts, either "Bertram" or "Marcel." His good neighbors, though fond of music—one a physician,

the other a lawyer—threatened to leave if he did not begin at a later hour. Eight afterward he made his hour.

On the evening of Staudigl's reappearance, he was amazed to hear Karl Formes sing his own version of his parts, which compassed the range from low F to high F. This created a furore. "For a moment perfect silence; it seemed like a panic; not a sound; the orchestra stopped; then such a storm of applause. Herr Hermann Guillaume tore the sticks out of the drummer's hands and beat with all his might on the big bass drum, screaming "Hurrah! hurrah!" After the performance Staudigl came on the stage with the conductor and composer—Kreutgern and Spielberger—and taking Karl Formes by both hands, said: "Young man, I congratulate you with all my heart. You have indeed studied hard this year." Then, turning to principals and chorus, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am happy to introduce to you my successor." His words were prophetic, for in 1845, Karl Formes held the position of basso at the Imperial Opera House at Vienna. It was requested that Karl Formes and Staudigl would sing in one opera. "I Puritani" was selected. Staudigl's voice, it is said, had more of the basso cantante than of the profundo, and on that evening he took his tone too open, so that in the duo, "Suoni la Tromba," in taking C flat he failed for a moment. The audience was terror stricken; it seemed as if something terrible were impending, when the curtain dropped. The applause was forced and unnatural; it was painful. Karl Formes called: "Raise the curtain," saying to Staudigl: "We must redeem ourselves." He leaned over to the composer, Conradin Kreutzer, who was conductor, and in his Viennese dialect told him to begin again; and Karl Formes adds: "I do not believe that duo was ever sung, or will ever again be sung, as we sang it then." In the middle C octave their voices could not be distinguished. Karl Formes says Staudigl was the most perfect in every detail of vocal art among all the great singers whom he had heard, but he was not a good actor. His vocalization, fiorature, all was perfection. Thirty bassi had been tried at the Imperial Opera House at Vienna. On the first night Karl Formes sang,

they wished him to take the part of Sarastro, but he decided as he said, to sing one of Staudigl's best parts—Bertram. Heinrich Proch conducted; the house was crowded, and his reception in the "Viennese manner" very cordial. When in the first act he sang the passage spoken of before, going from low F to high F, great applause and hearty bravos resounded. In the third act, verily "a storm followed," and after the air, "Della Gloria," the audience would not be quieted; they demanded repetition after repetition. In the scene at the cross, when he approached Alice (Mlle. Liebhart) with the words, "Tu mi conosci? tu sci morra, morra il tua padre e tutti tuoi morran," she was so terrified that instead of holding on to the cross for protection, as she should have done, with a shriek of horror she ran off the stage. It was so terribly real she could not stand it. The audience, believing it a new version of her part, applauded to the echo.

Karl Formes studied his Italian method, which he held to so steadfastly and so venerated, with Bassadonna, who he says was the greatest vocal master he ever met. The emperor of Brazil invited Bassadonna to come to Rio Janeiro to establish an imperial conservatory (1848). He sent the imperial yacht to Versailles for Bassadonna. On arriving at Brazil he was received with great honors, but died shortly after with yellow fever. Bassadonna was contemporary with Nourrit, the tenor and idol of the French capital, who after hearing Bassadonna as Otello (Rossini), his own voice having failed, returned home, and in a fit of despair committed suicide.

In 1845 Flotow wrote his opera of "Stradella." The part of Malvolio was written for Karl Formes, who created it; also in "Martha," the part of Plunkett was his creation. Otto Nicolai, composer of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," was an intimate friend of Karl Formes—the character of Falstaff being written also for him. The opera as sung in Berlin was a fiasco. Poor Nicolai actually died of a broken heart, never recovering from his disappointment. Although composed for Karl Formes, he did not sing his part of Falstaff till 1853, in Hamburg, where he repeated it forty-two

times. This time the success was immense. He certainly did not like Berlin, which he called "cold, scientific Berlin," —cold science which knows all and creates naught. In the revolution of 1848 he insists the feeling was not against the emperor, but against Metternich. He was in the midst of all its horrors. He said he was not a revolutionist nor a red republican, but that "no man could coolly see human beings shot down like mad dogs." He formed the students' corps, and said, "What we sowed in '48, we reaped in '70 —German unity." He was instrumental in helping the Archduke Albrecht to escape from the city, who was in danger, having been falsely accused of causing the people to be fired on.

Early in the fifties Karl Formes met Wagner for the second time. He had sung in Dresden with Johanna Wagner, the great Emilia Devrient, and with Titatscheck, whose color and tone were quite as perfect as Mario's. In the second act of "La Juive, when Eleazar prays at the table, and in the duo with Eudoxia—"A Chain of Gold," and in the minor phrase of the curse in the last act, when he asks, "Recha, my daughter, wilt thou live?" his rendering of these scenes, Karl Formes tells us, was so true—so wonderful—that after many years he was moved deeply when he recalled it. Also his Florestan in "Freischuetz" was appalling in intensity. In the Wagnerian operas he was unequaled. Speaking of Wagner, Karl Formes says many a night they spent together at the piano, discussing the "music of the future." He was also warm friends with Liszt, whom he first met at Cologne, before he (Karl Formes) had virtually begun his artistic career. Liszt played the first time the basso heard him on a Lefevre piano, made expressly for him. After the concert Karl Formes sang a bass solo, "Ich bin allein auf weiter flur," and in Kreutzers' "Der Tag des Herren." Listz asked, "Who is the basso?" He was then introduced to him, and as he was asked by Liszt to sing, he sang "Qui Sdegno" ("Magic Flute") to his accompaniment. When he finished Liszt seized both his hands, saying, "Your place is on the stage." Their next meeting, 1847, was at Vienna, when they became

intimate friends. Mrs. G., an excellent pianist, possessed thirt -two manuscript songs by Schubert. Knowing that the great artist was an ardent admirer of Schubert also, he begged the loan of the manuscripts, and one afternoon took them to him. He was enchanted. Together they began to look them through and try the music. Later he ordered supper brought to the room. Liszt transposed such of the songs as were out of the range of his (Karl Formes') voice, and the basso sang them. "In this beautiful night," he says, "we went through the whole collection. The blinds were drawn; all at once it occurred to us it was late; going to the window and drawing up the blind—it was daylight—the next day!" "This beautiful Schubert night," Karl Formes said, "we grasped each other's hands, and, with tears in his eyes, Liszt asked: 'What shall this night be called?' I answered: 'The beautiful Schubert night.'" Karl Formes gives his tribute to Liszt in these words: "He was not only an artist, but every inch a nobleman—a man of magnificent attainments."

On the 5th of May, 1849, Karl Formes arrived in London, and in June made his debut as Sarastro, with immense success, at Drury Lane theater. He also sang in the Sacred Harmonic Society" concerts in the oratorios, "Elijah" and "Messiah." There were, he says, seven hundred in the chorus, and three hundred in the orchestra. The chorus was a hereditary institution, generation after generation of the same families being members. He was offered an engagement as primo basso assoluto at Covent Garden, and to be co-manager of the company, with the following great artists: Sir Michael Costa, Mario, Ronconi, Tamberlik, Mme. Grisi, Mme. Castellan, Mme. Dangri, Tamburini and Guy. "We really," he says, "had a right to call ourselves the founders of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden." His first appearance there was as Caspar in "Freischuetz"; next "Don Giovanni," with three complete orchestras—two on the stage, exactly as in the original score. The celebrated conductor Jullien, wrote an opera, "Pierre le Grand." One scene was the battle of Pultawa, Peter the Great on an eminence overlooking the battle field. There were thirty-six horses on the stage, Tamberlik was Peter the Great;

Karl Formes, General Romanoff, leader of the Cossacks. This opera had but two representations. In the battle scenes the orchestra, chorus, firing of cannon, etc., made such a din that a thunder storm which visited London that night was not even heard. In the same year the Wednesday concerts began under Karl Anshuetz. The greatest artists, vocal and instrumental, took part—Bottessini, contra bass; Piatti, 'cello; Vieuxtemps and Ole Bull, violinists; Ronconi, Albani and Karl Formes, vocalists. These took place in Exeter Hall. The newspapers were quite wild over the fact that Arditi had conducted the "Barbiere" at her majesty's theater, without looking at the music.

Karl Formes was engaged to sing at all the court concerts. The others were Mario, Grisi, Clara Novello, Viardot, Garcia, Louisa Pyne, Madame Castellan, once only, Jenny Lind, Madame Cruvelli, Lablache, Tamberlik, Ronconi, Sims Reeves. Karl Formes sang at one of Queen Victoria's state concerts, given in honor of the French imperial couple. "I sang," he says, "'Good Night—Farewell,' which Kuecken had composed for me. When I began, the gracious empress gave a start of surprise. I had once been asked by a Bulgarian prince if I would teach that and some other German songs to a lady. I gave the lessons as the Prince M. requested. The lady was the Countess Montijo," (later Empress Eugenie, of France'). He continues, "The empress recognized me, and the emperor did me the honor to invite me to visit him in Paris, which I accepted, and was kindly invited to dine with him and the empress.

In a career so interesting and varied as that of the great basso, it were impossible to do justice to or recall all in the space of a magazine article. These incidents I had from his own lips. I wish all who read this account could have felt the glow of his words and the vivid intensity of dramatic coloring in which he depicted the scenes of his eventful life. The pleasant, trivial things floating on the broad current of life reach the safe land of many memories; those momentous and serious find the shelter of record while the waters flow out and beyond us. Beethoven says: "Let all that is called life be sacrificed to noble claims and to a sanctuary of art."

And Marx says: "Art is always and everywhere the secret confessions as well the undying monuments of its time." So one who knew Karl Formes in his private life could not but lay a tribute to his character as a man, as well as to his genius as an artist. His strongest manifestation was his noble heart. To have met him was an everliving remembrance; to feel the seal of something greater upon life. There are times indeed when ordinary events are epochs, and careless speech attains to traditionary dignity when the commonplace takes on the sanctity of a temple, and the familiar is consecrate from the reflex of the past. "The artist goes, but the art remains."

ANNA COX-STEPHENS.

"B'HUET GOTT."

A Musical Story. Translated from the German by Jeanette Hesse.

(CONTINUED.)

"What did you do all day long?" she asked at last. The ever industrious woman, who had always borne the cares of a large household, could not understand how people that were not ill could spend their time at baths and summer resorts where there was nothing to do. Both were silent. The old lady looked from one to the other and thought, with a wise smile, that she knew how the time had been spent. Then she remembered the afternoon coffee with which Regele was waiting. But Franzele would not stay; she had had enough of the "surprise," whose glance she so carefully avoided meeting. Indeed she suddenly became so very anxious to return that the grandmother laughingly consented. Hastily seizing hat and gloves, she shook hands with her, bestowed a scarcely perceptible nod upon Gerhard, and was gone. Gerhard followed leisurely.

He found Franzele at the door of the woodshed liberating the poodle, or rather, about to do so, for the little creature, whining piteously, was scratching the door on the inside, while his mistress, her head against the door, her handkerchief pressed to her eyes, stood without, crying softly. When she heard steps crossing the court and realized there was no escape, her crying changed to violent sobbing. The dog began to howl and did not cease even when let out. Still weeping and speechless, Franzele crossed the court into the garden, Gerhard at her side.

"May I go with you, Fraulein Franzele?" he began after a time. His look was so candid, so frankly apologetic, that Franzele could but give him in return a glance of forgiveness through her tears. Encouraged, he took her hand.

"I cannot bear to see you weep, dear Franzele," he said earnestly. "If it is disagreeable to you I will go back, but I would much rather accompany you part of the way."

"I—I have company," answered Franzele, pointing to the poodle. "Besides, I do not take the direct way, but go through the vineyard, for my aunt, who is always at the window waiting for us, must not know that Azurle has not been outside the gate. You think it wicked in me to deceive her? Otherwise I could not visit your grandmother, who is so often alone. She was so good to me when we lived beside her, O, so good! No one but my dead parents was ever so good to me before."

Her tears started afresh at these memories, and Azurle, who had been quiet for a time, began again his plaintive whine.

Franzele smiled through her tears. "The poor little fellow," said she. "You must not blame him, poor little Azurle, for it is a trick I have taught him. I sing purposely in a very high key and he joins in—together we make shocking music. Now he thinks that I have given him the signal. It is very foolish and silly, I know, but it is so lonesome at home. But what am I saying?" she broke off, laughing confusedly. Again her eyes met his with the anxious inquiring expression he had noticed in them before.

Well Gerhard knew that the most intellectual conversation could not hold him as did this girlish chatter, and he was wise enough to avoid further reference to the past, and concern himself with her present life and duties. Franzele answered his questions with growing confidence, for with her, as with a child, tears and smiles quickly succeeded each other.

When they had crossed the garden and vineyard, and had reached the point from which a lovely shady path led down to the street, she looked at him with the old teasing smile that had ever haunted his thoughts and dreams. "Now you

must go back," she said; "we might meet somebody, and the people here do not know that—that—"

"That we are good old friends," he finished for her, "for we are friends yet, are we not? To-morrow I may come this far with you, may I not? Your musical poodle must not miss his daily airing while the weather is so fine. And then—may I be so inconsiderate as to ask that you bring with you the paper which you chanced to preserve?"

She started violently. "O, no," she said, with a gesture of dissent, "I know you could not read it, and, perhaps, it may be lost—" but seeing by his face that he did not believe this last, she became silent in utter helplessness.

"I see that you do not like to think about it," he said, softly; "why is it?"

"No—yes—I know it must be of importance to you—it is quite natural—but I—it does not matter—" She paused, then continued with sudden decision, "I will bring you the paper to-morrow. Now you must go back."

Gerhard obeyed. He would fain have been with her longer, but could he not wait? A round of happy, golden days awaited him. Even if he were not always as happy as to-day—she was still in the same town, and he could see her at the window if no other chance afforded. Above all, she was still free, she had not forgotten him, she had treasured his song and sung it—for its own sake or that of the composer? Had not her tears, her agitation, her first unguarded words betrayed what she had vainly endeavored to conceal? Dreamily, lost in a blissful reverie, Gerhard strolled back through the fragrant, blooming garden. Had not this paradise of his childhood, this old garden, seemed quite ordinary, prim and old fashioned during his morning's walk? Where had been his eyes? Could there be anything in the whole world more beautiful than that view of the old church tower from between the overhanging lilacs, whose fragrant plumes brushed his face as he passed? Now, as he recrossed the court and again entered his grandmother's presence, was she not the dearest old grandmother, and was not here the most beautiful old room? Was it not kind in her to notice nothing unusual in all that had occurred, and to spend the whole evening in talking about the one nearest his heart

She told him how much trouble the girl had with her old aunt, who was the most contrary creature imaginable, and how wonderfully she had preserved her patient, happy disposition. During this account, Gerhard experienced a growing feeling of resentment against the wicked old aunt, such as he had not before thought himself capable of, and he could not sufficiently pity the poor child whose youth had been made so unhappy.

"O, she is not quite unhappy," said the grandmother, "for a joyous disposition is not so subdued. During the first two years of their residence in Wiesenheim, they lived beside us, and Franzele has been my greatest joy. She reminds me of your Aunt Louise as if she were her daughter. She bears such a striking resemblance to Louise's eldest daughter that it seems quite natural that she should call me grandmother. Unknown to her aunt she would often come over and share our evening meal, for the old aunt is a niggardly housekeeper. It seemed as if one of my own children sat at the table with me when she ate with such evident enjoyment. Now she comes occasionally to visit me and sing for me, but her visits are kept secret; her aunt, who is the daughter of a privy councilor, does not approve of an association with the family of an artisan. Franzele has not many pleasures in the world, but you would not know it from her, for she never utters a complaint. To-day is the first time I have seen her cry—the very first time—and it was your fault, you naughty boy. She does not appear very anxious to escape, for she has had two offers of marriage. Her aunt, however, apparently unwilling to relinquish charge of her niece's small fortune, has refused both."

"And that was in accordance with Franzele's wishes?" inquired Gerhard anxiously.

"I cannot tell you that. Although quite frank about most things, she is very reserved concerning such matters," replied his grandmother, with a mischievous smile, which still showed that dimples had been among her youthful charms. "But, if I were you, I would not ask my grandmother about that," she concluded.

The hint was not lost upon Gerhard, who at once became silent—he would ask Franzele herself when the proper time came.

Early, absurdly early, according to city custom, he went to his room because, as he said, he had letters to write. Perhaps that was his reason for the moment, but it is quite certain that no letters were written that evening. To be sure he had promised Erwin and his other friends to inform them of his earliest discoveries regarding his song, but how could he without betraying his sweet secret? He was not quite certain that he had a satisfactory solution of the problem to offer; besides, it had suddenly become a matter of indifference to him. About what insignificant trifles people dispute and thereby mar the pleasure of their short lives. Could there be anything more beautiful, anything more to be desired in this world, than to wander all day long through that charming old garden with Franzele at his side? Not unless it would be to sit all day at her side on the bench under the chestnuts, hear nothing but the sound of her voice, feel nothing but the charm of her presence. Perhaps she would again sing his little song with the words she herself had composed. Perhaps—and with these dreams of "perhaps" he fell asleep.

But he did not sleep well. While the town was yet wrapped in slumber, he arose and wandered through the quiet street to the church. There was the rectory with its ivy latticed window, and there, near it, a small two-storied house—yes, that surely must be it. But, of course, the tall trees—he had always detested their gloomy density—the trees quite hid the upper windows, and try as he would, he could not distinguish even the color of the curtains. There was nothing for him but to gather a few of the little white flowers, which grew here and there in the grass that forced its way up between the paving stones, and retrace his steps.

If it only were not so early and everybody asleep! What a long day it would be! What an eternity until afternoon! How he spent that endless morning he could never tell. He vaguely recollected opening the old piano again and again, playing numerous fantasies, playing Franzele's

simple little accompaniment with a certain pleasure in reproducing her faults, then closing the piano with such violence as to startle his grandmother. He remembered begging her pardon for his impatience, at which she had brushed the hair from his brow, smiled and looked pleased. Then Regele had served dinner, and his grandmother had waited upon him as she had done when he was a child; he had eaten his dinner with an air of abstraction, speaking only in praise of the cooking—the best in the whole world. His silence would have surprised his grandmother had she not known the cause. When at last the sun seemed to be nearing the western hills, Gerhard began to stroll through the court and garden. He investigated the woodshed, lovingly contemplating the door against which she had rested her little head. Now—now it was a quarter of an hour, now a half hour later than the time of her coming the day before. What did it mean? Would she not come at all? He bitterly regretted having asked her for that paper. She had seemed to be so unwilling to give it up. Perhaps that was the reason she did not come. Perhaps——

Gerhard sat down upon the bench under the chestnut tree and looked at his watch every minute, becoming each time more impatient and more angry with himself for having given her a reason for not coming. In the course of half an hour he had persuaded himself that she thought him vain and presumptuous, that she repented her promise, that she would never come—at last, that she had another lover. Of course, that was the reason. What else could her inexplicable emotion have meant? Had his grandmother not said that she had never seen her cry before? Of course there was some secret cause for her tears. She was no longer free, and, perhaps, had felt only pity for him. Why had that not occurred to him at once? How could he have imagined that she loved him? If it were true, would she thus delay her coming? Suddenly, with an impulse of anger, he crushed in his hand a few flowers he had gathered just before. O, if she had the slightest conception of his love, if she had the least feeling of humanity, she would not let him wait like this. But she was—what she was remained ever unex-

pressed, for—was not that a straw hat and blue ribbons glimpsing among the vines? Did he not catch the flutter of a blue dress? Were not light footsteps approaching, and could he not detect the patter of a dog's feet? Did not the graceful figure pause as if expecting the approach of some one? A strange, childishly perverse spirit whispered in his ear the suggestion that he should not arise—should act as if he had not seen her, should keep his eyes fixed upon the ground until her dear voice, only a few steps from him, should softly say, "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," said Franzele.

Gerhard sprang up, and he looked at her with love-lit eyes; she may have thought his pleasure was due to what she brought him, for, as with a sudden determination, she thrust the package she was carrying into his hand, and then turned aside in deep embarrassment while he removed the wrapper. He unfolded the paper with a start of surprise. It was the paper he had lost. He recognized his own writing and the peculiar manner in which he sketched the preliminary draughts of his work, which he often forgot, so that afterward he could not always tell whether he had really written the music or only thought it. The paper had evidently been damp and crumpled, had been ironed out and pasted upon stronger paper, and had, then, been artistically decorated with a wreath of pressed edelweiss.

"Franziska!"

No longer able to restrain his emotion, Gerhard uttered the one word only, but Franzele knew that the paper had betrayed what maidenly reserve would fain conceal. It told him that this paper, for his sake, because he had written it, had been daintily wreathed with flowers and carefully preserved for three years.

"There it is," murmured she; "I tried to remove the flowers, but could not without tearing the paper. As it is, you will not be able to use it."

She sat down on the bench and buried her face in her hands. Gerhard knelt at her feet.

"Use it!" he repeated. "Franziska, dearest, do you really think I would give this paper into other hands, that

for the sake of a short triumph——O, child," he exclaimed, springing to his feet and clasping the unresisting girl in his arms, "can it be true? Have you not forgotten me as I have not forgotten you? Will you be mine, my love, my wife, my all?"

Franzele had only tears for an answer, but these, with a glance from her speaking blue eyes, were enough. Azurle, however, regarded her tears as the usual signal, and at once began the musical contest. Since his mistress continued to sob as though giving vent to her long hidden sorrow and present overwhelming happiness, and as no one silenced him, he sang his very best. At last Franzele spoke softly, and to Gerhard, listening enraptured, it was in the voice of an angel. Neither heeded the musical Azurle, who soon escaped and ran straight to the house, where Regele opened the door for him into the grandmother's room. He jumped upon the sofa and sat there looking intelligently from the old lady to the door until, after some time, it opened and the two entered with conscious, disturbed, yet happy faces. They would have spoken, but the grandmother understood without a word; she kissed and blessed first one and then the other. When Regele brought in the candles, she assumed an air of indifference which became her so strangely that Franzele, had she not been in such a solemn mood, would have laughed outright.

"No one must know of your betrothal," said she, when Regele had left the room, "until Fraulein Ottermann, who stands in the place of a mother to Franzele, gives her consent."

Franzele, who had quite forgotten her aunt, was terrified at the thought of her displeasure. Gerhard, however, seized his hat, saying, "I will go to her at once."

"O, please don't go," implored Franzele; "it is so late that she will surely refuse to see you, and afterwards she will be so angry——"

But the grandmother nodded her approval of his determination.

"If she will not let me in, I will call to her through the keyhole," he said decidedly, and was gone.

Franzele sat at the old lady's feet, silent and happy.

"God protect you, child," said she, lovingly, kissing her pure brow. "But you must deserve his protection by guarding heaven's gracious gift, love, yourselves. It is with it as with the beautiful gift of song; it comes from above, we know not how, and must be treasured and nurtured in order that it may beautify and ennoble our own lives and the lives of others."

It had grown dark by the time Gerhard left the little house near the church. Whether he had received the grim old aunt's consent through the keyhole, or had obtained it by a face-to-face interview, he never knew. When an old beggar, who pretended to be a wandering apprentice, asked him for money to secure a night's lodging, he gave him all he had except just enough to pay for a dispatch to Erwin, which he sent from the nearest office.

A few days later as Gerhard, not alone this time, was passing the only inn of the little town, the same uncomfortable carriage which he had once declined, stood before it; from it an elegantly attired young man had just alighted.

"Ah, there you are!" the young man exclaimed in lively salutation; "I am the last person you expected to see here, am I not?"

So great was Gerhard's surprise that he could only murmur indistinctly how glad—how very glad he was to see him.

"You don't seem so," said Erwin, smiling, "but I understand it."

At that moment he became aware of the presence of Franzele, who, blushing and embarrassed, had stepped aside so that the wagonette shielded her from the stranger's eyes. With a polite bow he approached her, and begged permission to introduce himself, since his friend seemed so absent minded. Then he turned again to Gerhard.

"I had to come myself," he explained; "you did not write a single word, and it would take an extraordinary mind to interpret your dispatch," drawing it from his breast pocket. "Don't look at me in such astonishment," he continued. "You probably have forgotten what you tele-

graphed me. 'Found! She is my own!'" he read in a serio-comic tone. "Now, tell me, in the name of sound common sense, what that means—why such aphoristic brevity in a matter which——"

"Well, you see," interrupted Gerhard, naively, "I had no more money with me, for I had given it all to a beggar Besides, I did not know that the dispatch was not explicit," taking Franzele's hand as if no other explanation were needed.

Erwin smiled and bowed again. "I heartily congratulate you," he said, "but you know I knew nothing of all this; I knew only that the song——"

"I have found that too; it is my own."

"Then you only made a mistake in the pronoun."

"Well, is it not all the same? Call it what you will; the name is only empty sound and changes nothing. She, it, the melody, the song, Franziska, Franzele—I have found the long sought, at last, at last, and now all is well."

(THE END.)

THE MENDELSSOHN CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA.

When the great apostles of music come to be canonized, Mendelssohn should be the St. John. Surely the term "beloved disciple" might, in such a connection, be applied with no irreverence to that beautiful character. There have been examples enough in music, as in the other arts, where glowing thoughts have sprung from gloomy minds, and where the beauty of the work carries with it no sympathy for the worker. But in the whole history of intellectual production, I can recall no instance wherein the crucible and the precious metal were so thoroughly kindred as in the lovely works and the no less lovely life of Mendelssohn. It was his royal gift to charm alike the artists who interpreted him and the audiences that listened. Here in America, while art was still young, the tidings of his untimely death called together a meeting of musicians in New York to honor his memory and pay tribute to his fame. To the great tone-loving public he was, and yet remains, equally dear. The tears shed by Jenny Lind and Bettina von Arnim when he died are still reflected in the light of tender memories and happy associations within a multitude of hearts.

The magnitude and wide distribution of this affection are illustrated by the numberless musical organizations which have chosen to be known by the name of Mendelssohn. True enough, it may be that only a slender percentage of these have done honor to the name, or any special service to the art. But we may assume that all sought to do so, while not a few have gloriously succeeded. The Mendelssohn Quintette of Boston dates back its beneficent career almost to the time of the composer's death. The Mendelssohn Club of male voices in New York has done work that well deserves to live, and fully justifies the choice of its patronymic. But there is another Mendelssohn Club, in Philadelphia, which long since established its right to wear the honored name, and it is of

this chorus that I propose to relate some particulars for the information of readers of MUSIC.

Most musically inclined persons have had more or less experience with the general history of choral societies. The records of them all bear a strong family resemblance. They are usually founded under the influence of some sudden event or emotion, and when the immediate cause for their existence ceases, they terminate, sometimes in sudden death, sometimes in painfully slow processes of emaciation and decay. Philadelphia has not been without experiences of both these classes. From some of them useful lessons might be gathered, were it not unwise to disturb the ashes of the departed. It may be said of vocal societies in general, here and elsewhere, that they lack serious purpose. They permit the social element to rise over the artistic. Very often a society is formed before the choice of a leader has been considered. In other cases a conductor is chosen from personal rather than musical claims. In a majority of instances it is safe to assert that immediate instead of future ends furnish the primal motive.

From these elements of weakness the Mendelssohn Club of Philadelphia has been happily preserved. Its being and purpose, its very form and character, were already determined before the name of a single member had been inscribed upon its rolls. Its own special material and the chosen ground of its operations were thought out, by patient evolution, in the mind of the founder and director who still controls the destinies of the club.

William Wallace Gilchrist is a name held in good favor wherever music is greatly loved. There is not space here to dwell upon his claims to public regard, the educational work that he has accomplished, the important contributions that he has made to the world's tone treasury, the valuable works of others that his painstaking judgment has sought out and illuminated by scholarly interpretation. It is enough for the present purpose to say that Mr. Gilchrist is the founder and director of the Mendelssohn Club. He has secured, in the past, certain prizes for composition, the announcement of which spread abroad the sound of his name. But no prize that he has won,

or is likely to win, can equal the distinction of having schooled this vocal society into the most artistic group of singers probably to be heard anywhere in the United States.

The Mendelssohn Club began regular rehearsals about seventeen years ago. Its avowed object is "the cultivation of the higher order of chorus singing." From the beginning this purpose has been strictly adhered to. The preparations made to realize it were unusually minute and comprehensive. In the first place the standard of examination was made high. The rules for admission are rigid. To the leader alone every application must be presented. He personally passes judgment on each voice, and his decision is final. This insures not only good material, but an approximation to uniform excellence and perfect balance of parts.

The membership has thus far been limited to seventy-five. Vacancies are few and applications always in arrears. There is some prospect of enlarging the limit to one hundred voices. Every expedient to increase the efficiency of the force has been adopted. One illustration of this relates to the regular attendance of members. Punctuality is one of the most urgent needs of every chorus. It is also the one most habitually disregarded by amateur vocalists. Regular attendance has been practically secured in this club by very simple means. Every absentee at a rehearsal is roundly fined—so roundly that punctuality becomes an economy. If a member should be absent from a concert this fine is doubled. From these provisions there is no evasion or appeal. A more Draconian method has been followed with a long established minstrel troupe here, whose manager summarily discharges every absentee from rehearsal who cannot produce a medical certificate of actual disability. The Mendelssohn Club plan is not so severe, but quite as effective.

With an organization of seventy-five ladies and gentlemen, each one an intelligent and proficient vocalist, while all are thus strictly bound to the conditions of their contract, the next most desirable acquisition must be good leadership. Methods of conducting are mostly distinguished by one or the other of two traits, discipline and magnetism. The former is naturally most effective with professional musicians,

the latter with zealous amateurs. Hence we find stringent discipline predominating among the most successful orchestra conductors, while the influence of some towering personality often produces astonishing results with the ranks of a chorus. But among well versed musical bodies there is another quality of leadership which frequently secures the highest and most lasting artistic results. For want of an established name it may be described as intellectual persuasion. The clear insight, the ideal comprehension of such a leader will impress themselves upon his forces very much as sound argument impresses a jury. His conception of a work is presented with the skill of an advocate rather than the mandate of a judge. Those whom he addresses will not all begin by thinking as he does, but they are intelligently open to conviction, and, when convinced, they become unalterably loyal.

Such a leader *par excellence* was Mendelssohn. Following on the same lines, with singular fidelity and diligence, Mr. Gilchrist has obtained from these singers a series of artistic effects not alone delightful in themselves, but constantly approaching a true and lofty conception.

To some readers the numerical dimensions of this club may appear to restrict its work. But the limit of membership has much in its favor. This is particularly true when there is added to it, as in the present case, an unusually high standard of individual excellence. In all large choruses delicacy of expression suffers. A massive body of singers is seldom able to record, with any approach to accuracy, the gradations between *piano* and *forte*. The huge bulk of voices leaps from a whisper to a shout at a single bound. And the shout is too often a scream. As for tone quality, it would be unreasonable to look for that among a hastily gathered multitude. And the question of volume is only relative. Those who have heard the Mendelssohn Club sing have not experienced any absence of power. The audiences which gather thrice during each season at their concerts will observe every variety of light and shade; they listen to a collection of voices, each one of which delivers a musical tone; they hear as skillful phrasing as they are ever likely to

meet with in the vocalization of a soloist. But added to all these, when need arises, they will hear the volume of voices swelling and gathering and multiplying into a grandeur of effect which thrills while it satisfies.

During these fruitful years of rehearsal Mr. Gilchrist has paid much attention to what is nearly always at fault in the larger choruses—the balance of parts. At the present time his seventy-five voices are thus divided: soprani, 24; alti, 19; tenori, 15; bassi, 17. "This," he says, "is about the ideal thing." These have also been systematically subdivided into first and second parts, and as all of them are telling voices, compositions in eight parts have been sung with a breadth of effect that is surprising.

The programmes of the Mendelssohn Club are often worthy of study, simply for the fresh and valuable material which they contain. Some fifty concerts have now been given, and in this list there is not a single programme in which the most industrious attendant of musical entertainments will not find something fresh and attractive. It is the conductor's duty to lay out all the lists of compositions to be studied, and Mr. Gilchrist has a happy faculty of discovering new music that is interesting. For example, how many concert audiences in this country are aware of the wealth of choral music which has flown from the felicitous pen of Niels Gade? At least four of his cantatas, the "Crusaders," the "Erl-king's Daughter," "Zion" and "Comala," have been made familiar to Mendelssohn Club audiences, and it would be hard to determine which of them is the greatest favorite. Every one contains beautiful and graceful thoughts. Of course Mendelssohn's works have held the place of honor. All of his settings to the Psalms, his exquisite part-songs, the "Walpurgis Nacht" and "Lauda Sion" are among his productions which have been interpreted by these singers. Nor have they turned aside from Handel's weighty choruses. The Utrecht Jubilate and the Chandos Anthems by this composer stand prominently to their credit as striking and vigorous performances.

In the field of modern composition Mr. Gilchrist has culled, with a free hand, what he found worthy to be

gathered. Deserving of mention are Max Bruch's "Flight of the Holy Family" and "Roman Triumph," Brahms' intricate part-songs for male, female and mixed voices, and a very remarkable set of waltzes by the same composer, for chorus, with four-hand accompaniment. There have also been presented, from time to time, many interesting works by American composers, Chadwick, Gilchrist, McDowell and others. There are also two English writers of the present, for whom Mr. Gilchrist has shown marked partiality, F. Corder and C. H. Lloyd. Concerning Mr. Corder he sets down the terse and emphatic verdict, "He is a great writer," and at one of the most recent concerts of the club Mr. Lloyd's picturesquely beautiful "Song of Balder" was sung for the second time, to the abundant satisfaction of the audience.

To prolong this list would not serve the purpose of the present article. The reader may see, from the titles already quoted, the nature of the work in which this society has been engaged. There has never been, for a moment, any attempt to win popularity by stepping down to meet it. From the commencement of the organization the one aim of its members has been the provisions of the opening clause in the club's constitution, by studying diligently and according to their best lights "the higher order of chorus singing." How far they have succeeded is demonstrated by the concerts. These are, and have been for some years, of an artistic merit so distinguised that criticism has lost its vocation.

In a rather long experience of choral performances there have been some occasions of supreme exaltation which I cannot remember without emotion. In 1868 the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston gave, for the first time in the country, a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. At the final rehearsal the great Parepa, whose archangel voice aided so grandly in the production, became so excited that she said afterward it was with difficulty she refrained from screaming, and, at the close, the over-wrought feelings of the chorus burst forth in a remarkable ovation to Mr. Zerrahn, the singers cheering until they were hoarse. Three years later the same chorus, at a festival concert in the old Music Hall on Winter street, commenced a hymn of

Mendelssohn with such conscious premonitions of success that Zerrahn laid down his baton and, with folded arms, joined the big audience in listening to the noble performance. When, in 1880, the Solemn Mass in D of Beethoven was produced at Cincinnati for the first time in America, there was, at one point, a moment of breathless suspense among the vast assemblage. The six hundred singers attacked the monumental fugue of the *Qui tollis* with so superb an audacity and a speed so swift that chaos seemed inevitable. An experienced singing teacher who sat next me, with the score on his knees, trembled with anxiety, exclaiming half under his breath, "They will never do it." But they did do ti, and so well, with a rush so impetuous and yet so steady, that the thrilled house was in an uproar. Theodore Thomas, stepping down from his desk, strode swiftly up the stage with both arms outstretched towards the chorus, as if the enthusiasm of the moment would culminate in one broad embrace of the proud and happy singers. In 1888 the Philadelphia chorus sang Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." It had been heard here twice before with Dr. Damrosch's chorus, when that accomplished musician first rescued it from the dusty shelves of the Paris Opera Comique. But the Philadelphia leader, Charles M. Schmitz, seemed to have better appreciated the immense possibilities of at least one number—the Drinking Song in part second, a passage fit to be sung rather by Titans than ordinary mortals. Mr. Schmitz largely augmented his male chorus for the occasion, imbued them thoroughly with his own spirit, and then flung this gigantic fragment upon his audience with an effect so tremendous that Berlioz might well have risen from his grave to listen.

These were all occasions that aroused supreme emotions, brilliant but brief. They could hardly have been repeated, and repetition would have made them tame. The Berlioz music fell upon the ear like a clap of thunder. But the shock of the thunderbolt soon passes away, while the joy of a summer landscape will gladden all future summers. We watched the progress of the Beethoven fugue as we watched

Blondin crossing the Niagara. Half the pleasure was in the peril. But there is a higher art than this. The redeeming influences of music are not experienced in sudden or violent emotions. Its beneficent mission is rather to brighten our hopes, to broaden our understanding, to quicken our sympathies, to chasten our passions, to assuage our pains, to play upon the finer cords of our affections, to fill the soul with infinite longings which only its own voice can satisfy and, to upraise before the dawning imagination of youth a pure and beautiful ideal. It is because of their steadfast pursuit of such an ideal, and their constant approach to it on the sure road which they have chosen, that I offer this passing tribute to the members of Philadelphia's Mendelssohn Club.

JOHN BUNTING.

Philadelphia.

WAGNER AND HIS WORK.

VIEWED FROM THE CLOSING YEARS OF HIS CENTURY.

The most persistently dominant figure in the field of art, during the largest portion of this nineteenth century, is that of Richard Wagner, whose attitude with regard to music is in some respects similar to that of Zola with regard to novel writing. Both of these men are excessive in their hatred of conventionalities, and both are loud-mouthed in advocacy of certain forms of so-called *naturalism* which already bid fair to become, in consequence of the method of these masters, quite as wearisome and fully as distasteful as the conventionalities they have attempted to displace. Both achieved their conquest of the world in a comparatively short space of time, and each, it would seem, is destined, so far as his distinctive theories are concerned, to bring up at no distant day, upon his field of Waterloo. Nevertheless, the germs of truth which they discovered already partly grown and vigorous, and which they have fostered with such care, will live and flourish; while, under more judicious management, it is probable that these will be productive of results that shall be for the healing of the nations. It is a fact well understood that genius in its sublimest form of manifestation is never generally appreciated until time has tried and proved the fitness of its claim to immortality.

It is true that the greatest masters of preceding ages were more or less reverently esteemed by their contemporaries, but world-shaking "crazes," "furores" and "frenzies" of enthusiasm were apparently unknown to them. They, calm and steady in their orbits, shone down from intellectual heights too far removed to be affected by any eccentricity of mundane influence, yet they were not so distant as to be prevented from shedding the full force of their

benign rays in one glorious flood upon mankind. And yet, these men lived and toiled somewhat after the manner of ordinary mortals, and when they had compassed their task, closed their weary eyes upon scenes not of luxury and splendor, and were laid away to rest, some of them in nameless graves. Wagner, Zola, Browning and their like, have met in their time with a different experience. Not that they, too, have not had their day of small things; nevertheless, a good part of their work—perhaps the most distinctive portion thereof—has been done in full glare and presence of the world. Life with them became, as it were, a pompous function, to which swelling domes and organ-peals and gorgeous robes and gems and gold and trumpet-blast were indispensable accessories.

The Wagner "craze" was just under way at the time when the intellectual vision of some of us, purged, in a degree, from the crudeness of very early youth, was beginning to take in the measures of its surroundings, in accordance with the light of reality. Wagner certainly was real—very real—even though his work were not, in all its aspects congenial to the æsthetic sense. We listened, investigated, labored with the subject, and finally, after many misgivings concluded to accept what seemed the inevitable.

We first endured, then pitied, then embraced, so to speak, what was termed at that time with perfect truth, "the music of the future." It was *then* truthfully so denominated; may it with equal truth, be called so, now?

Let us give to the subject a moment's consideration. To begin with, Wagner is, as has been said, a very *real* man; his work is very *real* work; his inspiration seems genuine; his genius is, to all appearance, incontestable. What then are the limitations of its manifestation? In the first place, it would seem that Wagner must be taken to task for his lack, as an artist, of really human sympathy. This deficiency he has acknowledged (albeit unwittingly), in his confession that he is able to get at the true, human element, "the universal heart of humanity," as he says, only as represented in the "*myth.*" He tells us that, "It is only in the pure *Mythos* that this true, human element presents itself to the man of

every age, alike "in the simplest, clearest, most typical form and in an atmosphere of thoroughly natural feelings and sympathies, divested of every abstraction and conventionality." He adds that drama founded upon "mythos" seemed to his imagination "art-work which [in his hands] should embody the ideal spirit of the nation; which should present the purely natural human being in his state of absolute freedom."

The natural human being is then, according to its representation in the music dramas of Wagner, a being of supernatural antecedents, compelled by the inexorable force of predestination to the performance of superhuman (and therefore unnatural) deeds; to abnormal death, with subsequent and not infrequent resuscitation; to involuntary subjection to charms and spells and every sort of witchery; to flights upon winged steeds, and voyages in phantom ships and swan-drawn skiffs; to the wielding of magical spears, which hover above his own head powerless for harm; to dire temptation, deep in flowery haunts, where all his efforts to succumb are set at naught by invisible powers, etc.

Is all this an exposition, even in allegory, of "humanity in a state of absolute freedom?" Is this a faithful showing of the might of man's unfettered will?

Setting aside some early attempts, Wagner produced only two operas the action of which is founded upon purely human experience, unaffected by anything in the way of the supernatural. One of these works ("Rienzi"), the subject of which is actual, historical fact, proved an indubitable failure. The other is his "Meister singer," the success of which goes far to prove that fame of a nobler, more enduring sort might have been his, had he cut himself loose from the supernatural, and contented himself with man and nature pure and simple.

The cold abstractions of mythology, which he attempts to invest with individual attributes, leave us as unmoved as do the equally frigid theorems of philosophy. Who cares to waste his tears upon a hero whose every movement is guided and guarded by a beneficent and oft-times visible god; whose fortune is foreordained to happy issues, whether he

will or not? Who can be touched to sympathy by the priggishness of a Lohengrin (however picturesque he may be)? or who can feel within his heart a chord responsive to the emotions of a Parsifal who cannot sin, however ardently he desires to do so?

Moreover, the very region of mythology, that Wagner has so largely appropriated to his own use, proves an obstacle which militates against the successful issue of his plan, from a human point of view.

The gods and heroes of Greece and Rome possessed at least the merit of a near affinity to mortal gentlefolk, as regards the quality of their virtues as well as of their vices and the general outlines of their demeanor, whereas the Teutonic Walhalla is little more than a den of wild beasts in human form. Who would be willing to exchange Zeus for Wotan, or any member of the Olympian family for the fierce, untamed deities of the north? Who could possibly desire to behold his own share of our common humanity impersonated after such fashion?

Art, which is the soul's blossoming, can have no stimulus more quickening than that which emanates from the life and thought of ideal humanity—the humanity of self-reliance, self-will and self-abnegation—a humanity to which gods and spells and supernatural interpositions are unknown. It is only when the artist is in close relations with the naked soul of man, that he succeeds in depicting the truly godlike.

When we listen to the strains of a Beethoven symphony, and have become thoroughly subjected by those marvelously spiritual tones, such as no other master ever called forth, it matters not that we strive to grasp in detail any especial thought of the composer's. It is our own thought, our own experience, that the music is making plain to us. As those divine strains float into the recesses of the soul, we become like those engulfed within the ocean's depths; straightway the whole course of our life is brought up before us, and now we smile, and now we wince beneath a sudden smart, and now we soften into tears. Once more we listen to sweet voices heard in early days; beloved forms and faces reappear; again our hand is warmed by the firm, helpful grasp of sym-

pathy; and now, as once of yore, is the frown of reproof terrible. What need we here of magic spells, of averting charms and protecting deities! Can all this be said of the "Ride of the Valkyries," and the "Song of the Rhine Maidens," and the so-called "fire-music," and all the myriad situations which avowedly give rise to the thought expressed by Wagner's orchestration?

The attitude which we are here assuming is by no means that of disapprobation of all this music in itself, nor are we denying the exquisite quality of some of it; neither do we undertake to belittle the genius of its composer nor the value of some of his ideas. We would for the moment consider it from a purely ethical point of view, and investigate its claim to the place of an intellectual and moral factor of life, apart from any value as a means of mere entertainment. As reviewed from this vantage ground, one is compelled to the conclusion that, in comparison with the music of other masters, Wagner can take but a low place as comforter and quickener of the spirit, or guide to the aspiration of the soul. We come away from the performance of his music, saying, "We have been listening to Wagner"; but when the last note of Beethoven dies upon the air, we whisper, "We have been hearkening to the voice of our own soul."

Again, we find Wagner lacking in that simplicity which is the highest outcome of true art. Great genius produces the most astonishing effects by the simplest means—a saying so often repeated as to have become an axiom. Innumerable examples in proof of this may be found in every branch of art. Wagner, however, is rarely free from ponderosity, from profoundly calculated effect, in which respect he is nearly akin to his despised contemporary, Meyerbeer, concerning whose methods he takes occasion to express himself in terms of virtuous indignation. It is not easy to recall a moment in all his work, where one experiences a sense of perfect spontaneity, of outcome of phrase from phrase, of situation from situation, simply because it could not be otherwise. Everywhere is visible the *deus ex machina*; there is a feeling that the *hand* rather than the *genius* of the master has arranged it all.

The results of Wagner's method can seldom be termed simple or natural, nor does he possess the art of concealing art. His transformed swans; his shrieking Valkyries; his fishy Rhine maidens; his singing dragons; his mysterious toads and serpents; his magic swords and spears and hammers seem but so much unnecessary cumber, of which the effect would be more impressive if left to the imagination aided by nothing other than the music. It is impossible for an unprejudiced observer to deny that, however interesting their musical accompaniment, these things themselves have always the effect of clumsy superfluities. Moreover, in Wagner is exhibited a type of national peculiarity altogether too restricted in its nature for purposes of loftiest art.

A great artist—a *genius*—has no distinctive nationality, so far as his art is concerned. All nature has contributed to his being; he is born not unto a *country*, but unto the *world*. The soul of the artist individually may blaze with patriotism; the soul of his genius may glow only with the flame enkindled in art's sanctuary, and true art knows nothing of nationality. It was fine for Wagner to be a German in the day of Germany's rehabilitation as a nation. It was great and noble of him to dedicate himself to the service of a land that had nurtured him none too tenderly; to give the strength of his talent to the reform of what to him seemed false in her ideals of art, as well as to the development of whatever germ of truth he found in these. All this, Bach, Beethoven, Haydn or Mozart might have done, and undoubtedly *would* have done under similar circumstances.

Throughout all their efforts, however, the mighty world spirit would have made its presence felt, just as the murmur of the wave breaking upon a lonely shore is overpowered by the roar of universal tempest. Wagner never succeeded in ridding his work of its local flavor. Never are we wafted upon the wings of his harmony outside of Germany or Germany's Walhalla. Do we ever dwell in thought upon the comparative pettiness of nationality, while listening to one of Bach's fugues, or a symphony by Mozart or Beethoven, or even the less divine strains of Schubert or Schumann? There is hardly a note of Wagner's music that does not in-

stantly suggest Teutonic life, Teutonic thought, Teutonic individuality, as differentiated from that of any other branch of the human race.

It may be deemed hypercritical to dwell thus ungraciously upon a weakness (if weakness it may be called), which, according to popular estimation, is something for which the true patriot might be forever proud. We, however, have now under consideration Wagner's title to a position as one of the great artists of all time –one of those majestic figures of history, for whom time and place and country are distinctions that have ceased to have any significance; and from such a standpoint the critical observer must not permit himself to leave the most insignificant detail uninvestigated. As soon as any human being assumes a position (and Wagner avowedly did this) amongst the select company of this world's reformers, prophets, martyrs and ministers of light, it is no more than reasonable that his claims to such pre-eminence of distinction, as well as those put forth by his admirers in his behalf, should be searchingly reviewed.

In spite of all his wealth of musical progression, and his endless variety of modulation, so nicely calculated for the surprise and gratification of the ear, together with an almost inconceivable redundance of light and form and color, of pomp of scenic effect, and every possible artifice by means of which the attention may be captivated, it is impossible, nevertheless, to disguise the fact that, for every one except the most unreasonable adorer at his shrine, the music dramas of this master are by no means exempt from many a dreary period, made endurable only by a consciousness of the real power which, hidden for the moment, is, nevertheless, an animating spirit that controls the whole. In works that appeal to the inward senses alone this fact may not be incomprehensible, for it is a difficult task to shut one's self into pure inwardness to such an extent that, like the Buddhist wrapt in Nirvana, one shall become entirely oblivious of outer influences; but when appeal is made on all sides at once, and that by means of every resource of art in all its forms, then one is constrained to confess to a certain degree forise surpat one's inability of response, and to inquire as

to the cause of such a phenomenon. Homer nods, and Shakespeare falls into bathos; Dante and Milton and Goethe (to say nothing of lesser lights of literature) all at intervals let slip the winged buskin that helps sustain their flight, and shows us the vulnerable heel of mortality. The melody of Schubert lapses into monotony, and even Beethoven, except when at the highest heights, is liable to moments of oblivion. Can it be that the perfect artist, for whose coming the world awaits, will be recognized by his unerring perception of the fitness of things? Or is it, perchance, that *our* feeble senses are all too weak to endure the strains already vouchsafed to us of celestial harmony? It may be that the radiance of pure genius is too powerful for our grosser being, and that, like the material forms of nature (like the god Pan himself), we must sink into noon-day slumber when Apollo shines in fullest state. But no! the *soul* of man is not a part of *material* nature, and however drowsy great Pan becomes beneath the power of the eternal blaze, the mind of man is only quickened thereby to new energy, his spiritual sight is strengthened to meet with more unflinching gaze the effluence of deity. The senses of the normal man are ever upon the alert, and when appeal from high sources is made to them in vain, we may be sure that the cause thereof is to be found in the unskillfulness of the appeal, and not in any obtuseness of intellect on the part of man himself. It is only when Homer relapses into dry details, and when Shakespeare has recourse to theatrical padding, that we begin to yawn. It is at the moment when Dante and Milton and Goethe forsake grand generalites for petty details, and depart from communion with the eternal, to busy themselves with the finite, that we feel their loss of power. It is when Schubert, enamored of his own melody, forgets for awhile the mission of his heavenly strain and halts upon his way, for the indulgence of uncalled-for caresses, that we rouse from the dream of bliss into which he had transported us; and when, before his final period of exaltation, Beethoven sometimes stoops to strain his poor, deaf ear for some familiar sound of earth's harsh clamoring we cannot but possess our souls in patience glad the while, because of the hopelessness

of his effort. All these, however, were content to address themselves to the intellect by means purely spiritual, for even in the case of Shakespeare and Goethe we cannot but acknowledge the fact of the inadequateness of theatrical devices for the realization of their thought, whereas Wagner by his own life-long confession, was never truly himself when divorced from the material. He could not endure the thought of ever so slight or temporary divorce of one of his scenes from the gorgeous surroundings with which he had seen fit to frame it. The sounds called forth by his orchestra are apparently in his estimation not, like Beethoven's strains, the outpouring of the universal soul, the expression of the eternal spirit that broods over matter and whispers within us all; they are but casual utterances, appropriate only to his mythical or semi-mythical characters in certain situations to which he had seen fit to restrict them. To be sure, these mythical beings, we are told, are personifications of higher attributes of man and of nature; individualities invested with characteristics of general interest and of universal application. The story of "Parsifal," for instance, with which we have been made familiar in this connection, is but a sort of materialized "Pilgrim's Progress," set to music and adapted to the stage.

Impressive it may be, and singularly beautiful to ear and eye but alas! the human element, that underlies all real art, seems to me in this, as in all of Wagner's operas, quite wanting. The personages it is true, may present themselves, in human form, but the atmosphere in which they move is that of another sphere than this; it is the domain of the unreal, hence of the inhuman.

Let us compare this much vaunted work of Wagner's, with a master piece which stands, by universal consent, at the head of all works of operatic kind ever written: Beethoven's "Fidelio." This opera requires almost no stage setting; such as they are, the scenes consist of a kitchen in a dreary fortress, a dungeon under the same, and a courtyard, in which the prisoner may take an airing. Here certainly is little opportunity for Wagnerian display. The costumes are necessarily of the plainest description. Here are no magic gar-

dens with transformation glories; no magic spears, nor light-suffusing chalices; no swans in clumsy flight, nor glittering, slow-descending doves. There is nothing to distract attention from the *soul* of the drama, that is, the *music* with which Beethoven has endowed it. And such music! Would you know what it is, ask Wagner himself, who (to his eternal honor and praise, be it said) was a devout worshiper of Beethoven's genius; knew a good part of that master's music by heart; studied him with the profoundest devotion, and professed to base the structure of his colossal edifice of Reform upon the music of Beethoven. In listening to Beethoven's only opera, one becomes lost in a strange feeling of universality. The individual, as such, disappears. Leonora is no longer *a* woman, she is *all* women. Florestan is not *a* man, but the epitome of men. Our pulses throb, our eyes suffuse as in the presence of one of nature's solemnities. As Leonora speaks and acts, so would our own wives and mothers and sisters speak and act. As Florestan in his misery and in his joy of deliverance, so should we *all* be. All womanhood is gradually invested with a halo of sacredness of which we never before dreamed, and yet so simply natural that we can only wonder at our own dullness in not perceiving it before. Sorrow becomes sanctification, and joy benediction, and when that last mighty chorus of praise and honor to the "faithful wife," resounds with ever fuller refrain, we feel that new glory has come to all our kind; that our prophet has indeed stood upon Sinai, that he has spoken with the Almighty, face to face, and bears to us His message.

Concerning the interpretative musical accompaniment of Wagner's last and crowning drama, "Parsifal," it were unjust for any to speak in terms of criticism, save those who have enjoyed the privilege of witnessing "the authorized presentation" of that work in Bayreuth. To any one, however, who is in the least familiar with Wagner's methods, it is by no means difficult to imagine the impressive pomp, the solemn gorgeousness, by which his setting of that well nigh interminable story must of necessity be characterized. No throbbing here of the poor, feeble pulse of ordinary

humanity! Sympathy with protagonist such as this would be quite out of place, for each event of his career is carefully mapped out beforehand, by an invisible power, which would laugh to scorn our pitiful enthusiasm, our useless flaming up of heart. What with the Grail, the magic spear, a dove, a swan, strange flowers and plenty of enchantment, together with an ample supply of medieval ecclesiastical doctrines, we may be sure that the hero and his companions will come bravely through every ordeal to which they may be subjected, without the slightest occasion for discomposure on our part. It is not unnatural to suppose under the circumstances, that the effect of this work, while doubtless highly emotional, is nevertheless one that is more satisfying to the sensuous than to the spiritual cravings of our nature. Were this story of Parsifal a legend of the Roman Catholic church, and reverently treated as such by a believer in its saving potency upon the mind and heart of the hearer, then our point of view being changed we could permit ourselves to be brought into relations of respect and perhaps of sympathy with its characters; but it is nothing of the kind, nor is Wagner the man to work a miracle where genuine belief is wanting, to compel us to worship, even while the elements of devotion are unacknowledged.

During a latter-day review of Wagner and his productions, it is impossible to awaken the mind to a consciousness of lofty spirituality. He seems at times, like a sort of glorified mechanician, an inventor of artistic effects rather than a high priest of the sanctuary. He had a Yankee sense of the necessity of setting things to rights, and was exceedingly handy in the design and carrying out of every detail connected with his work, from the writing of the text to the hollowing out of a "cubby house" for his concealed orchestra, and the proper arrangement of his mimic clouds and Rhine-depths and all the innumerable minutiæ upon which, it would seem, the success of his work depends. One cannot imagine great souls like Bach or Mozart or Beethoven descending in aught but the most cursory manner to such pettinesses, which seem to have been of as vital importance to Wagner as any inspiration of his muse herself. He was,

one cannot help thinking, too universal, too much of a jack-at-all trades, for profundity in one branch of art. His verse, for which high claims have been made, is of the Edwin Arnold type: respectable and dull. Once, we could have sworn that despite his shortcomings, he was, nevertheless one of the world's great masters, but latterly, the early glamor fled, one is astonished to find how trivial some of his well worn themes appear, even by the side of those despised Italian carols, whose melody was so distasteful to his ear, but which, somehow or another, contrive to hold their own with amazing tenacity. Almost involuntarily we find ourselves exclaiming: "Will coming ages esteem him a genius worthy of special mention?"

Sometimes one even seems to discern hovering about him a host of charlatanic forms beckoning him with welcoming finger to their constantly increasing host. Such as he is, however, whether god or mortal, child of genius or uninspired workman, the Luther of dramatic music, or simply an experimentor with imperfectly apprehended forces, he has stamped his vigorous personality so firmly upon the art annals of this century that only the finger of time will be able to erase the record, or to gild it with fresh glory.

CHICAGO. HENRY BADGER.

FOR MUSICAL LITERARY CLUBS.

MUSICAL NOTATIONS.

Music itself must have made great progress, during, perhaps, many thousands of years, before an adequate musical notation. In all the early stages of musical development, music is simply an art which is passed along from master to pupil by imitation and personal precept, and all the music as well as the instruction concerning it, are oral. In fact, it was the same with language. Many thousands of years before there was a written language, men lectured, dreamed, communicated with each other and told long stories, which for the sake of facility of memorizing were in verse. Thus it was with the earlier psalms, the Vedas, the poems of Homer and Hesiod—all of which we suppose were transmitted orally some hundreds of years before being reduced to writing. The earliest evidence of music as an art that has come down to us is that of ancient Egypt, where, more than three thousand years before Joseph, there were harpers and fluters and those who sang and danced, and even now upon monuments we may trace the style of instruments they used and the orchestras they seem to have had. But in all these representations, which number, perhaps, scores, there is not one character which we can suppose to be a notation of the music they are represented as playing. The perfection of these old instruments was in some cases surprising. The priestly harpers in the tomb of Rameses III, who lived a few hundreds of years before Solomon, are models of elegance.

The invention of a complete notation of music is indeed matter of grave difficulty. The first idea, of course, is to
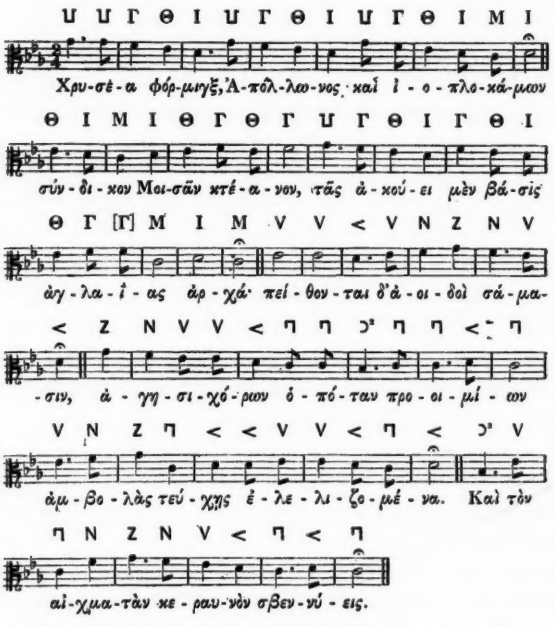
represent pitch, which is conceived simply as relative pitch. That is to say, certain names are given to tones, and the relations of the tones in a scale are, perhaps, accurately determined, but the starting point of the series, the accurate pitch of the key note, is not determined until the nation has arrived at a considerable advance in musical science. It is likely that the diapason (standard of tuning) may have been determined in Greece by the flute, or *Aulos*, a rude oboe, for all the wood wind instruments have "fixed scales," their tones being determined by the length of the vibrating tubes, which restricts them to their own natural length and the subordinate lengths made by opening the holes, which are covered by the fingers when the lowest tone of the series is intended.

If the ancient Greeks had a fixed diapason, no evidence of the fact has come down to us. They do not appear to have used their citharas and flutes together at any time of their career. And Aristoxenos, a pupil of Aristotle, gives directions for the Citharodit to tune his key note to the most convenient tone for his voice. The key tone once fixed, all the remaining tones of the scale are tuned by fixed rule. The Greeks had a very complicated musical system, or, to say it differently, they had no true principles of classification, and, therefore, designated tones by different names, which we would now designate by the same name in a different octave, or with the addition of the term flat or sharp. They had for a unit of their musical system the *tetrachord*, or scale of four tones, which in the so called Dorian mode, answered to our series, si, do, re, mi. By changing the order of intervals, retuning the middle tones, they were able to tune their lyres to the series, la, si, do, re, and sol, la, si, do By flattening the middle tones still farther than in the primitive form they obtained the chromatic and enharmonic systems. These were extended through two octaves, and for representing them they used letters of the alphabet, written along upon the same level. As the number of tones in the different systems far exceeded the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet, they used ancient forms of the letters, and letters turned upon the side, etc. The total number o

characters was upwards of two hundred. The illustration below gives the text of one of the odes of Pindar, and above it the Greek letters of the music notation. The staff notation between gives the corresponding music in modern form.

FRAGMENT OF FIRST PYTHIC ODE OF PINDAR.

ΠΙΝΔΑΡΟΥ ΠΥΘΙΟΝΙΚΑΙ Α′ (1re Pythique de Pindare)[1].



[1] Kircher, *Musurgia universalis*, I, p. 541 (voir plus haut, p. 142).

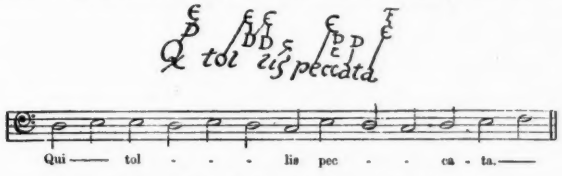
[2] Le savant jésuite, ne connaissant que les notes du ton lydien, aura probablement changé ↄ (si♭₂) en ∪ (si♭₃), signe inusité dans le trope phrygien.

Those unfamiliar with the C clef may read it sufficiently accurately by supposing the clef to be the G clef and the signature five flats.

The Greek time notation seems to have been, if possible, more complicated than that for pitch, but there are no authentic specimens available for illustrating it. Greek music

as a whole was very imperfect upon the tonal side. They had no real tonality and they did not use harmony. All their music was melody, and their measure was derived from that of poetry, This, naturaly glave them more variety upon the face of the music, ncein addition to the usua forms of measures they had those of five and seven beats. But they had no way of representing the involved rhythms peculiar to modern music, where in instrumental pieces the melody has one movement while the accompaniment may have quite a different one; and in orchestral music the complication is carried much further.

The Romans had only a letter notation. We know scarcely anything of the music or the notation of the Romans. It is merely by accident that we happen to know



NOTATION OF GUIDO OF AREZZO.
With Translation.

that they had a musical notation, for their own writers, in so far as their works have come down to us, are silent upon the subject; but in the works of Guido there is an example of a Roman letter musical notation, which is believed to be that of the ancients. The example above illustrates its appearance.

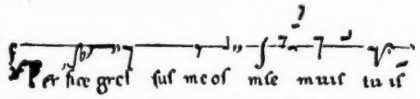
Early in the Middle Ages there was a peculiar



NEUMÆ.

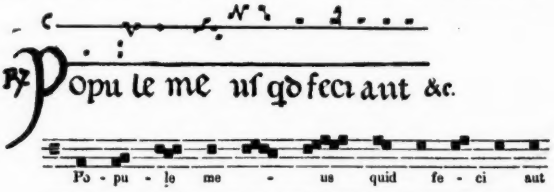
notation called that of neumes. The entire list of characters entering into this notation is given in the figure above They appear to have been intonations or slides of the voice rather than notations of definite pitch as we now have them.

After a while the neumes began to carry a meaning of pitch, and the first effort to render their meaning more definite was by the use of one line, upon which some of the neumes were written, while others were written above and below. Later, three of these lines were written, one being red, one purple and one black. The red line is believed to have been the line for fa.



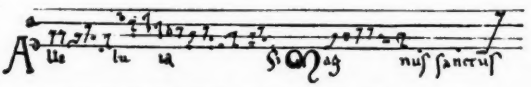
NEUME NOTATION OF TENTH CENTURY—USING ONE LINE.

From the lines with neumes upon them to the staff was not a very long step. The first approach to the staff seems to have been taken by Hucbald, a monk of Flanders, who



NEUME NOTATION OF ELEVENTH CENTURY.
Translated into so-called "Gregorian" by Padre Martini.

died in A. D. 930. He used ten lines and wrote the syllables of the words in the spaces indicating the pitches desired. Instead of a clef the letters t and s stood at the beginning of

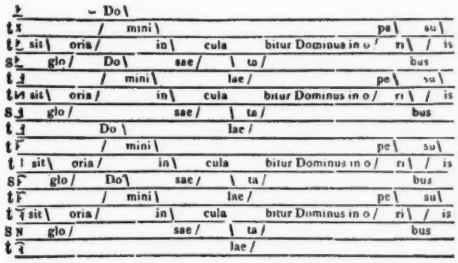


NEUME NOTATION OF GUIDO OF AREZZO.

every degree, indicating tones and semitones from the next below.
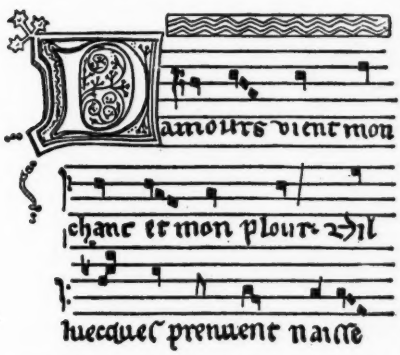
Guido, who has been credited with many improvements in music, used generally the Latin letters; but occasionally he uses a staff. In these cases the letters are written upon

the degrees. The note-heads were not invented until about fifty yeers after his death.



HUCBALD'S STAFF WITH NOTATION OF FOUR VOICES—PARALLEL MOTION.
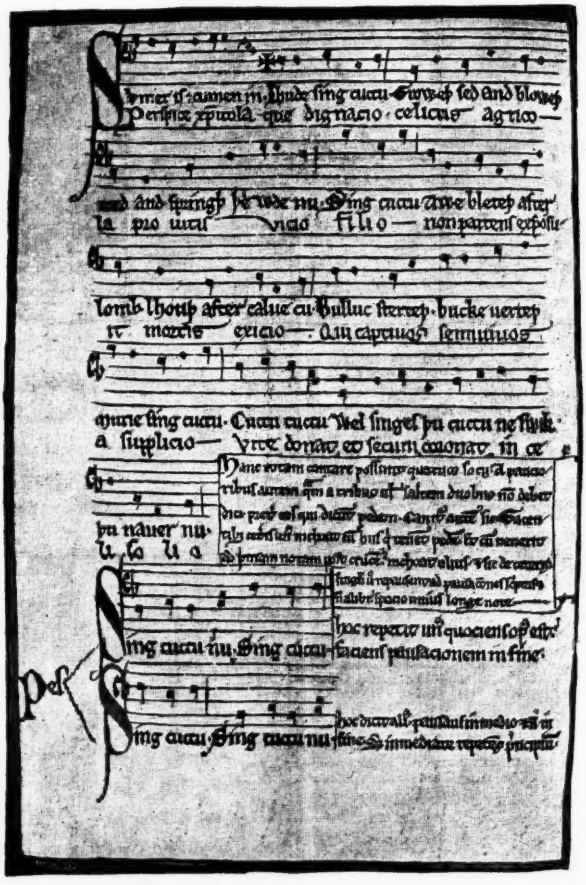
The number of lines in the staff was long uncertain. All sorts of combinations are given. It is often supposed that the four line staff, in which the plain song is written, was invented by Gregory the Great; but, in point of fact, it did not come into use until about the time of Franco of Cologne that is to say along in the twelve huddreds.



NOTATION OF THE FRENCH TROUVERES. (THIRTEENTH CENTURY.)

Among the oldest MSS. of music in existence is that of "Summer is a Cumin in," an old English part song, which was written some time before A. D. 1240. The music is written upon a staff of six lines, in square notes. It is a curious piece, for the single part here given is capable of being sung upon the principle of a round, so as to make a part song in six voices, of which four are in strict canon, or round, following each other through the same melody, giving rise to full chords when all the parts are going; and two others, which perform what is called a "burden." This

will be found, written out in full, in "Grove's Dictionary."
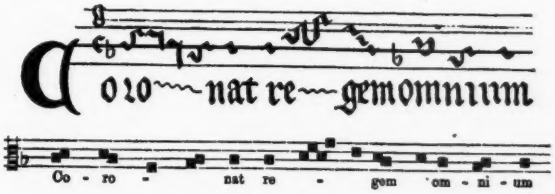


FAC-SIMILE OF MSS. OF "SUMER IS I-CUMING IN."
(Previous to A. D. 1224.)

Also, reduced, in Mathews' "Popular History of Music," from which the figures of this article are taken.

There was a curious notation in use in Germany about 1650 and so on, called Tablatura, which was in different

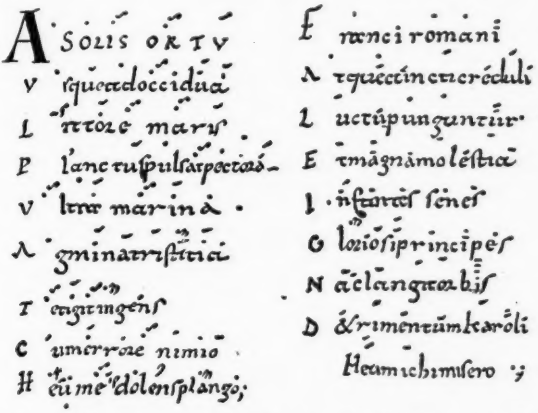
forms according to the instrument for which it was intended.

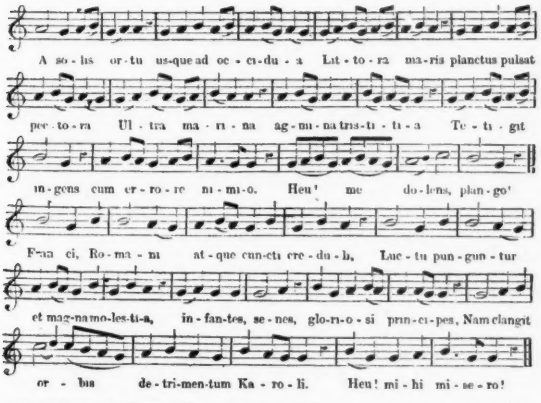


NEUME NOTATION OF LATEST PERIOD.

Gregorian Translation.

Of modern notation it is not necessary to speak, since





FACSIMILE OF "LAMENT FOR CHARLEMAGNE."

tenth Century.

all my readers must be familiar wiih it. Through the use of the bar to indicate the place of the strong accent, and thereby the measure division, and the simple principle of subdividing note values by adding another flag to the stem, any possible complication of time can be shown. Even the irregular divisions ean be shown by means of a line drawn over the group and a figure to show how many notes belong to the unit. The vastly greater simplicity of modern notation is due to the more abundant use of the principle of classification. Perhaps in our instrumental music this principle has reached its limits; but in vocal music there is a notation which is still simpler, resting upon the idea that music is never in more than one key at the same time. Hence by the use of the letters, initials of the tones of the scale, and by indicating by an extraneous letter above the music the place where the key changes, and the turning points in the music where the key changes upon a single tone, the tonic sol fa is able to write the vocal parts of a Handel chorus so simply that a child can be taught to read the notes in a few minutes, as soon as he can sing the scale. This notation is not adapted for use in instrumental music. It is good practice to read instrumental music from it, and to play it in many different keys, as a preparation for transposing. But for actual use it is wholly unadapted for instrumental purposes. To write a Beethoven sonata or a Liszt rhapsody in this notation might indeed be accomplished, but to read it would be a very difficult matter. The ordinary notation presents to the eye at a glance particulars and relations which one would have to puzzle out very slowly from this notation. Whenever the singer has become a musician, in the sense of understanding that which he intends to sing, the staff notation presents to him the same advantages it does to the instrumentalist.

Some months ago, in these columns, a sample was given of a new notation, proposed by Signor Carozzi, consisting of a single clef for treble and bass, and different forms of the note head for indicating the time value. See MUSIC for August, 1892.

Ganga's Wooing.

A ROMANTIC LEGEND FROM THE SANSCRIEPICT "RAMAYANA."

SELECTED AND ADAPTED FOR A LIBRETO.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

[NOTE. Much of the phraseology of this legend is from th "Iliad of the East," a free version and abridgement by Frederika Richardson, of Fauche's translation of the Sanskrit epic, "Ram yana." The epic is nearly as old as Homer.]

I.

SONG OF THE HIMALAYA.

The clouds have robed me in purple,
And crowned my forehead with snow-flakes:
I tower aloft into heaven,
Where dwell the radiant immortals.
Of mountains the king,
Their tribute they bring,
While three worlds their secrets unfold me.

From the sighing and turbulent ocean
The dark-winged vapors ascend
And whisper to me their griefs.
The light-kissing beams of Marsharis,
The pure and still-eyed Visahkas,
All tell me the tale of their loves.

My castle has treasures unbounded,
Of gold and of silver and sapphire:
The roofs of my caverns are diamonds,
The floors are brilliant with emeralds:
But richest of pearls,
My peerless of girls,
The star of my heavens is my Ganga.

II.

THE WOOER.

Oh, brighter than sapphire and diamond,
That flashes and gleams in the sunlight:
More buoyant than frolicsome zephyr
Abroad in the season of showers:
More dreamy than sensitive lotus,
That shrinks from the day-god's caresses,
But at night spreads the feast of her beauty
For the pale and amorous Soma:
Oh, Ganga! draw near in thy beauty,
I die for thee in my loving.

In heaven the stars have grown restless,
The earth has decked her in showers:
The clouds delay their ascending,
They brood and they break into weeping.
Oh, Ganga! My passion is ardent,
And wild as the loving o Indra.
My kiss would stray mid thy tresses,
Yet fear not, sweet maiden, to hear me!

III.

GANGA'S AWAKENING.

With perfumes the air is heavy:
The light is golden and soft:
The shade is grateful.
Th' immortals are happy:
Yet, Mighty and Merciful Father,
My heart is longing for love.

IV.

SONG OF THE WOOERS.

[MALE CHORUS.]

Oh, youthful and tremulous maiden,
Whose dreams are haunted by wonder,
Whose heart is fluttered by whispers,
Awake!
It is love that awaits you

Oh, graceful daughter of Menu,
Oh, nymph, with the long-flowing tresses,
Awake!
It is love that awaits you.

From thy languishing couch neath the rushes,
With garlands of weeds and of lilies,
Thy fingers glistening with dewdrops,
Oh, hearken, beloved, and hasten!
Awake!
It is love that awaits you.

V.

GANGA AWAKENETH AND HEARKENETH.

My dreams are haunted by wonder;
My heart is fluttered by whispers:
A voice calls, "Awake, my Beloved!"
O Father, I hunger for love.

VI.

SECOND WOOING.

Oh child of the old Himalaya,
Whom the arms of Prithivi once cradled.
The breast whereon thou hast rested
Is parched and is burning for thee.
Awake!
It is love that awaits thee!
Descend! O Radiant Immortal!
The delicate flowers are withered,
The leaves of the lotus have folded;
The soft-eyed gazelles are thirsty;
They find no streams to refresh them.
Awake!
It is love that awaits thee.

The earth is the dwelling of sorrow;
And restless with sighing and longing;
The sound of laughter is silent,
But weeping is evermore present.
Oh Ganga! Bride of the Heavens!
Awake!
It is love that awaits you.

VII.

GANGA.

Thy words, O Glorious Immortals,
Have wakened the slumbering maiden:
Heaven without love is not heaven.
I come, O Beloved!
Doubly beloved for sorrow.

VIII.

GANGA'S DESCENT.

The Gods, the Rishis, and Brahmas,
The Asuras, the Siddhas, and Nagras,
The hosts of earth and of heaven,
Came to witness the memorable vision,
The joyous descent of the Ganga.

The spray of glistening waters leapt up to the azure heaven
As sprang from the head of Sivi this child of the old Himalaya.
"I come, O Beloved, I hasten!
Doubly beloved for thy sorrow."

The air was filled with the flashes,
The waves they roared and they shouted;
In their joy they bounded and tumbled,
They rushed the one on the other
Till the air was filled with the splashes
That fell like fire-flies and diamonds.
The dolphins, the reptiles, and fishes
And all that live, in the waters,
Tossed merrily hither and thither
With the laughing and frolicsome river.

Singing and dancing and laughing,
And scattering her jewels on all sides,
So passed the life-giving river,
In the steps of the saint Bhagiratha.

In her smile the flower-petals opened,
The storks and the herons revived;
And all whom a curse had smitten
At the touch of those glistening waters
Were restored to virtue and honor.

IX.

ODE TO THE GANGES.*

Varichtha, Mighty River, a glorious hymn we raise,
Thy blessings and thy beauty all living creatures praise.

From high Himalaya's summit to Ocean's cooling wave,
Thy mighty waters hasten a torrid land to lave.
More rapid than a chariot, thy surge like ocean's swell,
Yet full of kindly healing, thy wonders who can tell?

The infant's milk thou coolest; thou weepest by the bier;
Thou art our iron fortress; and thou our mother dear.
Thy vast impetuous torrents forever onward urge,
While generations quench their thirst from thy life-giving surge.

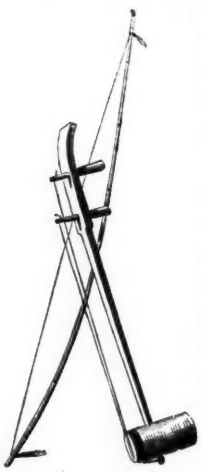
Oh, richest, purest, faithfulest of all the streams of earth!
All living creatures raise their song to thy immortal birth.
The love for which thou camest, we here unmeasured pour;
Thou, Ganga, bright and glistening, we praise forevermore.

*Adapted from the Rig-Veda, Lec. VI, Hymne XV.

THE VIOLIN AND ITS ANCESTRY.

While the crude bowed instruments of oriental nations have no direct bearing on our subject, it may be well to preface this study of the history of the violin with a glance at these prototypes of the "queen of instruments." India and China receive our first notice, the antiquity and permanence of their customs, institutions and implements giving them clear title to precedence.

Bowed instruments, while having examples among these peoples, had not the supremacy that was at a later period given them by the western nations. The Hindoos had several kinds of violin, to use that word in its general sense, the seringhi and the serinda. There was also the ravanastron and the rouana, the former of which was, according to Hindoo tradition, invented by Ravanen, king of Ceylon, about 5,000 years ago, and is still played by the mendicant Buddhist monks.



RAVANASTRON.

Probably derived from the ravanastron was the Chinese fiddle, a large-headed, small-handled affair, which resembles our violin only in the rudiments. It might well be compared to a croquet mallet with a cylindrical drum at the large end, over which the two or four strings pass to the pegs run through the handle. This handle may be of bamboo, copper or wood. The two-stringed fiddle, called the uhr-heen, is sometimes simply a half cocoanut shell with a handle, while the four-stringed Hu-ch'in may be variously ornamented with gold, ivory and pearl. The bow is of primitive form, and its hair is passed between the strings of the fiddle.

The Japanese used the above instruments as well as the ko-kiou, which might be likened to a very crude violoncello. The tones, if such they may be called, of these oriental instruments are described as being highly excruciating to civilized ears.

The Mohammedan nations have a variety of the bowed tribe, among which the rebab and kemengah are prominent. These are frequently limited to one string, and in playing are held in a way similar to that of our violoncello. The body of the former was of flat box shape, while the resonance chamber of the latter was made fom wood or cocoanut shell.



ARABIC REBAB.

The rebab was introduced by the Arabs in the eighth century mto southern Europe, where it aided in the development of the violin. Some of the most reliable authorities assert that it gave rise to all European bowed instruments.

Laborde, in his history, mentions a species of Arab lute having a hundred frets. Mr. Sandys suggests that the neck of this much irritated, "fretted," instrument must have rivaled that of a giraffe!

Besides all of the above specimens of ancient musical mechanics, there was the goudok of Russia, the soorunga and thro of Burmah, the kobu of Tartary, the koko of Hindoostan, and the fidla of Iceland. The Tartar thro approaches quite close to the modern violin model.

Other bowed instruments of ancient times and antipodal localities could be mentioned were their relation to the violin not more remote even than these.

The ancient Egyptians, as well as the Greeks and Romans, have sent down to us little or no evidence of having been acquainted with the use of the bow. This is all the more peculiar, as Egypt is the home of the harp and lyre, and no instrument stood higher in the affections of the Greeks and Romans than the latter. Having these stringed instruments it is remarkable that these nations, representing as they did the highest culture of the world in the morning of civilization, should stop short of the next step, *i. e.*, the invention and application of the bow. Mr. Engel states that these nations probably used the bow, but neglected to say anything about it in their writings!

There is, as far as I have been able to discover, but one instance cited where the Greeks or Romans left any delineation that might lead to the conclusion that they were acquainted with the use of the bow. This is in some plastic oramentations mentioned by Mr. Fleming, and even in this case one must, in order to reach this result, give his imagination free play.

The principle of dividing a string to obtain different tones, was applied to the lute in Egypt 3,000 years before Christ; and the same principle was applied to the monochord by Pythagoras in the sixth century B. C. In the monochord we find the common ancestor of both the violin and the piano. From the reduced size of the lyre, and its plurality of strings, together with the divided string lengths of the monochord, there must sooner or later have been evolved the violin, especially as it was discovered that tones could be produced by lineal friction of the finger or the plectrum.

The substitution of lateral friction was soon made, the idea of a bow being appropriated from the Saracens. It is probable that the common military bow was first used. The military bow is then the immediate ancestor of both the violin bow and the harp; for by adding one or more strings to it, it became in itself a musical instrument, a crude harp.

One of the first steps toward the violin is to be found in the hurdy-gurdy. In this curious instrument the body was similar to that of a large mandolin, and there was no neck extending from it, simply the peg box. Near the bridge

was a rosined wheel underneath the strings, which was connected with a crank at the tail end. Beneath the strings was a series of keys, and by pressing down one end of the key the other was thrown up against the string. At the same time the crank was turned, and the music ground out. A larger sized instrument of the same style and largely used in church services was called the organistrum. This required two players, one to manipulate the keys and the other to turn the crank. Thus the labor was divided, as in the pipe



ORGANISTRUM.

From a capital in the ruined Abbey at Boscherville Normandy, 11th Century.

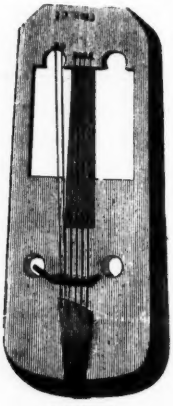
organ, where one person may furnish the muscle, and another the brains. The hurdy-gurdy was in occasional use even into the present century. Its continued popularity in former centuries was due to the crudity of the violin bow, many people preferring the droning sound of the wheel to the friction of the bow, especially as the former was easier to play.

Prior, however, to the invention of the Hurdy-gurdy in southern Europe, there was in popular use in Britain an instrument which may have had its origin in India, as is claimed by some, but of which origin there can be given no conclusive proof. This was the crwth (pronounced cruthe), the first mention of which is made by Fortunatus, bishop of Poitiers, about 600 A. D., when in writing to the duke of Champagne, he says:

> "Let the barbarians praise thee with the harp:
> Let the British crwth sing."

Other names, as crowd, chrotta, crowt, hrotta, and rotte were applied to this instrument, though some musical antiquarians think the crowd to be an older and distinct form.

The crwth was oblong in shape, with two openings for the left hand, which grasped the central of the three divisions thus made. At first there was probably neither bridge nor bow used, it being played as a lyre or primitive harp by plucking with the fingers; but later, after the introduction of the bow, some of the crwths were supplied with bridges, one foot of which passed through the sound hole to the back, thus acting as both bridge and sound post. The conquering Romans introduced their fidicula or long bodied lyre into Britain, and the result was an amalgamation with the crwth, which gave a nearer approach to the violin family. For 500 years after Fortunatus' letter, history tells us nothing of the crwth, but it again appears in the records of the eleventh century. Coussemaker tells us the crwth of that date had three strings, and was played with a rude bow.



CRWTH.

In the course of the development of this and other instruments both names and shapes were changed so frequently and indiscriminately as to lead to the greatest confusion. Not only are there differences in nomenclature, but the sources of information are often unreliable. Our knowledge must be gleaned from decaying relics, from monumental sculptures of uncertain age, and from an-



King David playing the Crwth. From a Saxon MSS of the XIIth Century.

cient manuscripts giving, perhaps, conflicting statements. Amid this confusion the antiquarian and historian must grope his way as best he may, hoping not for complete and accurate knowledge, but for generalities and for material for speculation.

Three instruments that presented marked similarities were the old English fyddlly, or fiddle, the German geige and the French rebec. Of these the geige was oval in shape, and the rebec somewhat narrowed at the front end, making it pear-shaped. The plan of construction was similar to that of the mandolin. A curved back and a flat top or belly were joined at the edges, oyster fashion.



Fig. 155.—A Female Playing on the Vielle. Thirteenth Century. (*From an Enamelled Dish at Soissons.*)

The name geige is by various authorities referred to various roots for its derivation. The most probable explanation is that in the earlier times dancing or jigging was done to the sound of the voice in singing; later the tones of the pipe were used; and finally, when bowed instruments appeared, the dancing continued to their lively notes, and becoming thus closely associated together the instrument took its name from the jig. Another statement is that the jogging of the fiddler's arms gave rise to the name, and still another traces it to the rapid vibration of the strings.

The reader will remember the statement that the Moorish rebab was introduced into southern Europe in the eighth century. From this instrument was evolved the rebec, the construction of which was peculiar. The body and neck were of one piece, hollowed out under the bridge, and the opening thus made was covered with a thin piece of pine, called the "belly." The small end was also scooped out to form the peg box into which the three strings ran. The tone made by the rebec was loud and harsh. Its successor, the viol, rapidly displaced it, and it was banished from its aristocratic environments to the rural festivities.

No date can be given for the introduction of the *fiddle*, *geige* and *rebec*, but they sufficed till the thirteenth century. At that time the troubadours introduced an instrument which embodied important changes. This was called, in north Europe the *fidel*, in northern France the *vielle*, and in southern France and in Italy the *viole*.

While in different countries and at different times the models of this troubadour fiddle show a wide divergence, still the general principle was the same. In the earlier ones the neck was merely rudimentary or entirely absent, but it gradually appeared and was quickly lengthened. The pegs of this instrument were inserted, not as in the violin of to-day, but like those of the guitar.

To meet the requirements made upon the fiddle by the troubadours in accompanying their songs, the resonance chamber was soon enlarged; but with this enlargement came the difficulty of not being able to make the bow touch the outer strings alone. This impediment was overcome by giving the contour of the body an opposite turn, making the indentations in the side and forming what is known as the "waist." By this remodeling the resources of the instrument were increased in every way.



REINMAR, THE MINNISINGER

Next in the line of improvement was the insertion of strips between the back and belly separating them a short distance. These strips were called "ribs" or "bouts." In the fifteenth century small triangular blocks were inserted in the sharp angles made by the changes of direction in the outline, and this simple addition opened the way to a larger-sized fiddle ,of greater strength and tone. This is the turning point of the instrument: the addition of the ribs and the insertion of the corner blocks.

The old geige model was capable of no further tonal possibilities; but with the bow hand liberated by them iddle ribs

and the tone strengthened by the corner blocks, new life was given it. Still later the proper shape and position of the sound holes was discovered. For a century or more, even until after the violin idea had become firmly fixed, the sound holes shifted about from one end of the belly to the other, on each side of the waist. Many interesting examples of changes in position and shape of both bouts and sound holes might be mentioned did space allow.

As to the fingerboard, "frets" were used for several centuries to give greater ease of playing and accuracy of intonation.



BARITONE.

The influence of the lute was long felt in all the stringed family in the variety of methods of tuning. And it was only when the plan obtained of having four strings tuned to definite degrees, that they were free from the domination of the lute and ready for higher development.

Last to reach perfection was the bridge; and it was not until the genius of a Stradivarius had been expended upon it that it attained an ideal form.

One thing that led to the gradual disuse of the lute was the difficulty of keeping its many strings in tune. An early authority says that if a lute player attained the age of eighty years, he must certainly have spent sixty years in tuning his instrument. Speaking of the proper care of the lute, Mace, in 1675, writes that during the day it should be put to bed, between the blankets of a bed that is constantly used, as by this means the strings can be kept from breaking and the lute will be kept in good order. He adds that no one must tumble down on the bed while the lute is there, as he has known several to be spoiled by such inconsiderate actions.

We have now reached, in our search for the pedigree of the "queen of instruments," the form that immediately preceded the violin proper, *i. e.*, the viol.

When the sides or ribs were introduced, the various modifications of this combination were given different names in different localities, but were virtually the same in general character. When the strings were plucked it became the Spanish guitar; when the wheel and crank were inserted, the monotonous hurdy-gurdy; and when played with the bow it was called the viol. These mutations effected only the non-essential parts of the instrument.

The distinguishing feature of the viol family was the flat back. This was a great change from the old pear-shaped back of the videl and viella. The viol, invented in the fifteenth century, held sway for two hundred years, in the last century of which its manufacture was concurrent with the use of the violin. The only surviving member of the viol family is seen in the bass-viol in common use, the bass of violin style never having become a favorite.

Most popular among the viol family were the violad' amour and the viola da braccio and the viola de gomba. We may find the reason for the manufacture of the viol in these various sizes in the fact that they were largely used to support the voices in singing, the music of that day being written, as was frequently stated on the title pages, "apt for voyces or viols."



VIOL DA GAMBA.
From Reissmann's History of Music.

The viol d-amour which had a number of sympathetic strings passing under the fingerboard, was common in various sizes and shapes. In like style was the baryton, an in-

strument popular among the upper classes in the eighteenth century. Its peculiarity was the hollowing of the back of the neck, and along this space ran the sympathetic strings. Haydn's patron, Prince Esterhazy, was an admirer of this sweet but weak-toned instrument, and Haydn wrote no less than a hundred and seventy-five compositions for it in solo and concerted work.

The *viol da braccio*, or *tenor*, was of large size, too large, in fact, to be easily played in the usual violin position. In consequence it was reduced in size, and when the plan of violin construction was applied to it, was known as the *alto*.

The *viol da gamba*, or bass viol, has maintained the popularity it secured in the sixteenth century. Before the violin or the violoncello had been given any music of great pretensions, many compositions of much musical worth had been written for the *viol da gamba*.

It is said to be "the first bowed instrument that received treatment commensurate with its capacities." The latter two instruments were named from the part of the body against which they rested.

Our limitations will not allow mention of other secondary members of the viol family. On the general introduction of the violin, the treble and tenor viols were rapidly crowded out of use. The tone of the former was too weak to stand with that of the violin, though its sweet, pleasant quality made it a favorite. Dryden speaks of "the sharp violin," and Mace, in 1676, grieved that the lute should be "over top'd with squaling, scolding fiddles," lamenting the rapid introduction into England of the latter instruments, though in this particular England was a hundred years behind continental Europe.

Nearly all great musicians have been lovers of the violin; but Henry Purcell, the greatest of English composers, who died in 1695, was an exception to this rule, if we judge by he following words, which he wrote and set to a round for three voices:

"Of all the instruments that are,
None with the viol can compare:
Mark how the strings their order keep
With a whet, whet, whet.

And a sweep, sweep, sweep;
But above all this still abounds
With a zingle, zingle, zing,
And a zit, zat, zounds."

A favorite combination in England in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was the "chest of viols." This was an upright case carefully fitted to contain six viols, two trebles, two tenors and two basses, and was a necessary feature of every well ordered household, and its contents were said to constitute "a ready entertainment for the greatest prince in the world."

It must not be thought that at the introduction of one style of instrument the preceding ones quickly disappeared. The old hurdy-gurdy, for instance, which we first hear of in the eighth century, although distanced in the race as far back as the fifteenth century, continued in use for two hundred years longer; and the ancient rebec might have been found side by side with the violin in the earlier years of the latter's progress.

There is a prevalent idea that the name fiddle is a sort of colloquial or slang term that should be debarred from the use of well informed and correctly speaking persons. This is an error. The words "violin" and "fiddle" spring from the same root, *i. e.*, the Latin "fides" meaning a string. Its diminitive is "fidicula." This, in Italy and France, through the mutations of "fidula," "viula," "viola," "viel" and "viol," finally arrived at "violino," meaning a small viol, and from this is the common term "violin." On the other hand, starting with the same root, "fides," and passing with Cæsar to Britain and mixing with the northern languages, we have "fithele," "fiedel," "fidel," "fyddyll" and eventually "fiddle." Thus it will be seen that "fiddle" is nearer the original term than "violin," and is as much entitled to our use and respect.

Some bright Italian (though some say German) genius discovered one day that if instead of making the back of his viols flat, as had previously been the custom, he were to give it an opposite curvature to the top or belly, the tone would be wondrously improved and strengthened, especially in the upper register. In the person of Gasparo da Salo, of Bres-

cia, the connoisseurs of violin making claim to find the fountain-head of the art. It was in the artistically productive latter half of the sixteenth century that the great Italian school of violin making, headed by Gasparo and culminating in Stradivarius, sent forth their master works. In this epoch Raphael, da Vinci and Titian were painting their immortal works; a little later, Corelli, Tartini and Viotti were laying the foundations of violin playing; Palestrina and Zarlino were forming the classical school of church music; and after them Bach and Handel were penning the works for which the world will never cease to crown them. There were giants in those days.

The title of Gasparo (called Salo from his birthplace) to this invention is not undisputed. Duiffoprugcar, or Tieffenbrucker, of Bologna, and testator of Milan, both prominent makers of viols, have been claimed by different writers to be the originator of the violin, but the claims of each do not seem to be substantiated by evidence of satisfactory character. It was a pet theory of Ole Bull's that Duiffoprugcar and Da Salo were one and the same person, but it need hardly be added that this belief is not shared by other violin connoisseurs.

Gasparo's history, like that of many a worthy of those days, is unrecorded, but his work is supposed to have been done between 1560 and 1610. Continuous experiment was the price of perfection, and we may trace in his various instruments a gradual development from the viol to the violin. Starting with the viol model, he made his way to the violin of high form and gradually settled on the flat model as giving, to his mind, the best results. One pet idea of his was to treat each instrument of the string quartette in a different way. Later experience has shown his error in this. Added to the advance in model, he led the way in the choice of woods, proving to succeeding makers the necessity of careful selection of material. The wood of the pear, lemon, ash and sycamore trees were the staples of the Brescian makers, and in the proper choice of these woods Gasparo was a pioneer. To-day his basses are more highly prized than his violins.

His pupil and successor was Giovanni Maggini, working probably between 1590 and 1640. His violins were not great improvements on those of his teacher. Attention was directed to Maggini's productions by De Beriot, who used one of his fiddles in concert work. Being played by so great an artist, the price of this make increased considerably.

It is to the old town of Cremona in Lombardy, north Italy, that we must look for the culmination of violin making. Cremona was in those days a center of musical and artistic activity. Numerous wealthy monasteries in the neighborhood afforded ample financial encouragement to the musicians, artists and instrument makers. This circumstance, combined with another equally favorable, the ample supply of the proper material in the immediate neighborhood, gave full scope to the Cremona school of violin makers.

W. Francis Gates.

Boston.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE DEATH OF THE OLD KING.

"I shall die—"
"Let us pray, my lord."
"— But I shall live again."
"Aye, in the heart of the great God:
But rest, rest a little, tis yet not morning."
"Nay, nay in the world! Thinkest thou
Aught unfinished lives in God, poor fool?"

"I shall die, having been naught but a king."
"Do not weep, poor my lord."
"Ah, let me weep, thou little, gentle fool,
"Dost not think that I may live
Another life to play the lute in?"

Maude Menefee.

Chicago.

IS PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC A FAD?

In Chicago, and several other cities, the press has lately been making a commotion upon the so-called "fads" in the public schools—including in the general term practically all studies but the "three R's" of a primitive education. The fight is being made in Chicago against German, drawing, sloyd, modeling in clay, and physical culture.

These several departments have been created one after another and put in charge of a certain number of special superintendents with the proper retinue of assistants, and the work is carried forward along with the other studies. The general questions involved are very serious, and their proper solution would take us to the very foundation of the concept of a public school education. That all these branches are desirable in themselves (excepting perhaps clay modeling, where the clay passing among many ill-kempt hands is liable to breed malignant skin diseases) no one will question. Nor is there any sound reason in the principle so generally laid down by the daily press, at times of "reform" like the present, that the state has no right to use public moneys for educating a child beyond the most elementary and general branches, want of which might invalidate his value as a voter. This principle covers only a part of the ground. It is true that the state's first duty is to educate the voter so that he can read his ballot and perhaps cast it intelligently. But there is more involved in the common school idea.

Rightly understood, the common school is a co-operative movement, through which property is taxed in order that education may be placed within reach of every child, without question as to his possessing property. Only in this way is it possible to make opportunity for the children of the poor to rise to the higher levels of modern life. Any child, whose parents can spare him from aiding in the support of the family, under a sound common school system with its proper

appendages (the high school and college, all free as the primary school), can go on and acquire an education, and become, if his talent permits, a great scientist or inventor. He can become cultivated, in the sense of appreciating the literature and mind of his native land, and can also acquire the trained use of his mind, upon which his rise in the world may later depend. Moreover, this is not altogether a question of the popularity or non-popularity of the higher education. No matter if not more than one child in a thousand goes on to these highest reaches of education, the opportunity must be placed within reach of this thousandth child, whose genius may repay the community for many years' expense in maintaining these higher advantages.

The foregoing, however, is not altogether to be taken as an indorsement of the modern graded school. The vice of the public schools, especially in cities where they are "superintended" in the modern and complicated way, is that they presume that all the children will go through the entire course. The course is made with reference to a school course of twelve years. Accordingly, certain studies are postponed until late in the course, in consideration of the late period of maturing of certain mental faculties; and others are spread over four or five years, irrespective of the consideration that only about one pupil in a thousand will reach the higher parts of the course, while, nevertheless, the study thus spread out may form part of the most elementary concept of an education. This is the very head and front of the offending of the common school. The course is interminable. There is no provision made for giving those pupils, whose circumstances do not permit their remaining in school past their twelfth or thirteenth year, such a command of the elementary branches as they need, and as in fact they might very well acquire if their attention were concentrated upon them, and the course permitted their advancing as fast as their powers would take them. The extent of the evil lying concealed in the educational courses of the large cities, in the latter respect, is too great to be traced at this time; but suffice it to say that it amounts to a gross injustice to a very deserving class of pupils.

Again, it is not altogether conclusive as to the propriety or non-propriety of maintaining instruction in a foreign language, or in these fancy studies, that few, if any, of the pupils get a really working knowledge of them. German pupils cannot speak; drawing pupils cannot draw off-hand, and the clay-modeling pupils are not able to model in clay very simple objects of their environment. Still it may happen that in the time devoted to these imperfectly mastered branches, the pupil's mind has broadened, and his general concepts may have been extended to a degree compensating for the time consumed. This, most likely, is the general effect of the studies. But there still remains the question of delaying those pupils whose education must needs be completed by their twelfth or thirteenth year. As to the latter class, the community cannot afford to permit them to be ignored. For, when all is said and done, the common school is a co-operation in the interests of the poorer classes, and just as soon as the leaven of the Pharisees begins to work at the expense of the rights of this weaker class, the system needs reforming. Such a time has come in the Chicago schools for a dozen years past, nor is there any more likelihood of the problem being solved finally at the present time than earlier. It is evident that the common school system needs to go upon two legs, so to say: One course, with whatever apportionment of rooms and teachers experience shows to be necessary, for the *complete course*, in which the first steps have in view the ultimate high school and college: and another set of rooms and teachers, in which the course is planned with reference to giving all these pupils who must stop school at twelve, the most complete education possible before that time. Very likely it would not be necessary for the first two years to show any differences. The children would all be young and inexperienced. But at the third year the division would begin, and the next four years of the summary course would include all of those common branches now embraced up to and including the first year of the high school. This would not require cramming on the part of the pupils. It would merely require concentration of attention, and the elimination of all the extras, which, while not harm-

ful in themselves take up time which the shortened school hours cannot sacrifice without losing the power of completing this ideal abbreviated course, which would, if accomplished, be of such value to the class for which it is intended. In practical application it will be found that the two courses would be needed in different sections of the city. In certain districts, where laboring men, live the short course would be the normal. And as there would be more to do here in a given time, and as the material is also not quite so easily managed as in the more cultured divisions of the city, all the best teachers, with sharp and well trained minds and self-forgetful enthusiasm, would be assigned to this part of the work, leaving only the surplus of this class for the more advanced schools. Ultimately, of course, some superintendent or board of education will devise a system of examination which will result in admitting to the ranks of teachers only that comparatively small class which possesses the proper mental composition for a teacher, in respect to the qualities mentioned above. But this is to anticipate.

What then will become of our German language and our music? The German will go. Not because it is not a good idea to include it in a common school course. It is distinctly advantageous for a student to acquire a foreign tongue; indeed, every high school graduate ought to be able to converse and read easily in at least two modern languages besides his own. These very naturally would be French and German, in a great majority of cases, because in one or the other of these two languages is available the most important part of that division of the world's wisdom which has not yet found its way into English. This division is yearly becoming smaller, through the constant enlargement of English literature by the translation of every foreign book of real value. But new results of investigation have to remain for some time in the language originally embodying them, until their value or public interest has been shown sufficient to warrant their translation. Living thought will always require of its votary at least two living languages, besides his own; when one has two foreign languages he can easily learn any others that he may find necessary.

Music in the common schools rests upon a different footing. The primary object of music study in the schools is not that of turning out musicians; scarcely of turning out singers able to "read music." The first advantage of music exercise in the school room is that of pleasure and pastime from study. There is a great deal more in singing than we understand. Physically it opens the lungs and helps circulate the blood. Mentally it makes a momentary forgetfulness of study, serving the same purposes as a short nap—which, as every brain worker knows, may afford great refreshment, even if lasting only five minutes. Complete rest of the mental machinery, even for a few moments, is a great relief. And we must remember that everything which is true of the older brain workers, with their cultivated powers of attention to difficult and abstruse subjects, is equally true in kind of these immature thinkers, to whom their little problems are even more insuperable than those to which the adult addresses himself.

Moreover, there are certain quasi-spiritual relations in singing which we do not yet fully understand. The consensus of will, when all the school unites in some beautiful song, is itself of great value, and an aid to discipline. For this alone it would "pay" to retain singing in the school room. More than this, the child is unconsciously impressed and to a degree educated by the songs he sings. The much quoted desire to make the songs of a nation is not far wrong. Only it will depend upon *how* the nation sings those songs. If they are to be jabbered through, as Moody and Sankey hymns are sometimes "executed," they will not educate, their influence will be in the wrong direction. They will tend to form a habit of routine and inattention. To draw the line where habit ceases to present its harmless side of "discipline," and begins to present the harmful side of "routine" and conventionality, would take us too far, and perhaps prove too difficult. But every teacher who has observed the effect of a fine song sung by the children under the guidance of a real musician and a poetical and child-loving nature, will understand me when I remind her of its value. It does something for the school room which not even religious in-

struction can do as well. It *harmonizes* the child, and at the same time it awakens his mind, and predisposes him to learn. I suppose there will not be two opinions with regard to this use of music in the school room among the more intelligent teachers.

This brings us to the question as to the normal attitude of the music teaching in the common school. Should it aim primarily at making the pupils good readers of music, in the sense of being able to sing from notes at sight, with the same ease and certainty with which the ordinary person reads language from books? Or should it mainly occupy itself in sentimental directions, looking for the æsthetic and spiritual advantages to be derived from singing, as already mentioned above? This is a hard question. Undoubtedly if there must be a choice made between the two alternatives, the good of the school would be more promoted by the sentimental uses of the singing hour than by occupying it with mere technicalities. The question also is further complicated by the accidental circumstances that our usual musical notation is very difficult to sing from accurately, without first having become a musician. If our prejudices did not forbid our leaving the orthodox musical notation for the advanced grades, perhaps for the high school itself, and maintaining in the lower grades a simpler but perfectly competent notation, like the tonic sol-fa, the notation might be disposed of very easily. For it is possible to give all the tonic sol-fa notation up to and including the ability to sing a Handel or Mendelssohn chorus at first or second sight, accurately and certainly, without delaying the other musical instruction—so simple and obvious is the system of signs involved. But in this country there is an absurd and wholly irrational prejudice against doing this, and when musical notation is taught at all, it is done by the usual notation. This choice leaves the teacher exposed to the alternative of carrying the training to the point where the pupil becomes a musician, and therefore an independent reader, or else of restricting the musical experiences to the simpler parts of music, and to the nearer keys. Even then the music must be restricted to rather barren limits, if real reading is to be

accomplished. For in the present state of musical thinking there are comparatively few pieces of medium difficulty which do not digress from their own principal key and often to very remote keys. But the notation of modulations is one of the most difficult parts of music for vocalists, although musically they may be quite able to follow them in thought.

Practically, the common school song is almost restricted to the simple and barren departments of music already mentioned. And such a triumph as a common school pupil able to read music of any considerable difficulty from the usual notation, will not be found outside one or two of the more favored cities—and rarely there. To be frank about it, the common school teacher of music lacks humility. He is too ignorant of what it means to know music. Those who are themselves musicians, as a rule, know the justice of the restrictions above made.

It would be wrong to conclude from the foregoing that school music is now kept down to the musical grade corresponding with the grade in which it is used. On the contrary, the general advance of musical taste, and the rivalry of editors, have led to a general elevation of the character of selections included in school books. And, while much trash may be found there, the average in the best works is very high. Mention has been made in these columns long ago of the commendable quality of the selections in the National Course. It is quite likely that a careful examination would show other compilations to share these good qualities.

It is interesting to note that wherever these better selections have penetrated, they show their influence. A test applied in a sixth grade room in one of the laboring districts of Chicago, where the pupils are almost exclusively of foreign parentage of the working class, showed that the Beethoven selection in the singing book was more highly enjoyed by the school than any other; and that, in general, the preferences of the pupils were decidedly in favor of the better selections and against the poorer; and this without any attempt having been made to educate them otherwise than through the experience of singing these pieces in different moods. In the Chicago high schools the sentimental uses of

music are carried farther than, perhaps, in almost any other city, in consequence of the influence of that distinguished artist and extremely sensitive musician, Mr. William L. Tomlins. No teacher can be found more in sympathy with all that is high, tender and noble in music than this great vocal conductor; and no teacher has more sympathy with child life. It is the experience of the writer, and of other teachers of the pianoforte, that pupils coming from the high school classes are prepared for fine musical training to a degree wholly unusual in the children of American parents. I do not mean to say that teaching of notation is neglected in the Chicago high school. On the contrary, I am assured that it is carried to a very commendable length, but I have never had the opportunity to assure myself of the fact by original tests. If examinations take place, they are privately conducted, so far as the press is informed.

By this time we have arrived at the point where it might be as well to define one of the terms in the title above. What is a "fad?" The term is not authentic. It is a reporter's term, meaning that the branch so designated is a mere whim of some one—a side-issue of education, entirely foreign to the main current. Such we might well enough admit music, drawing, sloyd, clay-modeling and the like to be, for no one of them enters into the *necessities* of the average voter or worker. But if these studies have value as mind-openers, and if this mind opening value is sufficient to compensate for the time they occupy in the school room, an intelligent public opinion would dictate that they be retained and properly treated. In the case of singing the fact is clear. It pays. German belongs in all the complete schools, but not in the summary courses designed for working boys, who, of necessity, must leave school before reaching a complete English education. Sloyd is a Swedish system of manual training, and the testimony of the teachers is that by its aid they are able to prevent truancy of the boys. It trains the hands and awakens the mind.

Some of these side issues of the school room are, undoubtedly, "fads," pure and simple. A kindergarten teacher happened to discover that a kind of training might

be had from the exercise of cutting colored papers, and matching them. This was true enough for the little children, but they got it included in the general course, and now the twelve and thirteen year-old children in the sixth and seventh grades of the grammar school have to devote an hour a week or so to cutting out these colored papers, and one of the practical exercises is to match the cut-out pieces into a colored paper image of the solar spectrum. But by a curious freak of science these artificial spectra have also a very red *red* at the end after the violet. Inquiry as to the source of this freak showed it to be a result of the "thinking" of the special teacher, who finding the solar spectrum one-sided and unsymmetrical, thought to better it by rounding it off with this very red red, which she had manufactured for the purpose. The fact and the reason of the fact are worthy of each other. It is to be supposed that what the teacher sought was to awaken "the inner consciousness of nature's incomplete unity"—whatever this may mean.

The real weakness of the common schools, especially in the large cities, is the incompetence of very many of the teachers. There are hundreds of them appointed through influence, who in spirit and habit of mind do not belong to the educated class. They never read about education; many of them never read good books, and they are intellectually incompetent and unfruitful. Pupils falling under the instruction of this class of teachers miss entirely the main thing in school life, which is contact with a living and superior mind. This is the great mind-kindler. And the rank injustice of the treatment some of the special studies receive at the expense of the standard branches, is that they are taught by interested experts, whereas the ordinary branches are too often taught by sluggish routinists. This, however, is another question, and we will not attempt to solve it at the present session.

W. S. B. Mathews.

AN OLD LADY IN MEXICO.

(The following account of a trip to the city of Mexico was written as a private letter by the mother of the Editor, a lady now somewhat past seventy-five. For some months previously she had been disabled by being thrown from a buggy, resulting in several grave fractures, and other painful and dangerous injuries. But a live-long fondness for seeing the world was not to be thus untimely quenched, as this letter shows. The persons named in the narrative, who figure in the style of the chorus of the Greek drama, are simply her husband, children and grandchildren. With this explanation the letter is offered the reader, without any effort to impart to it a literary form.—ED. MUSIC.)

DOVER, N. H., Jan. 9.

MY DEAR SISTER:

After you left us last September, I went on steadily gaining in the most wonderful manner. As the time drew near for the Mexican trip Doctor grew anxious to go, and I told him to go and I would stay at home. So the day before the party was to start Doctor said in the morning: "I want to go to Boston this morning, if I can get my visiting done." I said, "Very well, your breakfast shall be ready at half past six." So he flew around, and started for Boston at nine o'clock. I said as he started: "Get your ticket for Mexico, Doctor, and I will stay at home and have a good time while you are gone." Doctor came home on the 3 o'clock train, but went to the bank for his money and made some visits and got home about five o'clock. And when he had sat down he said: "Oh, I have not told you, have I, that I have bought our tickets and selected our section in the sleeper for Mexico, and that we start to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock?" My first thought was that it would be wholly impossible for us to start anyway; "but," I said, "Call your horses and take me to the milliner's as quick as you can." I

found most of them closed. I went to the only one that was open, and said: "Can you make me a bonnetto-night?" and he answered, "No, for it is time to close." I told him the circumstances, and he called his head woman, and she said: "I can have it done, and get it to you at 8 o'clock to-night, if that will do," and so that was fixed.

Well, to be short, we went Thursday morning at 7, as he had said we should. In the meantime I visited Mattie, and packed my trunk. At Boston we met Sherburne and wife at the depot and Bert. We took lunch at the Parker house, and left Boston at 11.30 for Chicago, and had a very pleasant time, and a beautiful car, and all was well. William was telegraphed to, and they were at the depot to meet us Friday evening, but as we were three hours late, all had gone home but William and John. William had engaged rooms at the Welling ton, and we were soon there and in bedbefore 1 A. M. Next day Flora came into the city and William drove us four to the World's Fair grounds. They were wonderful to behold, and enough to repay one for going to Chicago, if there were nothing else to see. We had a nice time indeed. We left Chicago at 10 that night, and our next stop was at Kansas City. Then we went on and on over barren plains and such land as you never saw, through western Kansas, and eastern Colorado, until we reached Trinidad, Colo. There we stopped to eat and to feed the engine, and to see Sherburne's academy. We soon commenced climbing the mountain, and we climbed until we were over 8,000 feet above the sea level. It was the hardest climb I had ever had.

It was the Raton pass in Colorado. It was grand, but a little too much for me. Every person's pulse was examined in the car, and they averaged 88 all but mine. We rode through a better looking country for a while, and then we entered New Mexico, with its idle, dirty Indians and dried-up flowers. Our next stop was at Las Vegas, the wonderful hot springs of New Mexico. We stopped there a day and a night. We stopped at the great and famous Montezuma Hotel. It was a nice hotel, and a nice place, but I had seen so many hot springs (on other journeys in my life) and so much grander scenery that I did not

enjoy it as much as those of our party who saw them for the first time. So we went on day and night, seeing now and then poor huts and squalid women and children, and occasionally a man, poor miserable looking creatures. The men are mostly dressed in white cotton cloth shirts and pants, and a white strip of the same cloth tied around their loins, while the women appear to have on but



MONTEZUMA HOTEL, LAS VEGAS.

one garment—a loose gown reaching to the ankles, and of the color of dirt. They are always barefooted, while you seldom see a man without a sole of his shoe tied on his feet. The women are bareheaded, but the men always have a broad-brimmed hat. The country is just mean enough for such people; but give that country water and smart men to work it and it would rival the Garden of Eden.

Our next place of stopping was El Paso, where we spent six hours one afternoon, and here we made the acquaintance of the Rio Grande, a great and peculiar river. It will be at one point a wide, strong river, and then it will disappear and the river bed will be as dry as the highway for long distances, and then it comes forth again in all its glory.

When we crossed this river we were in old Mexico. The same dry soil, the same men and women, together with poor starving cattle, and many of the latter dead by the side of the tracks on the hot sands, for lack of food and water. We had the promise of spending the day at Zacatecas,

the capital of the state of the same name, a funny looking city of about 75,000 souls, and a great mining place. It has suchfunny narrow streets and neat houses. As we approached Zacatecas the country was well supplied by water with irrigation, and well cultivated for that country. A high hill, whose top is more than 8,000 feet above the sea level, stands in the way. The tall tower of the smelter high above the track is seen first on one side and then on the other, as the train bends in one horseshoe curve after the other. This marks the approach to Zacatecas, one of the greatest cities in all Mexico. Here we had the promise of spending a day, and they were to give us a dinner. Just imagine our disappointment when within a few miles of it, a messenger came on board to inform us that we could not stop, as typhus fever was raging, and it would not be safe for us. It was very refreshing for a person who had been riding so long through such dreary wastes to come to so much water and see the ground no longer suffering from thirst, but paying the laborer with such beautiful corn and grain and comfortable looking cattle and decent looking men and women.



ABORIGINES.

When we reached the depot and had expected to go rushing past, what was our pleasure to see assembled there in the large open space hundreds, yes, one or two thousand, of well dressed gentlemen, and to be told that the governor of the state had waited two hours for us. We, as usual, being three hours late, did not see him, but what we did find was four bands playing excellently well all our national pieces. We stopped there an hour, and while there saw the poor little donkeys, or as they call them "burros" come in so loaded as to completely hide the animal, all but his ears and face. These were loaded with unhusked corn, while those loaded with stones could be seen.

When we had left Zacatecas station and could look down on the city, it was indeed beautiful, and one pretty sight was

a train of these same little patient burros, about fifty or sixty of them laden with little bags of gold and silver from the mines. There are always as many drivers as donkeys. The country now looked better. Indeed it was most beautiful, and the city was queer enough, with its square houses and narrow streets. We could see but very little green or flowers there, for the houses all had courts, and these in the better class are usually supplied with a fountain, and that is surrounded by palms and many beautiful and rare flowers. I believe there was where I first saw those funny fences for yards. It looked like straight poles driven down into the ground, varying in height from two feet to eight or ten, painted green and the enclosure filled with what to me then seemed curious cacti. I found afterwards that these same poles were cacti and that they not only served for a fence, but blossom and bear fruit. From this point the city looks, it is said, like one of ancient Palestine, lying with its low flat-top houses and domed churches a hundred feet below, and spreading up and down the gulches and hillside. The track winds around on the side of a mountain, passing directly over some mines and smelters, keeping the city in view for some moments.

A seat on the rear platform of the last car is the place to see the country in all its magnificence, and there Doctor and I placed ourselves. There were droves of donkeys and herds of cattle and goats on the hillside, and hundreds of things could be seen that are not to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among the most curious to me were the baby donkeys. They looked so patient, and sad, like all the rest of the inhabitants for that matter. The men and women—that is, the poorer class always look so sad. They live out of door almost wholly, and such poverty you never saw. As the train moves along, looking back, the city of Zacatecas lies under the shadow of *Cerro de la Bufa* an immense buffalo cut in stone by sculptor Nature, lying on the mountain crest, keeping guard over the city of silver. The country now becomes agricultural rather than mining; there are many fertile districts in all the valleys down as far as Aguas Calientes—which being interpreted means Hot Waters. Here we

stopped and dined, and a good dinner it is. Here is a picture we have not seen before—a swiftly running stream of hot water. Look up the shaded road; along that stream is one vast laundry where a hundred washwomen are on their knees on the ground, and every bush and tree, including the fallen branches of the Magne, is covered with many-colored garments hung there to dry, and here too, are the babies, all naked or nearly so, tied with a string near a warm pool of water where they can paddle as they please. While we were at dinner a uniformed man stepped in and said, "When the medicos and their ladies are through dinner, they will please step out through this door and be introduced to the governor." And so we all went out and had the honor of shaking the hand of the governor of the state of Aguas Calientes (poor man, I should think he would be always in hot water). The scene here is said to be totally unlike anything else in all Mexico. The town is one level plateau, over 6,000 feet above sea level.

Dear sister, we have only got to Aguas Calientes, and I have not told you one hundredth part of the interesting things we saw. Neither have I described the country, with its beauties and deformities, as it should be. The most I can say is, it is a wonderful country—a most wonderful country. Its immense wealth is almost fabulous, and its poverty more than one can well understand. I shall stop now and let you have this, which is all you can stand for a few weeks. I shall however, go on and tell the rest of the story, or part of it, later on. I want to tell you of the reception given us, when we arrived at the grand old City of Mexico, and many things we saw.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

Rules for Expression.

PART THIRD.

(CONTINUED.)

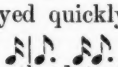
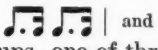
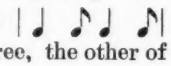
XII. Single Tones and Chords.

106. 1. Irregularly long tones are strong and rubato; especially in the piano, to ensure a sufficient sustaining of the tone. 2. Fundamental discords on strong parts of the measure are relatively stronger. 3. So, also, are changing tones. 4. Suspensions are strong and rubato. 5. Chromatic tones on strong parts of the measure are relatively stronger and rubato, especially if, like fe, ta and se, they mark a new tonality. 6. Passing tones, whether diatonic or chromatic, on a weak part of the measure are relatively weaker, but in slow time where strong accents are less prominent from the exalting of the weak accents to nearly their level—the difference is not so marked. 7. Chromatic chords are stronger or weaker where single tones would be stronger or weaker. 8. Generally, discords on a strong part of measure or pulse, whether chromatic, diatonic, suspended or changing, must have a strong attack. 9. Tones that bind chords, as in an enharmonic change, must be strong. 10. Syncopes have force equal to the strong accents, but not greater, for that would be a displacement of the accents and change of measure, *not syncopation*. To ensure syncopation—the striking together of two rhythms—the other parts must mark the original rhythm even more firmly. 11. Extreme points in melody, the highest and

lowest (if the latter be on a strong metrical division. Compare Par. 70), are strong, but not, if at the end of a period. 12. Sustained tones are swelled; following that analogy such variants as trills, repeated tones (tremolo), and similar embellishments (see cadenza of Chopin's op. 9, No. 2), rolled octaves and chords, also repeated broken chords (see trio of Beethoven's sonata, op. 7), are swelled. Such figures commence softly and slowly; but not if accompanimental. The trill should generally commence with the principal tone, but not, if an acciacatura precedes it.

13. Repeated tones must be detached by shortening them. As repetition implies emphasis, they receive more force than the metrical accent would give them. The longer the repeated tone relative to the first of the series, the greater its force.

XII. Groups.

107. 1. Triplets and minute subdivisions of the pulse, if a part of regularly recurring rhythmical figures, are played in time. But if irregularly introduced into a melody composed of longer tones, they must be retarded—made broader—to avoid triviality. And so with turns, which in adagios may be an essential part of the melody, while in allegros they are only ornaments to be played quickly. 3. The initial sixteenths in this rhythm  may be shortened in quick time (in which event, the dotted eighth is really rubato), but given full length in slow time. 4. Similarly with the elements in these rhythms  and  5. If in piano music, two groups, one of three, the other of two or four notes, terminate on the same note, as though according to strict time the final notes should not coincide, it is unnecessary to repeat the final tone. Whichever melody is the more important will decide its place. 6. The first delivery of motives requires special breadth.



XIV. Rests. Fermate.

108. 1. Pauses between periods and larger structural

divisions may be lengthened, so as to arouse attention, by suspense. 2. Fermate (either tones or silences), marked by the sign ⌒ must be long enough to give rhythmical symmetry to divisions, but in short introductions and in short passages (interludes of fantasia-like compositions), they may be indefinitely prolonged—from twice to four times the length of the metrical part they occupy.

XV. Equal Voices.

109. The delivery of part songs, fugues and all pieces of thematic construction is like weaving a fabric. Each part is a thread, separate, distinct; specially prominent when it has some significant feature, as a specially expressive tone or passage, but all other parts subordinate when the theme—"the golden thread"—enters. Each voice must be governed by the rules of Par. 71.

110. Outer parts—predominant, like the soprano from its pitch, or like the bass, from its isolation and characteristic progression—may be somewhat repressed, that the inner parts may be recognized.

111. It is not essential that the whole theme should be prominent. In strettos no one without a score can follow all the voices. At such points the attack of the beginning of the theme is the only important thing (Thus composers are permitted to alter themes after their entrance). From this may be deduced that motives have all the power of the themes to which they belong.

112. In Par. 110 it was said that all parts must be shaded in agreement with the principal melody. In Par. 109 it was said that each voice must receive independent expression. The reconciliation of this apparent conflict depends on the discrimination between equal voices and subordinate voices. When any part has special significance, the others must receive similar shading. 1. If one part moves while the others have holding tones, the latter must receive the expression of the former. 2. In contrary movement, the most important melody will give the standard. 3. Parallel motion, implying agreement, is seldom forcible. 4. Unisons and octaves are almost always forcible. 5. In sus-

pensions the dissonating voice, that which must resolve, should be pressed ( ); the resisting voice must have explosive attack ( ).

In syncopes the voices that keep the regular time must specially mark it, that false syncopation with its change of measure may not arise.

113. Though fugues and canons cannot be divided into periods and sections, each voice must be rigorously phrased. The pianist can distinguish the voices by varieties of touch and degrees of legato and staccato. Similar problems in phrasing and contrast of themes are found in other works of thematic construction, and the fantasia portion of the sonata.

114. Two doctrines in regard to fugue playing are presented. One, invented to prove the virtuosity of the composer, rather than from an inner necessity of delivering an inspired message, they may as well display the virtuosity of the performer. Therefore, they may be played at any speed, with any force. But if, as is claimed, there is an intellectual pleasure in following the themes, perhaps a moderate speed would accommodate most listeners better. 2. Determine whether the character of the fugue is specially rhythmical or song-like; if the former, play it with the precision of a martinet; give the metrical accents so powerfully that the piece has the sustained rhythm of a dance; if the latter, season it with ritardandos, accelerandos and all the languishments suitable to a Leybach reverie. In either way you will be in the company of virtuosos. (See Schumann's "Music and Musicians," Vol. I, p. 270.)

XVI. Accompaniment.

115. The harmonic accompaniment is a neutral background that should *murmur* at one-half the force of the melody. If more prominent, the song loses the necessary relief. There should be no gaps in the accompaniment, it should be continuous. Its phrases should not terminate with the phrases of the melody. A sustained chord on which a suspension resolves must not be shortened, though the resolution may be. A body of singers giving a humming accompaniment should not take breath at the same places.

1. In short passages, an accompaniment need not be shaded with the melody. 2. In long passages there must be substantial agreement. 3. In syncopes, the accompaniment must strengthen the regular metrical accent.

(4) Obligatos should receive two-thirds the force of the melody. Pedals and pedal-like themes have the same forces as obligatos. Pianists must discover obligato-like themes, parallel themes and pathetic tones, which in their resolution will connect chords (though the composer may not have marked them), giving them the dynamic degree of obligatos Pianists may also hold consonant tones of successive chords.

116. Chords accidentally played arpeggio are always abominable. But the arpeggio may be used where the melody is the upper tone of a chord; as the first tone of the arpeggio should come on the accent, the melody will be a little delayed. Extreme dissonances as at the sixteenth measure of the adagio of Beethoven's op. 27, No. 2, and at the second half of the first pulse of the tenth measure of Schumann's "Traumerei," may be softened by an arpeggio.

117. Characteristic accompaniments based on dance or march rhythms, or *imitative*, as that of barcarolles, berceuses etc., or *suggestive*, as of bells, guitars, or castanets, etc. receive greater force than simple harmonic accompaniment.

118. Brief introductions terminations and figured interludes are softer than chief themes, because they are weak structural elements, but if they have expressive tones or have melodic significance they are given nearly equal force. Some figured interludes of high pitch are soft and quick. Some codas are like a sigh—*effetuoso;* some are the last glow of passion, *accelerando ed affretando;* some are volatilized—*accelerando e diminuendo.*

XVII. Florid Accompaniment.

119. 1. The first task is to skeletonize passages by excising trills, other ornaments and cadenzas; reducing arpeggios and broken chords to close harmony, eliminating passing tones; retaining only what are necessary parts of melodic and harmonic structure (see Pauer's "Musical Forms," page 123, where he has treated the *allegro con brio* of Beethoven's op.

53, in this manner, though for another purpose). The general force and speed can be determined from the residuum. This must receive primary force. 2. Then consider details. A running accompaniment, arpeggios and broken chords are one-half the force of the basic melodies. They are usually non-legato; that contrasted to the legato of the melody, they may be distinct though soft. 3. Groups of such tones are usually accented in conformity with the rules for metrical accent, but if the harmony changes, *within* a group there must be an accent with each change if the tone that coincides with the harmony is consonant (if the harmony is sequential, the accompanying group may receive such an intermediate accent though it is dissonant); see Tayler's, "Pianoforte Playing." 4. Irregular groups—such as do not agree with metrical divisions, as when nine tones in one part are to be played against two in another part—must be divided, assigning the larger number to the later group if the passage is crescendo, but the larger number to the earlier group if it is diminuendo. 5. The same rule is true for cadenzas when written as an indefinite succession of notes. Fortunately later composers and the present editors of earlier works write cadenzas with the same attention to detail as regular structural divisions.

RICHARD WELTON.

(TO BE CONTINUED).

EDITORIAL BRIC-A-BRAC.

PADEREWSKI.

The astonishing success of Paderewski was still further illustrated, since the last issue, in his appearances in Chicago. On March 7th and 8th he played with the Chicago orchestra, his numbers being his own beautiful concerto, and a composite number consisting of Chopin and Liszt selections. Upon both occasions the Auditorium was entirely filled, and the enthusiasm was enormous. His concerto is a work which throws no little light upon his musical qualities. The first movement is, perhaps, rather too long for the material in it, but this material is turned over in so many delightful ways, and so many beautiful orchestral effects are continually presenting themselves, that one has not the heart to pronounce it too long. The best and strangest thing about it, considering it as the production of a piano virtuoso of the first rank, is the comparatively modest position assigned the piano throughout. The piano has indeed many brilliant passages and its own proper chance at most of the melodic ideas which occur in the work; but in nearly every case it is made to co-operate with the orchestra in a truly sympathetic and artistic manner. The result is a series of charming pictures, some of which are indeed fairy-like in their suggestiveness. This element in the work has led some of the critics to class Paderewski with the "romantic impressionists"—whatever that may mean. Whether this throws any additional light upon his success and the nature of his genius more than the mere statement of his rank as a musician and artist would do, is a question which is more appropriate to other columns than to this. In brief, however, nothing that this great artist has done here gives so high an opinion of his genius as this concerto, for tone-poetry is not something which a man can arrive at by practice or study; it must be in him.

On the following Wednesday, March 11, he played a recital in the Auditorium, which, perhaps, "broke the record" in this class of entertainment given by a single artist. The great building was packed in every part, and the enthusiasm was unbounded in spite of the fact that through a blunder of the management the recital was advertised to begin at 2 P. M. without notifying the artist that his usual matinee hour of 2:30 had been varied. The result was that Paderewski came upon the stage about fifteen minutes late according to his own idea, but according to the audience, three quarters of an hour. This, however, did not create coolness in his reception. He began with the great organ fantasia and fugue in A minor, arranged by Liszt, followed by the Beethoven sonata in E flat, op. 31. The playing was extremely beautiful throughout, and although the second movement of the sonata was taken rather faster than usual, such was the clearness of his bass treatment and the finish of his phrasing that no loss of repose resulted. The minuet was, perhaps, the least satisfactory part of the performance. The reservations, however, are insignificant, for the entire atmosphere of the sonata was caught and beautifully preserved in every part of the picture.

One of the most remarkable pieces of playing of the entire afternoon was in one of the Schumann transcriptions of Paganini Caprices, where tone color and free fantasia had complete rein. Among other things he played Dr. Mason's "Spring Dawn" Mazurka, a piece which has had a steady sale for thirty years. It is an admirably written work, very pleasing, and was well received by the audience. His own melody in B major, from the "Chants du Voyageur," was like a lovely dream. The programme ended with the Liszt 12th Rhapsody. After this he was recalled several times and at length he played his own minuet, that unconscionable favorite with amateurs all over the world, concerning which he says that it seems to be his lot to go down to posterity as composer of "one minuet." This, very naturally, only increased the enthusiasm, and later he gave Liszt's 12th Rhapsody.

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This recital was a most astonishing affair in many ways. The playing was as near perfection as we are likely to hear for a long time. The first excellence of Paderewski's playing is his tone color, which is uniformly musical, and always suited to the phrase in hand. In this respect he is head and shoulders above any other pianist of the present time. Then, in the mere matter of technique, he is a master who goes to the limit of what has been done, and, perhaps, farther in this, that in the most difficult passages he always has time left to color his tone and phrase. The characteristic build of the playing is musical and poetic in equal proportions. Withal, his charming personality enters into and colors everything that he does. Everyone who hears him desires to hear him again and again. The only dissenting voices from this opinion are those of a few professionals, who declare that Paderewski is no better than many other great pianists. To this it need only be said that the public does not agree with them. There is in this work an element of ideality which enables Paderewski with so dry an instrument as the pianoforte to afford the same kind of delight to hearers as a few great masters of the violin have afforded through their much more expressive instrument. Paderewski is helped by his splendid pianoforte, which the Steinways have placed at his disposal. It is an instrument of great power and beauty of tone in all parts excepting the lowest ranges of the bass.

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From a commercial point of view, the experiment of a pianist attempting to fill the Chicago Auditorium for a recital without any aid of singing or other instruments, and this at an augmented rate for tickets, appeared somewhat hazardous. Nevertheless, all the tickets were taken the first day that the box office was opened, at the rate of $2.50 for seats in the boxes, $2.00 down stairs, $1.50 in the main balcony, and $1.00 for the two galleries without reserved seat. After defraying expenses the pianist had nearly $6000 for himself —the total in-take having been in the neighborhood of $7500. This is thought by some to have broken the world's record for pianists.

Another recital is advertised for April 11th, in the afternoon.

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There is another question suggested by the success of Paderewski. When we observe the pleasing power which resides in musical tone (for this is the foundation of his popularity—its external side, the inner being his own rarely musical personality), one wonders why piano instruction should be allowed to go on as it does in most cases without doing anything to afford the pupil mastery and understanding of the principles of musical touch and tone-shading. Of all the systems of technique now before the public, only Mason's takes the radical ground that this department of key-board mastery belongs at the foundation of playing, instead of being left to the very end, as it too commonly is, —when, indeed, it is not left out altogether, as it was in D'Albert's case.

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It is not to be denied that Paderewski's position is one of great interest. Fortunately he is not so young as most artists have been when they have arrived at their greatest successes. He is now thirty-two years of age, and has accomplished everthing possible for a performing artist. He has done everything that any of his predecessors has done, and has surpassed them all in the beauty of his tone, the universality of his musical intelligence and interpretative ability, and in drawing attractiveness to the public. One wonders what will be the turn of the future. Will the popularity turn his head until he will deteriorate in playing, degenerate into mannerisms, and gradually fade out? Or will he find new excellencies to perfect? Will he develop his talent for composition?

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In respect to originality of compositions, Paderewski occupies a very honorable place. All his writings have style, a thoroughly musical quality, and real poetry. All require that exquisite delicacy of touch, and that pedalling which has been described as "spiritual," in which he so far

surpasses all others. Aesthetically considered, these compositions seem to ally themselves to those of the late Joachim Raff, rather than to those of Chopin, Schumann, or Liszt. Paderewski is somewhat of a rhapsodist, like Liszt; he is a poet somewhat between Chopin and Schumann. He has Raff's talent for the well-sounding. The question is whether his later development will show him to have the deeper qualities which have made the works of Chopin and Schumann standards for so long. This, of course is something that one cannot answer off-hand. Meanwhile, nothing is left but to join again MUSIC's congratulations to those of Paderewski's hearers, that they have been permitted the pleasure of hearing this great musical light. And to wish him fullness of days, and a complete development of the genius with which he is is endowed.

THE APOLLO CLUB.

The third concert of the season was given March 13 and 14, the former being the "wage-worker's" night, when the lower part of the house is sold to wage-workers at the nominal rate of from 15 to 25 cents per seat. The two upper galleries on this occasion are open to the general public at one dollar a seat—the wage-workers declining to occupy seats in this part of the house even at 10 cts. The result is an income of nearly $1000 per concert from this despised part of the house.

The work was "Elijah," given for the eighth time or so, but not by the present chorus, the last previous repetition have been two years ago, when about 200 of the present singers were not members. The chorus on the present occasion numbered about 450, and the singing was very good indeed—in the opinion of some, the best the club has done for a long time. Its effect upon the audience was not so marked as at certain former renditions, owing possibly to the singers being seated too far back upon the stage. The orchestra played better than ever before. Mr. Tomlins

directed. The soloists were Mme. Nordica, Mrs. Christine Nielsen, Dreier, Campanini and Mr. Plunket Greene. The latter is an English artist, thoroughly schooled in oratorio style. His voice is baritone or *basso cantante*, perhaps more properly the former, and he sings very smoothly. He was well received. Campanini had not learned some of his recitatives, and upon the first evening he was excused from singing upon plea of a cold. Mr. Chas. Knorr sang in his place, and interpreted the part beautifully, as he well knows how. Upon the second evening Mr. Campanini sang, and in the earlier part of the evening succeeded in concealing the effects of his cold, but his hoarseness soon returned. The soprano was Mme. Nordica, a beautiful woman in her prime with a magnificent voice—which however lacks the tone-color appealing to the heart. Mrs. Dreier was amateurish to a degree. Her recitatives and a portion of her aria work were unintelligible as to the text, and her singing was spoiled by a constant tremolo. The singers in the female quartette were rather too light for Mme. Nordica's voice, which was heard in this leading part.

On the whole the performance, while extremely creditable in many respects, was one of those which fail to stir the hearer and cause him to forget the lapse of time. When hearers go out at various stages during the last hour of an opera or oratorio, it is conclusive that the performance lacks the something which would have retained them to the end.

MUSIC AT THE EXPOSITION.

The following dates and announcements have been made by the Bureau of Music:

May 15, Monday,	Boston Symphony Orchestra, Music Hall.
" 16, Tuesday,	" " " " "
" 19, and 20	Concerts New York Symphony Society, Walter Damrosch, conductor.
" 24,	Mendelssohn's " Elijah," sung by the Chicago Apollo Club, numbering 600 voices. Mme. Nordica, and Mr. Plunket Greene.
" 25,	Haydn's "Creation," by the Chicago Festival Chorus, numbering 1,200 voices.
" 26,	The Exposition Children's Chorus, numbering 1,400 voices, will give a program of songs and part songs, under the direction of Mr. Wm. L. Tomlins.
" 22 to 25,	The Kneisel Quartet of Boston will give four concerts in recital hall, which seats 500 people.
June 7, Wednesday,	Festival by representative choral societies of
" 8, Thursday,	the Eastern States. Three concerts in Fes-
" 9, Friday,	tival Hall; massed chorus of 2000; orchestra of 200; organ, and eminent soloists.

Program:

7,	Cantata, "Festo Ascensionis Christi," Bach. "Israel in Egypt," Selections, Handel.
8,	"Elijah," Mendelssohn.
9,	"Hallelujah" Cantata, Op. 50, A. Becker. " Moses," Selections, Rubinstein. Vorspiel, Quintet, Chorus from Act III, "Die Meistersinger," Wagner.
June 14,	Bach's St. Mathew "Passion;" Chicago Apollo Club.
" 16,	Handel's "Messiah," Beethoven's 9th Symphony Chorus, Chicago Apollo Club.
" 19, Monday,	Indianapolis Festival Association, Conductor F. X. Arens; and Cleveland Vocal Society, Conductor Alfred Arthur; Music Hall.
" 20, Tuesday,	St. Paul and Minneapolis Chorus Associations, Conductor S. A. Baldwin; Music Hall.

" 21, Wedn'day, Festival by representative choral societies of
" 22, Thursday, the Western States. Three concerts in Fes-
" 23, Friday, tival Hall; massed chorus of 1500; orchestra of 200; organ, and eminent soloists.

Program:

21. "Utrecht Jubilate," Handel. "Saint Paul," First Part, Mendelssohn.

22. "A Stronghold Sure," Bach; Selections, "Lohengrin," Wagner.

23. "Judas Maccabæus," Selections Handel; "Requiem Mass," Selections, Berlioz.

June 24, Saturday, Performance in Music Hall of Brahms' "A German Requiem Mass," by Cincinnati Festival Association, Mr. Theodore Thomas, Conductor.

" 27, Tuesday, Concert in Music Hall by Arion Society, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Conductor Arthur Glassen.

" 28, Bach's St. Mathew Passion, Columbian Chorus.

" 31, Handel's "Messiah," Beethoven's 9th Symphony, Columbian Chorus, Chicago Apollo Club.

July, 7, Friday, Concert in Music Hall by New York Lieder-
" 8, Saturday, kranz. Society, Heinrich Zollner, Conductor.
" 10, Monday,
" 12, Wednesday, Festival by representative choral societies
" 13, Thursday, in Festival Hall; massed chorus of 1500; orchestra of 200; organ and eminent soloists.

Program:

12, "Utrecht Jubilate," Handel. "Saint Paul," First Part, Mendelssohn.

13, "A Stronghold Sure," Bach; Selections, "Lohengrin," Wagner,

14, "Judas Maccabæus" Selections, Handel; "Requiem Mass" Selections, Berlioz.

NOTE.—For the Festivals June 7 to 9, June 21 to 23, and July 12 to 14 Edward Lloyd, tenor, of London, has been engaged.

July 20, Thursday, Concerts in Festival Hall by American Union
" 21, Friday, of Swedish Societies.
" 22, Saturday,
" 27, Thursday, Festival by United Scandinavian Societies in
" 28, Friday, Festival Hall.

The above list represents that portion of the special musical

demonstrations for which dates are absolutely fixed. Regular musical features of the entire exposition period include semi-weekly popular orchestral concerts in Festival Hall, and organ recitals. Plans for chamber music will be announced.

Also the following bands: Sousa's Military Band during the months of May and June, Cincinnati Military Band, conductor Michael Brand, during the entire period of the Exposition.

Chicago Military Band, conductor Adolph Liesegang, during the entire period of the Exposition.

During the month of September Mr. Camille Saint Saens of Paris, and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie of England, will visit the Exposition, conducting several programs of their own choral and instrumental works, in both Festival Hall and Music Hall. Mr. Saint Saens will also appear as organist and in chamber concert.

Gilmore's Band is engaged for September. The Band of the 13th N. Y. Regiment, F. N. Zanes conductor, is engaged for October.

The following works by American composers have been underlined for performance:

BY PROFESSOR JOHN K. PAINE:
Music to "Œdipus Tyrannus."
"Tempest Music," for orchestra.
"An Island Fantasy," for orchestra.
Symphony No. 1, "Spring."

GEORGE W. CHADWICK:
Symphony No. 2, in B Flat.
Overture "Melpomene."
Cantata, "Phœnix Expirans."

ARTHUR FOOTE:
Overture "Francesca di Rimini."
Serenade for string orchestra.
Quartet for pianoforte and strings.

GEORGE F. BRISTOW:
Oratorio, "The Great Republic."
Overture, "Jibbewarnoske."

ARTHUR BIRD:
Suite for orchestra.

HARRY ROWE SHELLY:
Suite for orchestra.

AD. M. FOERSTER:
"Festival March," for orchestra.

Compositions by E. A. McDowell, Templeton Strong and Frank Van der Stucken will also be performed.

CONCERTS BY AMERICAN ARTISTS.

Those among the younger, native-born professional musicians

of this country, who may desire to avail themselves of the opportunity, are invited to communicate with the Bureau of Music before May 1, with such testimonials as shall indicate clearly the degree of their ability and talent. Those applicants whom the musical director can recommend will be asked to appear before a committee with headquarters in Chicago, to be appointed by the bureau of Music. A medal or other token will be conferred upon all who meet the standard of attainment required by this committee, and possibly an appearance in concert in Recital Hall of the Exposition may be arranged.

There will be no expenses connected with the trial in Chicago, except those of travel and entertainment: these the candidate must pay, as the bureau has no funds for this purpose.

The Chicago committee will not be convened until after the opening of the Exposition in May, and will hear no candidates not recommended by the musical director.

LETTER FROM PROF. JULIUS HEY.

In a private letter, Mr. Julius Hey, the distinguished teacher of singing at Dresden, expresses his intention of spending the whole period of the Fair in this country. He says:

"It would be of great advantage to me to get acquainted with your country during the World's Fair, and to greet my numerous pupils and friends there, as also to show my gratitude for the kind and extended reception which my work, "German Instruction in Singing," has found in artistically blooming America.

I presume I will like your country and people. How many magnificent voices and talents come to me from across the ocean! Germany has ceased to produce voices, and America will shortly be called upon to furnish the supply.

Please let me have through the secretary, Mr. Wilson, all necessary information, particularly the epoch when you desire my presence at the Congresses, in order that I may make the necessary arrangements in time.

The discourses that I expect to make will be mostly of a pedagogical nature, viz.: Comparison between the old Italian and the new German discipline in singing, with reference to the heterogeneous character of the latter.

Linguistic physiology, in connection with the German speech and song.

The *Bel Canto* as the sole incontestable law for artistic song in all languages.

I will give, in connection with these, practical examples from singers who have followed my school, in order to prove what I say. Further detail can be obtained from Mr. Julius Klauser, Milwaukee, Wis., who is well acquainted with my school and method.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1. "Which of the Beethoven sonatas is the "Kreutzer," and why is it so called?"

The Kreutzer sonata is Op. 47, for piano and violin, and is so called because it was dedicated to the celebrated violinist, Adolph Kreutzer. This sonata is one of the best of those for piano and violin, the slow movement being particularly charming. It is an air and variations.

2. Is the name of the inventor of the Janko keyboard pronounced after the French manner, or how?"

Prof. Janko is a German, and his name is pronounced Yahn-ko.

2. "Is the Stuttgart method preferable to all others for technique?"

I shall answer this question according to my own personal opinion, which is that it is about the worst of all. The Stuttgart conservatory has been in flourishing condition for a good many years, and the famous method has been in existence for about twenty years, but the only pianist whose name I recall at this moment, from this school, was Anna Mehlig, who certainly is not one of the great pianists of the world, and who rarely has a repertory in ready command exceeding ten or twelve pieces. This is the result, out of some hundreds of talented pupils from all parts of the world. Any private teacher of a record so ungrateful in results would be a fool to pretend to professional eminence. I object to the Stuttgart method because it is excessively laborious, unmusical and unproductive. Many of the graduates of the school take the same view, among whom I may mention Mr. Edgar S. Kelley.

"In Mason's two finger exercises, the metronome mark for the clinging legato is sixty to half note. Is four counted to each measure, or two, as the metronome will tick twice in each measure?"

A. M. A. D.

Ans. Count two in a measure.

"In using Touch and Technic, what other work is used in connection with it and how soon should a beginner take up the additional work?"

M. H.

Ans. It depends entirely upon the grade of the pupils. In the third and fourth grade Mathews' Phrasing Studies, Book I and II. are as good a collection of poetic pieces as can be found. A few par-

lor pieces should be studied in the same connection. After the early part of the fifth grade, brilliant pieces should be studied, and always something by Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann or Bach.

"I have a young lady pupil seventeen years of age who has completed Richardson's Method. She has a keen sense of rhythm and a taste purely artistic; she is just beginning in music. What should she take next? 2nd. Is it advisable in the recitation of a lesson to stop a pupil immediately should a mistake occur; or is it better to proceed to a finish and then correct the mistakes?"

Ans. 1. If the young lady has not played something of Heller's she might do a few of the studies in Phrasing, Op. 16, but the chances are that the second book of my phrasing Studies will cover the poetic side of the playing more satisfactorily than anything else. For brilliant music she might play something of Bendel's, such as the Moonlight Sail, in the "Genfer See," and other brilliant parlor pieces. For technique Mason's is the best.

2. It is advisable to let the pupil play the piece entirely through before interruption. Nobody can play well when they are continually interrupted. This is one of the points that Beethoven made in giving directions to Carl Czerny for the instruction of his nephew, and experience shows it to be just as valid now as then. It is impossible to tell how the pupil would play under favorable circumstances unless you hear her go clear through.

"Please inform me as to the proper time to begin scale work with small children. Also if it is well to require them to play scales more than one octave the first year. Would you give staccato exercises to young beginners? If not, at about what period can it be introduced with advantage to pupils? If great attention be paid to securing pure legato and staccato action, will it be necessary to devote much time to their modifications, or will they not take care of themselves to a great extent?"

Ans. Scale work should be commenced very early, for the purpose of familiarizing them with the different keys. After they have been played one octave, they should be played two octaves. Whether in the first year, will depend upon the pupil. Staccato exercises are a means to making legato better understood, and they should be given to young beginners. Comparatively little attention will be paid to the secondary modifications of these primary types of touch, except as need for them occurs.

Among the good works of the World's Fair Auxiliary in the music department might be the collection of suitable statistics for illustrating the present status of this country in music. In spite of or, perhaps, on account of, the vast number of music students who go abroad every year, the misinformation of Europe in regard to music in America is astonishing. This is well illustrated in the following extract from a distinguished lecturer in the University of Berlin, who, having promised to lecture on the political history and the development of civilization in the United States, writes to an

American friend as follows: "I have tried to find here in Berlin some stactistics of all the musical institutions in the United States, number of scholars, etc., of the fabrics of musical instruments, etc., but all my researches have been in vain. It would interest me, too, to have some reliable news about artistic and especially musical life in the United States, history of music there, etc. The dates I find in the general statistic publications do not suffice me, and for my purposes it is important to know more details." This is a sample of the demand that is being made frequently in many quarters.

AN AMERICAN STUDENT IN PARIS.

Last winter passed without any very important event in my life, save the discovery of a really excellent teacher of the voice; notice that I do not say singing, but the voice. When I returned to Paris I determined to try every teacher in the city, until I should find one who could develop my voice. I have always felt that there was much more voice than I knew how to give, and that there must be some one who could solve the mystery, at least some one who had already solved the mystery, and was capable of imparting the knowledge. There is the trouble. So many singers do well, but cannot explain how they go about it. Well, I began with Sbrigla. There is an impostor if one ever existed. You know he was originally the barber of an Italian opera company, and I imagine he knew that profession better that music. Mrs. Pratt of Vermont who was with him three years, and at that time had the name of being his best pupil, persuaded me to try him. She is a clever little woman, and I was astonished to find that she had remained with such a charlatan. I could tell of a dozen ridiculous things that he preaches and these stupid eccentricities often catch the American pupils who are always craving novelties. The proof of the matter in a degree is his pupils; and I have never yet heard one of his who sung well. But to come to a climax. I found a man whose name is unknown to America, but who has doubled my voice and made it equal from one extreme to the other, in short he has done for me all I wanted. Juliani is the man of whom I speak. I have also tried Panzani, one of the first accompanists of Paris, who comes three times a week to coach me in my roles, and give me style and finish. Added to these two I shall soon begin with a teacher in acting and one in diction; after they have each have had turns with me, I shall either be made or marred, and I shall either make my debut or not! What do you think of it?

I must tell you what my roles are. At present I know four by heart—Ophelia in "Hamlet," Lakme, Mireille, and Mignon—all in French. This winter I have been very quiet, refusing all dances, and going only occasionally even to the opera. We had a treat las

week with Jean de Reszke, who made his reappearance at the opera as Romeo. We were all nerves for fear his voice would crack, owing to the rumors of his throat disorder and its awful results. But he was the same incomparable singer, excellent and ever-perfect artist!

The next thing of musical interest has been Calve in "Carmen" more natural than the usual interpretation, but essentially naughty. Massenet's opera "Martha" has had a success, also, but we have not yet been to hear it. "Martha" has had a success; this, also, we have yet to hear.

Have you seen Louie Fuller? She is dancing with her wonderful skirt-enveloping dance, at one of the variety theatres here. Everybody goes, and the American minster had her dance at his last reception. She is the most artistic and beautiful picture in her poses that I have ever seen.

38 RUE GALILEE. GERTRUDE EDWARDS.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

MUSIC TEACHER'S RECORD. By Mrs. M. G. Baldwin, Baltimore, Md.

This little book consists of half a quire of conveniently ruled paper, in a flexible cover, designed to afford space for registering a quarter's lessons each, to twelve pupil upon a page. There are blanks for the music account. The price is not stated but most likely it is about thirty cents a copy. It is intended to lie on the desk, and is too large to carry in the pocket. Aside from a record containing the subject matter of the lesson, this is about as convenient and sufficient a record as has fallen under recent notice.

THE STANDARD GUIDE TO CHICAGO, WORLD'S FAIR EDITION. Written and Compiled by John J. Flinn. Standard Guide Co. 1893. Red cloth, pp. 55; 12-mo.

A guide book to Chicago, filled with condensed information and statistics, well indexed, by the competent writer, Mr. J. J. Flinn. In external appearance it resembles the well familiar Baedeker's. But internally it contains a very large number of illustrations, some of which are immediately germane to the text, while others are more of the nature of advertising. Valuable for strangers and citizens alike, for in this carefully arranged compilation even an old citizen will find matter which will be new to him, so far has this metropolis outgrown the knowledge even of its most wide-awake citizens. In this connection the writer remembers that upon one occasion in London a gentleman born there said that when he had occasion to go to some part of the city with which he was not familiar he always made use of Baedeker's "London." Mr. Flinn has undertaken to answer every kind of a question which a well-educated or intelligent inquirer would be likely to ask concerning the history, development, and present state of Chicago. The Standard Guide contains a map of the city, which by an unfortunate omission is not indexed.

MUSIC AND CULTURE. By Carl Merz. 206 pp., large octavo. Philadelphia, Theodore Presser.

The late Dr. Carl Merz, of Wooster University, Ohio, was one of the most loveable of men. Coming to America in youth, it was his lot to undertake the work of a teacher of music in this country at a time when it was far more backward than now. About twenty-five years ago he began to write for Brainard's *Musical World*, of which he was nominally editor. We say "nominally" because living remote from the publication office he was never able to con-

trol the contents of a single issue, much less of a series. The managing editor put in whatever of the large amount of matter forwarded he happened to like. Hence Dr. Merz's writing never possessed that journalistic character which a man's writing has when it is intended to go straight to a given public at a moment, when he knows them to be in rapport with his idea, or when he desires to awaken them to an immediate subject. But rather he wrote from time to time as he was inwardly moved, the practical points which occurred to him—knowing that truth is eternal and that questions of one month or another in reality cut no figure in the value of what he had to say. He had to do with truth mainly in its everlasting aspects, and consequently his collected essays in the present book are about as valuable and interesting as if they had been written very recently. The 208 pages of the book contain seventeen chapters, of which the titles are following:

Genius—Success in Professional Life—Schopenhauer's Musical Philosophy—Music of Nature—Head and Heart—Sanctity of Music—Hints to Pupils—Philosophy of the Beautiful—A Plea for Music—Value of a Music Education—Memory—Woman in Music—Harmony—Imagination—Expression—Maxims.

As a collection of reading upon musical topics for the young there is hardly another volume more to be recommended. For, while the work is rarely radical in its treatment of great questions, it brings together so much of the noble thought of the best minds that no one can read it carefully without benefit. Everything is told in the straightforward and simple style which distinguished the author, who was eminently a teacher, and a reader of extended range.

MUSIC FOR REED ORGAN AND PIANO.

THE LISZT ORGAN LIBRARY. Arthur P. Schmidt & Co., Boston.

For several years the Mason & Hamlin Company has been endeavoring to promote the union of piano and organ in home music. Their "Liszt" organ is an instrument containing beautiful effects of great variety, and, taken in combination with the piano, it enables two performers at home to realize many of the effects of symphonies, overtures and the higher class of music generally.

The "Liszt Organ Library" contains at present ten or twelve pieces especially arranged for this combination, with all the changes of stops marked for the Liszt organ. The following numbers are at hand:

SAINT-SAENS. "Reverie du Soir." Arranged by Edward P. Mason.

This charming piece, from the *Suite Algerienne*, is planned with reference to bringing out as much of the orchestral effect as possible. Very pleasing and quite easy.

LEFEBRE-WELY. Andante in A. Arranged by H. W. Nichol Pleasing and not difficult.

LEFEBRE-WELY. Berceuse in G major. Arranged by H. W. Nichol. A very pleasing piece, and not difficult.

LEFEBRE-WELY. Reverie in C. Arranged by H. W. Nichol. Simple and pleasing.

In another department of this library there is a set of pieces partly or wholly original.

J. S. BACH. Prelude and Fugue. Arranged by Ferd. O. Dulcken

Mr. Dulcken has here put together the E flat minor prelude from the "Clavier," and the fugue in D major—both from the first volume. The association is somewhat arbitrary, but according to modern ideas it does not sound badly. Then, he has also quite rewritten both works, improvising upon them rather freely, so that the total is by no means exclusively a work of Bach. Nevertheless, as Dulcken is a good musician he has here produced an enjoyable and somewhat poetical combination for the two instruments. The only criticism to be made is as to the miscalling the result an arrangement. "Free arrangement" might do, but simply "arrangement" not at all.

BEETHOVEN. Overture to "Coriolanus." Arranged by Edward P. Mason.

In this arrangement Mr. Mason has brought his expert knowledge of the instruments and their resources into subjection to Beethoven's orchestral score, and the result is wholly commendable. The piece is somewhat more difficult than either of the preceding, but it is so important that the considerate student will not mind this.

NICHOLL, H. W. Melodie.

An original tone-poem written for the two instruments. A trifle more difficult than the other short pieces, but still well within the means of amateur players.

HUSS, H. H. Romanza from Piano Trio in D.

Interesting mainly as a better showing of an important movement by an American composer than it is possible to give upon the pianoforte. Rather difficult.

The entire list deserves to be better known, and the combination of instruments is the next best to a string quartette at home.

HANDBOOK OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS. Containing over 3000 musical terms, and biographical notices of more than 1500 prominent composers. Concisely arranged by Ch. Herman. Philadelphia, 1893. Theodore Presser. 16 mo. 246 pp.

A concise manual of biographical data and definitions of musical terms. The weakness of the book is mainly in the definitions of ordinary technical terms, such as "scale," "key," "chord," "triad," "inversion," "organ-stop," "organ," and the like. Such as these are omitted or else defined in terms which do not explain. The strength of the little book is the presence of a number of recent names which, having come to prominence very lately, are not found in older works. After all is said and done, the most complete small

dictionary of musical terms now before the public is that of Ludden which contains all that he could collect, irrespective of considerations of number or size of book. The ideal small dictionary of this kind has yet to be made. It is a very serious undertaking, which has been left so long on account of its inherent difficulty, and the further fact that the biographical department so soon becomes incomplete. In the latter respect this little work of Mr. Herman is defective in that it gives no indication of the present location of the living subjects, nor any indication of their actual vocation. This particular is one of the first sought by the majority of those using such a book. Mr. Herman's handbook will be found very handy.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE MUSIC TEACHERS ASSOCIATION. Held at Reading, Pa, Dec. 27—29, 1892. 12 mo. paper, 136 pp.

In this neatly printed pamphlet are given the papers read at the meeting by the speakers assigned, and the proceeding of the meetings for business. The papers, as is usual in music teacher's associations, still show a somewhat limited horizon, in that they concern themselves so exclusively with didactic expositions of pedagogic generalities. On the other hand the committees appointed on general subjects which were expected to give a sort of summary of progress in their department during the year, generally failed to report, on the ground assigned in more than one instance, that nothing had happened of importance in the specialty during the year. This, considering the number of new works upon every possible aspect of music, is at least surprising and suggests an awkward resemblance to a report which Rip Van Winkle might have made at the end of his forty years sleep. The state associations are doing very much good. Besides bringing out the larger aspects and relations of music teaching, they tend to make the teachers more ambitious, and help them to keep well informed. A very important question which might receive more careful consideration at state association meetings, is as to the degree and kind of education which a music teacher should receive in order to fit him best for his work. And secondly, as the agencies which might prove most efficacious in enlarging musical taste in the smaller communities. It is also time that private pupils generally should treat their detached terms of lessons like parts of a larger whole, this larger whole being a musical education. In spite of changes of teachers, this might be accomplished by a system of certificates given at the completion of each well marked stage of progress. The result of such a system would be to make teaching more satisfactory, and to induce pupils to bridge over the grevious lacunes which now generally exist in the training of those who have taken lessons "off and on" for years.

TRADE DEPARTMENT.

MR. I. N. CAMP ON THE WITHDRAWALS.

"I think a big mistake has been made," said Mr. I. N. Camp, speaking of the action of the piano makers who went out. "In the first place we have planned for a great display of manufactures in every direction, and in the line of musical instruments we had every reason to expect the greatest display that the world has ever seen. In this we had a pride, because, as is well known, American pianos and organs are the best in the world, and we have carried the system of manufacture and uniformity of grade in goods bearing a given name to a finer point than it has reached in any other country.

"Then in facility for displaying instruments we had made preparations upon a more liberal and complete scale than had ever before been done at any international exposition. We had arranged halls of every dimension, from the great festival hall, in which the most imposing concerts will be given, to the little recital halls, in which a manufacturer could place his instruments and invite his friends to hear them played by great artists, under circumstances calculated to make the occasion lastingly memorable, and from a business point of view a first-class advertisement. Those New York fellows misunderstood the whole situation. In the first place, if such a man as William Steinway could have come out here and looked the ground over, such an action as this withdrawal would never have taken place. The magnificent preparations which we have made would have shown him at a glance that there would be no possibility of any one maker monopolizing the opportunity or honors of the Fair.

"Then, too, consider the question of impartiality. Does any one suppose that these gentlemen of the directory, men who have businesses of millions, most of them, and have given up their days and nights to the Fair for three years now, all out of pride in their city and in the desire to show the country and the world the splendid things Chicago is able to plan and carry out—does any one suppose, I say, that these high-minded business men would allow the good name of the Fair to be imperiled by any kind of favoritism? Most certainly not. I have been in the thick of this thing, and I tell you that I have yet to see the slightest circumstance looking like crooked or self-seeking work on the part of the directory or any member of it.

Then what is there in all this talk about Kimball? The names of the judges of musical instruments have not yet been appointed.

and if Mr. Kimball or any other manufacturer wanted to operate dishonestly, he would not know where to go to work. In the nature of the case he cannot have done anything, nor do I believe for a moment he has given it a single thought.

Look at the position this withdrawal places us in. Here we are Americans before the world. Eleven of our piano makers have gone out, among them one at least who by common consent stands almost or quite at the head of the piano making development of the whole world. The Steinways are indeed German by birth, but the firm was organized in this country, and all their inventions and improvements have been made in this country, which has recognized their efforts, and has rewarded them with fame and fortune. Yet here in 1893, after forty years, eminence, and after making a definite contract with the Fair—here we have a great exposition from which they have withdrawn. Why, do you ask me? I am sure I have not the slightest idea."

"What is this about the contract, Mr. Camp?"

When space is allotted to a manufacturer and he is notified of it, he signs a paper accepting the space allotment, and agreeing to abide by the rules of the department, and occupy the space with a display of his wares, according to the terms of his original application. The Steinways and all the firms who withdrew had signed contracts of this kind. How they justify their action to their own sense of business honor is something which I do not understand"

"But, Mr. Camp, these people say that they did not desire competition. They had been through former expositions and had discovered that high honors could only be had by resolute and at times underhanded methods. Or rather, they had found that unscrupulous competitors were able to obtain of the group judges specified awards which the special expert judges had not made. They wanted to exhibit, but not to compete.

"The rules of the Fair permitted them to exhibit without competition, if they so desired. And it is all folly to say that they could not have done so effectively, in spite of other makers competing and obtaining awards for specified points of superiority. Supposing, for instance, Hale were to obtain an award 'for quick construction' or any other fancied point of superiority, does any one suppose that this would for a moment have damaged the non-competitive exhibition of such makers of established reputation as Decker, Steinway, Weber and the like? Most certainly not. Look at the position in which the manufacturers have left their western agents. Here am I, for twenty years representing the Decker piano as one of the very best—solid, musical and established by forty years of successful invention and system. I have my exhibit at the Fair; but where is my Decker piano? Look at Healy. Here he has spent some scores of thousands of dollars to advertise his faith in the Knabe piano as the best there is in the market. He has a great exhibit at the Fair, but where is his Knabe piano? Look at Lyon & Potter. A new firm, with Steinway himself as partner, and a subscription to the capital stock of the Fair amounting to $25,000.

All this, and no exhibit. I tell you, my friend, somebody has blundered awfully."

"But, Mr. Camp, how will this withdrawal affect the piano exhibition as a whole?"

It will be the greatest display of musical instruments that has ever been made. The Chickerings have come back, and this gives us the peculiarly American name connected with the development of the piano, and if we miss some of the later ones, it is their look-out. There will be so many good pianos exhibited that no person searching for fine instruments need go away disappointed."

"Do you suppose, Mr. Camp, that fear of Kimball really had anything to do with the withdrawals?"

"Of that, of course, I know nothing. But whether it did or did not, the withdrawals played directly into the hands of Kimball and all other ambitious younger makers, by taking out of the competition six or seven of the names which, under ordinary circumstances, would have had precedence of theirs. It was a dreadful mistake, but the Fair will not know the difference. It is only as an American piano maker, having pride in what we have done and are doing in this country, that I mind the withdrawals, aside from the purely business reasons already mentioned, and the implied reflection upon the integrity and single-minded uprightness of the directory. We are going to have a great Fair, and everything will be fair and honest and above board. That is what I am in it for, and that is why the other gentlemen are in the directory. It is Chicago and America we represent: and it is the glory of these that we are working for. And bye-and-bye these gentlemen will realize what a blunder they have made.

LEVI ORSER'S HARMONIC ORGAN.

For some months the description of a new harmonic organ of Mr. Levi Orser has been past due, but has been held back for further examination. This instrument is supplied with twenty-four tones to the octave, and is able to play diatonic intervals perfectly in the keys most commonly used. The following description is from the inventor.

"The object of this pamphlet is to invite your attention to the NEW HARMONIC ORGAN, an instrument especially adapted to meet the requirement of the class-room and studio.

To descant upon the advantages of just intonation, or the ear-spoiling affects of temperament, would be to repeat an oft-told tale to which scarce anything new could be added.

The practical teacher of theory, harmony or composition need not be reminded of the advantage of having at hand a ready means of producing examples correctly.

But in no department of musical culture is the need of such an

instrument so imperative as in the culture of the voice—that most perfect of musical instruments, which is capable of rendering all music absolutely perfect, if rightly trained.

What kind of pictures would we expect an artist to paint who had never been permitted to see a landscape or an object, except through a warped or twisted glass?

And what kind of tone pictures have we a right to expect of the musical artist, who has rarely, or possibly never in his life, heard an example of perfect intonation?

For obvious reasons the mechanical construction of the harmonic organ will not now be explained. Suffice it for the present to state that the instrument is provided with the ordinary key board, but, by means of simple stops, the pitch of the notes can be changed so that the instrument can produce twenty-four tones to each octave as follows:

1st.—The seven notes of the natural diatonic scale.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
1	$\frac{6}{5}$	$\frac{5}{4}$	$\frac{4}{3}$	$\frac{3}{2}$	$\frac{5}{3}$	$\frac{15}{8}$

2d.—Sharps ($\frac{25}{24}$) of all but the seventh and flats ($\frac{24}{25}$) of all but the fourth.

3rd—Five auxiliary notes, as follows: notes flatter than the flat second, and second, and notes sharper than the fourth, fourth sharp, and sixth.

These five notes are indicated by writing an "0" before or a "1" after the sign which indicates the notes to which they are related, thus: o2D, oD, F1, F Sharp 1, A1 Total, 24 notes, which are here collectively called the harmonic scale.

The instrument is provided with 12 stops, arranged in the order of the pitch [from the lowest to the highest] of the notes which they represent, as follows:

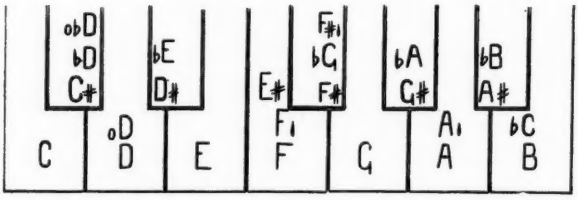


When all the stops are pushed back the keys play the true notes, which are nominally played by the common organ.

When either one of the stops is drawn out, the corresponding note takes its proper place in each octave throughout the instrument.

The harmonic stop operates the five stops corresponding to the five black or raised keys simultaneously.

Below is a cut of one octave of the key board of the instrument showing the different notes which are played by the keys:



It will be seen that the key board and arrangement of the notes are the same as in the common organ, except that the performer may play the true notes where he has hitherto played only substitutes for them, and this by merely changing on an average a single stop for each modulation or change of key. (See directions to perform upon the instrument.)

Of course, a scale of twenty-four tones, properly tuned, can approximate very closely to perfect intonation, in all the keys—major and minor. As to the best way to tune the notes, doubtless opinions will differ. In the scale of Prof. Helmholtz, the twenty-four notes are tempered, so as to distribute the still remaining discrepancy, while the harmonic scale is in no sense a tempered scale. The notes are all tuned perfect, consequently there are fewer, but greater discrepancies. Happily, however, these occur mostly in the discordant intervals (seconds and sevenths), but, more happily still, *the harmonic scale renders all the intervals of the following keys absolutely just, viz.:*

C, G, A, E, E♭, A♭ major, and A, E, C Sharp, G, C, E♭ minor.

The instrument may be tuned to the scale of Prof. Helmholtz, or as desired.

Below will be found the number of vibrations per second of each of the notes of the harmonic scale, beginning with middle "C," and a table showing the discrepancies of the same.

For convenience of comparison the vibrations per second of each of the equally tempered scale (now in common use), are given and a table showing its discrepancies. By comparing the one with the other, the reader will get a better idea of the vast resources which the harmonic organ places at the command of the performer, and the close approximation which it makes to just intonation in all the keys, major and minor, than could possibly be conveyed by mere assertions, however true they might be.

The vocal teacher will not fail to appreciate the fact that the keys, major and minor, which the instrument is able to render perfect, are distributed at different localities throughout the octave, so that absolutely perfect examples can be given at or near any required pitch, and the teacher of theory and harmony wl not fail to appreciate the fact that the instrument renders all tonic

(1) thirds major ($\frac{5}{4}$) and Minor [$\frac{6}{5}$], perfect, and all the fifths ($\frac{3}{2}$) perfect, except those of D major and D minor.

The fact that the new instrument renders all the intervals of the six major and six minor scales most commonly used absolutely PERFECT, and all the other scales, with but a few unimportant discrepancies, will not fail to gain for the harmonic organ the esteem of the profession, and to win for it a place in every studio, and in the class room of every college and school.

To the composer, the harmonic will be what the foot rule is to the artisan—a ready means to prove his work, by the true standard."

A criticism upon this organ will appear in the next number of MUSIC.—ED.

THE PIANO—ITS DEVELOPMENT IN THE WEST.

The music of a people is as distinctive as the people themselves, and their songs are joyful, or sad, as they are free and happy, or slaves and miserable. "How can we sing the songs of Israel in a strange land?" cried the captive Jews at Babylon: and in bitterness of soul they hung their harps upon the willows, so that upon their return to Palestine, although they had preserved their religion, manners and customs, their olden "O be joyful" and "Let us be glad" paeans were forgotten, and their melodies were weighted with the burden of a sorrow. The songs of Bohemia today are light and glad: but, in the two centuries that preceded their emancipation from a galling tyranny, all the musical compositions of that country, where every one sings, were touched by the sad spirit that comes of endurance of wrong. The Marseillaise, could only have been born of the occasion of a mighty people throwing off oppression and swearing to die to be free: and the Star Spangled Banner required the red glare of the rocket and the bursting of bombs for the inspiration of patriotic Key. The heart of the singer must be in divine touch with his theme, else harmony is lacking and his effort is inert. Music borrows voices from the rill and brook, the winds and waves, from birds and everything that gives forth pleasing sound; but man, who may learn the infinitely varied harmonies, can never get beyond his environment and his songs are his soul's interpreter, he cannot sing the songs of Israel in a strange land.

How wonderful, then, that sublime instrument, the creation of man's infinite genius, which not only has caught every sound which nature has made into rhythmic beat and the very voice, even, of God-imaged man, but stands ready at all times and in all seasons, responsive to the touch of skilled fingers, to give forth every form and every mood of music. Harp-making Christofali builded wiser than he knew when he gave to a then unappreciative world

rte, which, under the inspiration of progressive inventive genius, has reached such perfectness that a "Conover" of today is as superior to the instrument of the Paduan Christofali, as was his to the harp of ancient Syracuse. The glorious piano-forte has no single moods like man, but is possessed of all moods at all times, and is joy to the glad, peace to the troubled and comfort to the suffering. It is the Pandora-box of the songs and music of all lands, and gives forth at call vibrant harmonies, whether the demand be for the wail of a lost soul, the chorus peal to arms, or the merry cry of the rollicking lad. The piano-forte is not only the triumph of sublimated mimicry, but it is more, it is the grand reproducer of all musical sounds, whether of nature's own, or of other musical instruments, and whatever the condition of the people or of the individual, it is a precious treasure,—and should be in all the homes of all peoples where are played and sung the songs of all lands.

This is the instrument of instruments and under the directing hand of a Von Bulow, or a Paderewski, is made to give forth music alike to that heard by the shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, when angels made the air resonant with the song of the annunciation. All pianos give forth music, but these instruments differ in quality as individual men vary in attributes, and American manufacturers have attained greatest distinction. Of the American instruments, the Conover, until recently made in New York, is now ranked with the highest and best, and is, beyond question, a triumph in piano making. The Conover, indeed, may be said to be perfection itself, combining as it does all the best properties of the very best pianos with a number of most prized features, covered by patents and used exclusively in this magnificent instrument. Among these special features may be named the repeating action, the duplex bridge with auxiliary vibrators, and the automatic music desk. The Conover has discarded the old-fashioned tapes, and thin wires, which soon become loosened and affect the repeating action, and has substituted for them the permanent metal hook, which can never wear out and which acts better from the beginning. A most happy effect is produced by its new dulcet middle pedal, which enables the performer to produce the most delightful effects; the combination of this and the loud pedal, with a crisp and elastic touch, making soft, clear and aeolian-like music. This pedal is so constructed that it locks and remains so as long as desired, when pressed down, but is instantly released by pressing down the soft pedal.

The Conover has received the highest possible encomiums from distinguished pianists all over the country and it richly merits all the praise it has received. The power, purity and richness of its tones; the subtleness of its quality and the sustained and uniform excellence of the instrument, places it in the very first rank of pianos. There is that about the Conover that assures its great success, owned as it is by one of the largest music houses in America, and one that is making long strides toward the absolute lead in the whole world. The Conover is owned and manufactured at Chicago by the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, a

house that has been in existence a trifle more than ten years, and in this short time has risen from very small beginnings to be the largest manufacturers of reed organs in the world, and which sells more medium grade pianos, bought direct from manufacturers, than any other dealer in the world. This great house began in a small way and in ten year's time has entered the ranks of million-dollar enterprises. This is a record without a parallel in the history of the music trade of the world. The great business sagacity, the superb management and the colossal enterprise of one man built up the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, and the name of that man is H. D. Cable, president of the company. His was the brain that conceived the organization of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, the selling at wholesale of the medium grade pianos, and, finally, the purchase of the Conover piano plant and bringing it from New York to Chicago. His is the masterly hand that has guided the business along its onward and upward path to crowning success. Associated with him are most efficient officials, who were selected at his instance, their ability being further proof of the genius of the man, whose superior judgment of men has enabled him to gather about him a corps of competent helpers and to infuse them with his own enthusiasm and attach them to him and to the business. The names of the officers are: H. D. Cable, president; H. M. Cable, vice president; F. S. Cable secretary and G. W. Tewksbury, treasurer.

What a wonderful fact is this, that the Chicago Cottage Organ Company turns out a reed organ complete every nine minutes; a feat that can be performed by no other factory in the world. Such a house as this, under such direction as that of H. D. Cable, would make a success of the Conover piano, even though it were an ordinary instrument. The confidence of the trade in Mr. Cable, and the faith of those who work under him, is such that they would labor tirelessly to effect any movement that had his endorsement. But when it is reflected, that the Conover is not an untried instrument, it having been upon the market for some years and stood the crucial test of trial and closest criticism, and that the superb instinct and judgment of Mr. Cable, which have never failed, unite in pronouncing the step a good one, of bringing the plant to Chicago, then it is manifest that it must and will prove as profitable in its way as the other gigantic enterprises of this company.

Reflecting upon the matter, one is lost in admiration at the courage of President Cable in assuming, in addition to the manufacture of more than twenty thousand reed organs annually and the selling at wholesale of thousands of medium grade pianos, the manufacture, at the outset (annually) of two thousand high grade Conover pianos! This involves the out-lay of an immense sum of money and requires the courage which alone can come from confidence born of knowledge. Mr. Cable was perfectly well acquainted with the merits of the Conover, and when, in the spring of 1892, the occasion was propitious for the purchase of

the Conover outfit, complete, with the patents, patterns, unfinished instruments, etc., he did so, promptly and with that sublime nerve that has so often challenged the applause of those who know him best. Not only did he do this, but he also secured the services of J. F. Conover, into whose hands he has placed the turning out of the instruments, under his unerring direction.

President Cable looks always to the end desired, and the agencies and means are not slackened by any suggestions of false economy. He has started out to give to the trade the very best piano that money can make, as he ten years ago began by giving out the very best of reed organs; and, as then he made that the single object, so now the best of material, the best of workmen and the best of everything are used in the manufacture of the Conover piano. It is no wonder that one hears such unqualified praise of this instrument from distinguished pianists. They understand that the hand of master workers alone could produce such happy results as are found in the Conover bearing the Chicago name. What a source of gratification is it that a Chicago company has the sublime courage to engage in the manufacture of a high grade piano upon such a large scale. There is no man in this country who knows more about the piano and the organ trade than H. D. Cable, and he never undertakes anything without first counting the cost. Hence when the Conover was bought and brought to Chicago, it was felt and firmly believed that a mighty impulse had been given to the piano business of Chicago. Mr. Cable makes very few mistakes, and this action means that Chicago is to lead in the manufacture of pianos, just as it now leads in the manufacture of reed organs; and lead, too, in the manufacture of high grade and first-class instruments. This is what the bringing of the Conover to Chicago means, and this is how it is accepted with the piano trade.

It goes without saying, that the Conover is destined to forge ahead rapidly. The New York instrument received the highest possible praise from the highest possible sources; but when the manufacture of the instrument was begun at Chicago, there was no restriction or limitation as to expense. The orders of Mr. Cable were to produce the best of instruments, where it was possible to improve upon what had been to do so, and these orders have been carried out, the Conover of to-day being decidedly better than the New York instrument, which was deemed about as perfect as anything could be.

The Chicago Cottage Organ Co. began ten years ago with the smallest of capital to manufacture an unknown organ; last year they manufactured and sold one-fifth of all the reed organs made in the United States. They have unlimited capital, a known and high grade piano, and an enormous business connection all over the United States. Never was the Chicago Cottage Organ Co. better qualified for sustained work, never were they more energetic than now; the officers and entire corps of helpers are trained in their respective duties, and, finally, there is the strength that comes of success.

The soldiers that have never been whipped are invincible. President Cable and his brothers, the vice-president and the secretary of the company, come of a good old new England family, and their father had the reputation of an excellent man of business. The head of this colossal enterprise was for years with the great book publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, having stepped from the school room into business with this firm. He left this concern after a number of years, to engage in the present great business; so that it may be said that he prepared himself for his future great and successful work in the house named. It is certain that from the very outset he won the confidence of his employers, and that confidence grew as the years passed. Could it have entered his mind in the early years of the history of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company that he should live to see the enterprise reach anything like its present colossal proportions? This question is not likely ever to be answered, for Mr. Cable is a very modest man, and not given to revealing his thoughts or plans to others.

What an ambition, and most praiseworthy, too, is that of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, which is not content with being the largest reed organ house in the world, and the largest wholesale dealer in the world in medium grade pianos, has now started out to be the largest manufacturer of high grade pianos in the world. At least, such would seem to be the meaning of the bringing of the Conover plant to Chicago. One may surmise only, as stated, for the reason that Mr. Cable has a sage manner of keeping his own counsel. Is is gratifying to the pride of a true Chicago lover of music, as it should be to all Chicagoans, to visit the handsome and commodious warerooms of the company at 215 Wabash avenue, (second floor) and see the superior grand and square Conover pianos on exhibition there, to examine and admire the matchless workmanship and to hear the rich liquid tones, of infinitely varied kinds, sweeter than the sound of bells of gold. This marks an epoch in the musical history of Chicago and of its great tributary country, declaring that if the "wild and woolly West" ever had an existence, it has given way to a West of appreciation of divinest music—a West of increasing culture and refinement. The Chicago Cottage Organ Company will have the best wishes and the congratulations of the good people of this city in its new addition to its great business, and President Cable has the confidence of the business community, with which he is so prominently identified.

THE *EMERSON PIANO OUT OF THE FAIR.

The Emerson Company has decided not to make an exhibit at the Fair. The excuse made is that the Company has been rather badly used in the matter of space, and in several changes and modifications, whereby constant changes of plans on their part have been rendered necessary. At length the decision has been reached that the dignity of the company, which is one of the largest in the country, would be better subserved by withdrawing in toto

A GREAT PIANO CENTER.

Wabash avenue, in Chicago, probably contains a larger number of piano houses within a compass of half a mile south of Madison street than can be found anywhere else in the world within the same distance—with the possible exception of Union Square, New York. Beginning just south of Madison street, at No. 148, we find the old music house of S. Brainard's Sons. One block farther south is the great house of Lyon & Potter, handling the Steinway pianos, A. B. Chase and a variety of others. Near them the house of Meyer & Weber. Then at No. 182, the Hardman piano, Mr. A. H. Rintleman, manager. At the corner of Wabash Ave. and Adams St., the Chicago Music Company occupies one corner, and John Church Company another. Then at 215 Wabash avenue the great house of Chickering-Chase upon the first floor, and upon the third and sixth floors of the same building the still greater establishments of the Chicago Cottage Organ Company, handling several pianos besides their own Conover and the Cottage organ. In the immediate vicinity are the smaller places of J. W. Twitchell, Bryant, and Steger. Upon the opposite side of the street, at No. 228 Wabash, is the elegant new establishment of the Emerson Piano Company,—Manager Mr. J. W. Northrup (formerly with Kimball). Then a little further Julius Bauer and Bradbury. Near the corner of Jackson is the great house of the W. W. Kimball Company, which contests with Lyon & Healy the position of largest dealers in musical instruments at present in the world. Across the street at No. 248 is the Manufacturers Piano Company, which handles the Weber and four others. Just south of them at 268 is the Rice-Macy Company, where the beautiful Gildermeester and Kroeger pianos are handled, as well as those of their own make. At 262 are the warerooms of the New England Piano Co., under the management of that excellent salesman, Mr. John H. Reardon. Then across the street and further on are the Bradbury, Haines Bros. Colby, Columbian Organ Company, Mahan, (handling the Henry F. Miller Pianos) the Thompson Music Company, etc. At the corner of Congress are the new show rooms of the Vose and the A. B. Chase Company. All the foregoing are upon Wabash. But several large house are not upon this street. At State and Monroe is the world-famous house of Lyon & Healy, which is unquestionably the largest general house of musical merchandise in the world. At State & Jackson is the very large house of Estey & Camp. In the same vicinity are the smaller but still considerable establishments of the Pease Company, Shoninger, Bowman & Co., etc.

So that on the whole it is easy to see that no person desiring to purchase a musical instrument in the central part of Chicago need go amiss.

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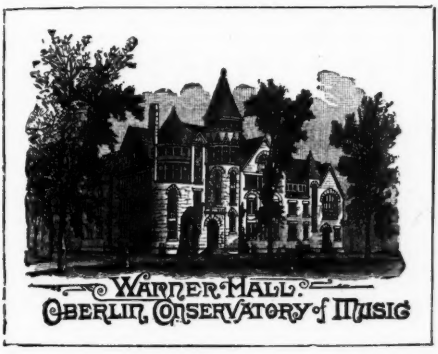
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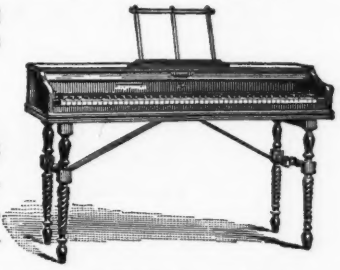

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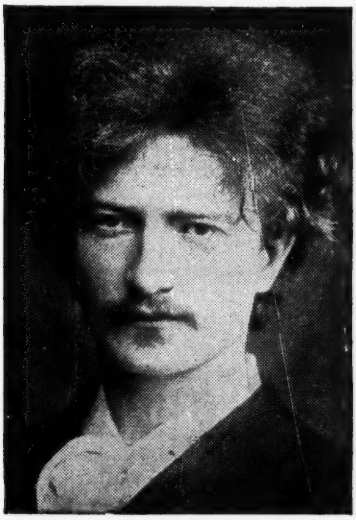
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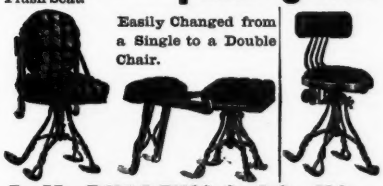
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VOL. III. NO. 6.

MUSIC

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W. S. B. MATHEWS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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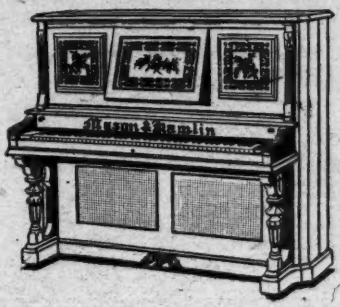
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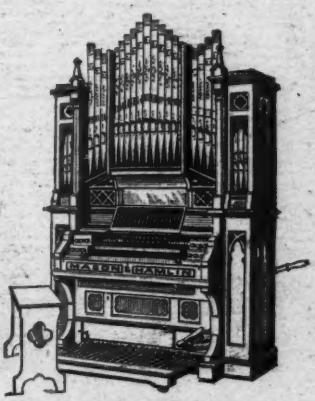
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